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BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF BRAVE TEXANS

by

J. A. RICKARD

Texas College of Arts and Industries



Dallas

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W. A. HILL

NEW YORK

PREFACE

All of us are proud of Texas, but many of us know too little about its great men and women. To tell again the stories of these people who made Texas great is the object of this volume.

Not all of these men and women can be included; that would make the volume too large. Certainly there are many now living who deserve to be mentioned, but with one exception—that of Mr. Garner—all of these are left to biographers of the future. We are living too close to them to be able properly to estimate their greatness.

We are not so handicapped, however, in selecting the early leaders of Texas. Their names stand out boldly on the pages of our histories. They labored to make our state great, and they succeeded. A study of their efforts should be both inspiring and instructive.

In making that study, the author has consulted the writings and enlisted the services of many writers, living and dead. Some of the units have been completely rewritten because of their suggestions, but they probably still contain mistakes. For all errors, the author assumes complete responsibility.

Many public school teachers have had a share in the preparation of this volume also, and at least a hundred junior high school students have read portions of the manuscript. All have made valuable suggestions to make the effort more readable and teachable. Various photographers, artists, and publicity directors of corporations have furnished pictures generously.

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May, 1962

J. A. R.

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1. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN *The Father of Texas*

The Colony Established

In 1820 Moses Austin left his Missouri home and went to Texas to obtain a grant for establishing a colony. At the same time his oldest son, Stephen F. Austin, went to New Orleans to secure colonists.

When Stephen felt that it was about time to receive news about his father's efforts, he made inquiries. He was told that the expected news messengers from San Antonio had not arrived.

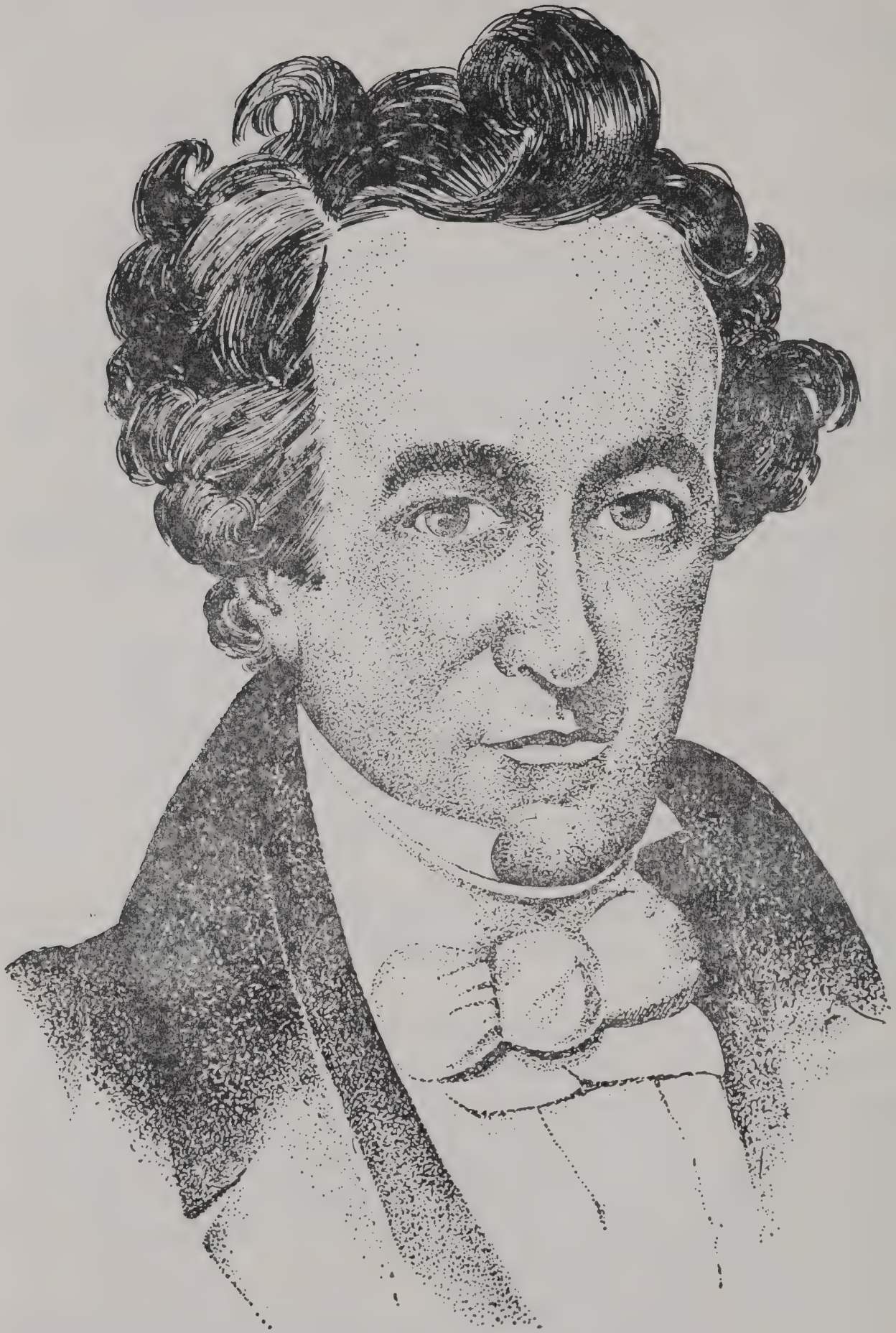
"Is there any news about my father?" he asked.

"He went to San Antonio, applied for the grant, and left before he could hear whether it had been made or not," was the reply. "The application had to be taken to Mexico City, and it will not be heard from for several months. He started home but took sick and had to stop. When he was well again he went on back to his Missouri home."

Disappointed, young Austin started toward San Antonio to get news for himself. Just then a messenger came informing him of his father's death.

There came, also, a letter from his mother who wrote, "He called me and with much distress and difficulty of speech begged me to tell you to take his place. And if God in His wisdom thought best to disappoint him in the accomplishment of his wishes and plans for the benefit of his family, he prayed Him to extend His goodness to you and enable you to go on with the business in the same way he would have done."

Of course young Austin obeyed the wishes of his dying father.



Stephen F. Austin

He wrote his mother a letter which said in part “. . . I shall go out and take possession of the land and arrange for the families to move in the fall . . .”

Then he rode on to San Antonio, where Governor Martínez received him cordially.

“I am deeply shocked at the news about your father,” he told the son at their first meeting. “But I see no reason why you as his son and heir should not carry out the project which he planned. I am surprised at your youth, though. Not many men of your age would undertake so big a task.”

“I am twenty-eight,” was the reply. “And it was my father’s wish. I shall do my best to carry it out.”

The grant, he learned, included the right to establish three hundred families at whatever place he should select. Fifty or more families were already at Nacogdoches, and these, it was thought, would move to Austin’s Colony. The others would come from New Orleans and other parts of the United States.

Liberal offers of land were made to settlers. Each head of a family was to have 640 acres for himself, 320 acres for his wife, 160 acres for each child, and 80 acres for each slave. Austin himself was to have a generous grant of land and was to receive 12½ cents per acre as a surveying fee.

Full of hope, Austin set out from San Antonio with a small group of friends to explore the country and choose a colony site. After traveling and looking for some time he finally selected the rich land between the Brazos and Colorado rivers as the proper place.

“We have river transportation here,” he said in explaining his choice. “And it will be easy to get to the Gulf by boat. It is also safer from the Indians than a location farther west would be.”

Governor Martínez approved the location, and Austin went

on toward New Orleans to make final arrangements for moving the colonists. On the way he issued grants to Josiah H. Bell and William Kinchloe. Bell's grant was on land that later was the site of the town of West Columbia.

"I am very happy to get men like you two, who are surveyors," he told them. "There will be plenty of work for you in locating claims in the colony."

He soon learned that many people in the United States wanted to move to Texas. Almost a hundred letters were waiting for him at Natchitoches, where he stopped on his way to New Orleans. When he reached that city, he found a number of people who were eager to go.

He was very careful to get the best people for his colony. To be sure that everyone would know who was wanted and who was not wanted, he had notices published in the newspapers and drew up regulations about colonists.

One of these regulations was that no criminals were allowed. It went even farther. It said, "No frontiersman who has no other occupation than that of hunter will be received—no drunkard, nor gambler, nor profane swearer, nor idler, nor any man against whom there is any probable grounds of suspicion that he is a bad man."

On the other hand he was eager to get farmers, for he wanted "to conquer the country with the axe, the plow, and the hoe." Special inducements were offered to lawyers, doctors, merchants, and mechanics; for all these would be needed to make a complete colony. He wanted whole families, including women as well as men. He wanted them to bring their own farm implements and to live in homes that they owned.

The first settlers who went out were in a little ship, the *Lively*. It sailed with a load of food, tools, seed, and a few emigrants. It unloaded at the mouth of the Brazos River and started back to

New Orleans for more colonists. In a later voyage the *Lively* was wrecked off the edge of Galveston Island. Its passengers had trouble finding Austin's colony.

Meanwhile Austin and a group of other colonists had set out overland for Texas. He and some of the men went on ahead, leaving the slow ox-drawn wagons, driven mostly by women, to come on later. They hurried to meet the colonists of the *Lively*, but they were nowhere to be found! Most of them, after wandering about for some time, had gone back to the United States. Austin and his men had to live for a few weeks on wild game, until the wagons arrived. They probably did not go hungry for there were plenty of deer, wild turkey, and other game.

The wagons finally arrived, and everybody went to work. The colony was located on the rich land along the lower Brazos River, with headquarters at a spot later known as San Felipe de Austin. The colonists cut trees, built log houses, cleared land to plant crops, and ran surveys to locate claims. As soon as there was some semblance of order, Austin went to San Antonio.

There he received bad news. It came in the form of a question from Governor Martínez.

"Have you heard about the revolution in Mexico?" he asked Austin.

"I heard rumors about it, but I doubted them."

"They are true. Iturbide has led a movement which has secured the independence of Mexico from Spain."

"But that will not affect my grant, will it?"

"I'm afraid it may, if you do not go to Mexico City and get the new government to approve the grant. And you had better hurry."

Austin was stunned. All his hopes and ambitions were centered in the colony. All his fortune was involved, too, and the success

of the mission handed down to him by his father was endangered. For these reasons he did not hesitate. He started at once, without even going back home.

He was fortunate to find in Dr. Robert Andrews an interpreter and a companion. The trip was a long, hard one. From San Antonio to Mexico City was about twelve hundred miles. The men had to go horseback over rough, Indian-infested country.

When they had gone about a hundred miles a band of fifty Comanches stopped them. The Indians seized all their belongings, but, upon learning that the two men were Americans, they released them.

"Comanches no fight Americans," the Chief told them, and he gave back all their property except four blankets, a bridle, and—of all things—a Spanish grammar! Austin and his companion went on to Laredo. From Laredo they traveled with a company to Monterrey.

There Austin met Captain Lorenzo Christie, who was going to Mexico City to apply for a pension for service in the War for Mexican Independence. Bandits were so thick now that they were more dangerous than the Indians had been. Christie suggested precautions.

"I need a passport to show officials who may want me to identify myself," he said. "And you may need one."

"I have papers from Governor Martínez," Austin replied, "but I will prepare some others for us."

"While you do that I'll get some ragged uniforms and tattered blankets. We will pose as poor men on our way to the capital to ask for pay for services in the Revolution."

Thus prepared and disguised, the two men made their way from Monterrey, Mexico, to Mexico City without further trouble. Austin washed and scrubbed himself and put on decent clothing.

Once they were in Mexico City, they cast aside their disguises. From the linings of his boots Austin brought out some money and the papers which showed who he was and why he had come to Mexico. As the Mexican Congress was then in session, he hoped for quick action on his application for a renewal of the grant for the colony.

But in this hope he was disappointed. He woke up in the night of May 18, 1822, to the joyful ringing of several hundred bells, and to the firing of cannon and muskets. When he looked out of his hotel window he saw lighted streets crowded with excited and shouting people.

When he asked, "What has occurred?" the reply was, "President Iturbide has been made Emperor Augustín I."

This meant that the old Congress was dissolved, and that a new one was being called. It also meant another delay for Austin. The



Iturbide.

new Congress took a month or two to organize, then it decided to pass a general colonization law. Austin objected to the wait and sought an interview with the new Emperor.

"My grant has already been made, and it would not come under the new law," he argued to Iturbide. "All that is needed is for you to approve that grant."

Iturbide agreed and approved it. Austin, who had been away from home more than a year, was eager to leave. He put the precious grant in his pocket, packed his saddle bags, and prepared to start for Texas.

Then other disturbing news came to him. A new friend in the Mexican capital told him, "Iturbide is about to be overthrown and a republic set up again. You had better wait."

There was nothing to do but stay, and in five days the friend's prophecy came true. Iturbide was overthrown, and one of the first acts of the new republic was to declare all the Emperor's actions null and void. Austin was exactly where he had been upon his arrival in Mexico City; his grant was still invalid.

Instead of losing heart, however, he acted promptly. He took his plea to the three men who were in control of the government for the time being, and they approved his grant. We may be sure that he left Mexico City in a hurry.

The new grant was even more generous than the old one had been. Not only could Austin settle colonists, but he could write and enforce a code of laws of his own making. He could also organize a militia for protection against the Indians, and he could be the head of it, with the title of Lieutenant Colonel.

Another good feature of the grant was the fact that it was made directly by the Federal Government of Mexico. This meant that Austin and his grant were not subject to the orders of state authorities in Texas and Coahuila. For the time being, he was supreme boss in his own colony.

You should know that:

After several men had tried and failed to free Mexico from Spanish rule, Iturbide succeeded in 1821. He issued a decree called the Plan of Iguala, which satisfied almost everyone in Mexico and made the Revolution a success. Many Mexicans wanted a republic, but Iturbide became Emperor as Augustín I.

Christie had been a supporter of Mina, a leader who had attempted to free Mexico from Spain. Mina fled to Texas when his rebellion failed.

Do you know:

1. Why Stephen F. Austin may be regarded as an obedient son?
2. Why so many settlers responded to his offers?
3. What efforts he made to secure only good settlers?
4. Why he went to Mexico City for the first time?
5. What proof there is that Mexican officials respected Austin?

Life in the Colony

During the long absence of Austin many immigrants entered his colony, chiefly by sailing from New Orleans. They were scattered over an area of a hundred miles square, being careful only to settle on his grant.

Austin's first chore on reaching home was to have a public meeting and tell his friends why he had been away so long. His friend, Bastrop, who had been appointed land commissioner for the colony, explained to them about the new powers of Austin under his latest grant. An office for the recording of deeds was set up.

It was now time to have a capital for the settlement. Austin had some trouble in deciding on the location for one, but finally he chose a site about eighty miles from the Gulf, on the Brazos River. It was named San Felipe de Austin.

Gradually San Felipe began to take on the appearance of a town, but a settler named Noah Smithwick, who went there in 1827, said it was then "still in its swaddling clothes." About twenty-five or thirty buildings were strung out along the west bank of the Brazos River. Only one of them was of finished lumber; all the others were made of unhewn logs, with clapboard roofs.

One of these buildings, the headquarters of Austin, was a double log cabin of two square rooms with a wide hall between them. Across the front was a porch with a dirt floor with windows opening out to it. On the end of each room was a large chimney. One of the rooms Austin used for an office, and the other served for a living place. A cannon was kept in the hall for use in emergencies.

The town proper, along the bank of the river, included a village smithy, a hotel or tavern, a saloon and billiard hall, several general



The reconstructed Austin cabin at San Felipe



Accurate map of grants to "Empresarios"

stores, and a newspaper office. Not far from the hotel was a double log cabin with walls but no roof; there the town council held its meetings. One night Smithwick heard someone speaking in the place. He slipped up and saw a sixteen-year-old boy reciting the "Oration of the Scythian Ambassador to Alexander the Great." His audience was a single Negro boy.

A ferry, guided by a wire cable, helped settlers get back and forth across the river. It served for over a century, until a bridge finally replaced it.

The "Old Three Hundred," as Austin's first colonists were called, were fond of social events. There were many weddings, one of the most notable being the marriage of one Nicholas McNutt with a Miss Cartwright. It was a public affair, with the leading belle and beau of the colony as bridesmaid and groomsman. As there was no priest in the vicinity, the alcalde, or mayor, "tied the knot" in good American style; but the couple agreed to have a priest officiate at the first chance.

After the wedding came the supper, which one guest described as "the best to be had." When the supper was ended, the place was cleared for dancing. The floor was made of puncheons, or logs split in half, with the flat sides up. Of course it was impossible for such a floor to be entirely smooth, but that mattered little to the dancers. Some of the young men without shoes suffered from splinters; but that shortage was remedied. When their turn came to dance, they borrowed shoes from others who were not dancing.

A single fiddle, played by Negro Mose, was too weak to be heard above the din, so a man with a clevis pin kept time by beating the iron metal on a board.

At another dance which the same guest attended not even Mose showed up. This time the music was furnished by three Negroes. One used the clevis pin, another scraped or banged on a cotton

chopping hoe with a case knife, and a third sang at the top of his voice. Over and over he sang:

“Oh, get up gals in de mawnin’,
Oh, get up gals in de mawnin’,
Oh, get up gals in de mawnin’,
Jes at de break ob day.”

Although Austin encouraged whole families to move to the colony, ladies were much scarcer than men. Indeed, unmarried ladies were so scarce that when one became of age or moved in from elsewhere, some man immediately sought her for matrimony. It did her little good to refuse one man; that merely encouraged another to press his claim.

The alcalde was not always asked to perform the ceremony. On one important occasion Austin notified Padre Muldoon of San Antonio to be on hand. But the roads were bad, or the weather was unfavorable, or the good padre started late. At any rate, he failed to show up for several hours after the proper time. The bride was blushing, the groom was nervous, and the supper grew cold—but still no priest had come. They simply had to wait.

So scarce were the ladies that stag parties were common. One man named Cotten, who published a newspaper, was especially noted for his stag parties. What the men did at such parties was not explained fully; but mention was made of feasts, songs, stories, and dances, especially jig dances.

The colony was not without religion. As only the Catholic religion was tolerated in either Spain or Mexico, settlers in Austin's Colony had to promise to affiliate with that faith, if they worshiped publicly at all. Austin several times warned the colonists that this religion was established by law and was to be respected.

Many of the colonists were Protestants, however, and undoubtedly some of them did hold public services of their own kind. One preacher named Thomas Pilgrim not only preached in the



"The Indians gave the Colonists much trouble."

colony, but he started a Sunday School. Austin warned against such practices, but later he labored to get the Mexican authorities to permit freedom of worship. Because the Catholic priests for the most part lived in San Antonio, Catholic services were held only occasionally in the colony.

The Indians gave the colonists much trouble. Along the coast were the hostile Carancahua Indians. Farther west were the equally hostile Tehuacanies and Wacos. Parties of Tonkawas, Lipans, and other tribes mingled with the colonists at times. If a general war had occurred, the colonists would have suffered, for the Indians greatly outnumbered them.

The whites at first tried kindness in dealing with the Indians,

but that policy did not always work well. During the absence of Austin on his first trip to Mexico, Indian thefts and other depredations grew worse. About the time of his return the Indians killed two white boys who were going down the Brazos River with a boatload of corn.

Austin's reply to this outrage was to organize a militia under the command of Captain Randall Jones.

"Drive them out of the colony," was the order, and this was done. Indians later came into the area as visitors, but they no longer lived there.

When Austin published regulations for the colony after his return, the first five articles dealt with the Indians. They were to be treated kindly and were not to be shot unless that was absolutely necessary. If they committed minor crimes they might be given not more than twenty-five lashes.

They kept on giving trouble, especially in stealing horses. On one occasion they entered the colony and stole a whole herd. The colonists followed and overtook them. The thieves were lined up to be whipped.

"You can do part of the whipping," the leader of the colonists told the Indian Chief.

The chief laid on the strokes lightly, while the Indians howled and pretended to be in great pain. Their howls became real when the white men began to use the whip. That tribe did no more stealing.

There was some trouble also with bad *white men*. In spite of the fact that Austin had done everything possible to get the best law-abiding people, a few undesirable persons came in.

Austin made life very unpleasant for such people. Thieves, robbers, or others guilty of serious crimes could be shot if they resisted arrest or fled. One criminal was put to death, and a

number of criminals were flogged or banished. Gamblers, drunkards, and users of profanity were fined and sometimes imprisoned. Aiding runaway slaves was a serious offense, for there were several slaves in the colony who might flee from their masters if helped.

Austin took a personal interest in all the affairs of the colony. Besides locating and building up the capital, he kept busy with other tasks. There was scarcely a square mile of his colony that he did not ride over, and there were few of his people that he did not visit. He heard their complaints, helped them with their problems, advised them about their crops, and aided them in marketing their products.

The colony grew in population. A census taken in 1825 showed that it contained about 1,800 people, counting 443 slaves, and many more came during the next decade. Other colonies were being established, but the one that Austin had founded led in prosperity. No doubt much of that was due to the wise leadership of its *empresario*, as Austin was called.

You should know that:

Noah Smithwick was a blacksmith in Austin's colony until about 1830. His book, *The Evolution of a State; or Recollections of Old Texas Days*, is delightful reading.

A clevis pin is a heavy iron pin, perhaps half an inch thick and ten inches long. Evidently it was used somewhat as a drummer uses a drum stick.

Mexico had no slaves, and Mexicans looked with disfavor on slavery from the first.

Do you know:

1. Where the capital of Austin's colony was located?
2. How it appeared in 1827?

3. How weddings were celebrated in San Felipe?
4. Why the colony had more men than women?
5. What the religious situation was there?
6. What methods were used in dealing with the Indians?

Trouble with Mexico

For several years Austin's relations with Mexico were pleasant. He and his colonists were citizens of Mexico, and he was grateful for the right to live on Mexican soil. Mexican officials trusted him so much that they permitted him to bring in other families besides the "Old Three Hundred." Before long he had settled more than a thousand families, in four different parts of Texas.

It did not bother Austin very much when the provinces of Texas and Coahuila were first united. It was some trouble to go to the capital, Saltillo, to do business, but Texas did not contain enough people to be a separate state. She was allowed two of the twelve representatives in the legislature for the provinces. Austin's friend, Bastrop, was one of the first to represent Texas, and Austin himself was a legislator part of the time.

When a constitution was adopted for Coahuila and Texas it had some provisions which Texans did not like. It forbade slave trade, and it provided that the children of slaves should be free at the age of fourteen. This law was not enforced, and the Texans kept their slaves. Another law that was disobeyed was one levying a high duty on goods imported from abroad. It led to smuggling. Perhaps Austin and his people were Mexicans only in name, but at least their relations with Mexicans were friendly.

This was not true of all other people in Texas. A man named Haden Edwards had the first trouble. He established a colony around Nacogdoches. His settlers quarreled with some Spaniards and Mexicans who were already there, both sides claiming to

be owners of the same land. Mexican officials at San Antonio decided against Edwards and ordered him to leave.

He rebelled and organized the Republic of Fredonia. He intended to set up an independent nation and tried to get Austin to join him, but Austin refused.

"The rebellion is foolish," he told the people of his colony. "You should have nothing to do with it."

Mexican officials were pleased at Austin's loyalty. As a reward they permitted him to settle a hundred more families at Bastrop. When a constitution for Texas and Coahuila was adopted in 1828, Austin gladly gave up some of his powers to others. An election was held to choose some officials, and a new town was established at Peach Point. So far all was well with Austin and his colony, although other Texans were having trouble with the Mexicans.

The law of April 6, 1830, showed that the Mexican leaders were growing suspicious. It forbade Americans to settle anywhere in Texas except in Austin's and Dewitt's colonies. It provided that Mexican convicts might settle in Texas after serving their terms, and that Mexican soldiers would be stationed at various Texas points. Customhouses were to be opened to collect tariffs on imports and to break up trade with the United States. Presently armed clashes were occurring between colonists and Mexican soldiers at Velasco and Nacogdoches.

Even then, Austin was opposed to the separation of Texas from Mexico. He was willing to be the spokesman for his people, however, and present their grievances to Mexican officials.

"Let us ask that Texas be made a state of Mexico, separate from Coahuila," he told a group of Texans in a convention at San Felipe in 1832, and they agreed with him. They also asked that the Law of April 6, 1830, be repealed, that import duties be reduced, that Texans be protected against the Indians, that



General Bustamante.

the English language be made legal, and that lands be set aside for primary schools.

Austin approved all of these aims, and made visits to Mexican officials in Texas to obtain their approval. Presently news came that Santa Anna had overthrown Bustamante as ruler of Mexico. At another meeting in 1833 the Texans decided to send three men to tell the President of Mexico what they wanted. Of the three chosen, only Austin went.

He must have dreaded that second trip, for his health was not good. The cost would be heavy, too, and he could see little fun in traveling twelve hundred miles on a mule through barren country. The journey would delay him in starting his own home, which he had planned but had not built. Realizing the dangers of the

journey, Austin made a will and drew up a statement of his business affairs before he started. He must have thought it quite possible that he would never get back home.

In Matamoros he became so ill with the dread disease of cholera that he almost gave up the trip. He did leave his mule and took a ship to Vera Cruz. From there he rode a stagecoach on to Mexico City.

He hoped to present his plea at once, but before he could do so he was again stricken with the cholera. Indeed there was so much of the sickness that he was delayed for several weeks. When he finally talked to Mexican officials, they treated him rather rudely. They told him that they did not like the conventions the Texans had been having and that Texas could not be separated from Coahuila. He wrote a letter to friends in San Antonio complaining about his treatment and started home.

At Saltillo he was arrested, because a copy of the letter, after reaching San Antonio, had been forwarded to Mexico. Austin was sent back to Mexico City, where he was locked up in a dungeon. There he could speak to no one but his guard, and he was allowed no books or writing materials. For a while friends could not visit him, and he could not even see other prisoners.

He still had friends, though, and one of them finally saw him and persuaded Mexican officials to treat him better. Both Mexicans and Americans in Texas were working for his release, and finally they succeeded. After Austin had been in prison more than a year, he was released on Christmas day, 1834. At first he was placed under a bond of \$300,000. Later the Mexican Congress passed an amnesty law, freeing him of all charges. This time he traveled by stagecoach to Vera Cruz and by ship on to Texas.

On September 1, 1835, he again set foot on Texas soil. His health was injured from his imprisonment, and his mind was troubled about the future of his colony.

In some ways his homecoming was a glad one. There was a family reunion at Peach Point, for his sister's family had moved to the colony. His fellow colonists welcomed him joyfully, and there was a public reception for him at the home of Mrs. Long. On the other hand, the Brazos River had overflowed, ruining many crops. A cholera epidemic had hit the colony, too, killing many of his friends. Also among the dead was a favorite niece, the "little blue-eyed Mary." Yes, there were elements of sadness, as well as of gladness, about his homecoming.

You should know that:

Green DeWitt contracted to locate five hundred families between the Guadalupe and Lavaca rivers. He died before completing his work, but the families who came to his colony founded the town of Gonzales.

An amnesty is an act pardoning a large number of law violators at the same time.

Do you know:

1. Some of the bad features of having Texas and Coahuila united?
2. What the Fredonian Rebellion was?
3. Why Austin went to Mexico in 1833?
4. Why he was kept there so long?
5. In what ways his homecoming was happy; in what ways sad?

Austin and the Republic of Texas

Austin talked freely to his fellow colonists. He said to them, "War is our only recourse. There is no other remedy but to defend our rights, ourselves, and our country by force of arms. To do this we must unite, and in order to unite, the delegates of the people must meet in general consultation and organize a system of defense."

Such a meeting was called for San Felipe, and Austin went to work planning for it. Before it could be held, news came that the Mexican General Cós had landed on the Texas coast with several hundred soldiers. From there he was marching to San Antonio, to join another force already in that city.

To Austin that meant war, and war-like events followed fast. Steps were taken to organize a Texas militia in every city. The Mexican General Ugartechea, coming from San Antonio, tried to take some cannon that were at Gonzales. A force of Texas volunteers kept him from succeeding. This skirmish was the first shooting in the War of the Texas Revolution.

While this event was occurring another force of Texans under Captain George M. Collins was capturing Goliad. Meanwhile General Cós was marching toward San Antonio.

Austin went to Gonzales after receiving word to "come immediately." At Gonzales he found about three hundred volunteers, camped in a corn field.

"We want you to be our commander and lead us against San Antonio," they told him. He accepted the position but was delayed in reaching the place. Perhaps the delay was wise, for two other vessels arrived from New Orleans with guns and ammunition, and other volunteers joined the group.

Austin was delayed also by a meeting which had been planned for San Felipe. At the first meeting there had been such a small attendance that those present adjourned, to meet on November 3, three weeks later. There was some fighting around San Antonio, but Austin went to the meeting at San Felipe.

At the meeting a number of plans were made. Austin gave his views. "You can mortgage my property to raise funds," he told the delegates. "I think also that we should organize a government and provide for an army to be commanded by a general of well-known military talents, experience, integrity, and moral

influence." Thus did he give up his own command, and Edward Burleson was chosen in his place.

His work was not over though; there was another mission for him to perform. He was made one member of a commission to go to the United States for help. Dr. Branch T. Archer and William H. Wharton were the other two members. He was to be a messenger from his adopted country to the land of his birth.

When Austin left Texas in December, 1835, he could see "the approaching storm" in the form of war. He was gone for more than six months, and during that time the Texas Revolution occurred. He visited a number of states, extending from Louisiana to New York. He made speeches, borrowed money for Texas, bought supplies and sent them home, and caused many settlers to turn their faces toward his colony. Even though he fought in no battles, he did an important work in winning independence for his country.

It was late June, 1836, when Austin landed at Velasco, "after rolling at anchor nearly all day." He was now a private citizen, but he still wanted to do something for Texas. He went to see Santa Anna, Mexican commander who had been captured at San Jacinto. After greeting the defeated general kindly, Austin said to him, "I have come to ask you to use your influence to get Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas."

"Your suggestion is a good one," Santa Anna replied. "Texas is really independent, and my country should recognize that fact."

"And I wish you would write President Jackson at Washington to mediate between Texas and Mexico. There should be peace between them, with the independence of Texas recognized."

Santa Anna did write, but many Texans wanted their country to join the Union as a state. This desire caused President Jackson to send a man to investigate, but he recommended delay. The

United States recognized the independence of Texas in a short while, but it was about ten years before Texas was admitted into the Union as a state.

Meanwhile a temporary government had been set up for Texas, and a date was fixed to elect officials for a regular government. As some of Austin's friends wanted him to be President, he consented to have his name entered as a candidate.

There were three candidates: Austin, Sam Houston, and Henry Smith. Houston had led the Texas army to victory and was popular with all the newer settlers. He was elected, as Austin had foreseen that he would be.

There was no ill feeling between the two men, however. Indeed, Houston at once asked Austin to become Secretary of State in his cabinet. At first Austin declined to serve, and he explained his reason in a letter.

"My health is gone," he wrote, "and I must have rest to nurse my constitution and restore my strength."

Later, however, he remembered a long-cherished motto that had been his guide: ". . . to always serve Texas in any manner when called upon by the people to do so." With that motto in mind he wrote Houston another letter accepting the position.

He had been at work less than a month when he became ill with pneumonia. His body, already weakened by imprisonment, exposure, and hard work, could not resist the disease. His last words were, "Texas is recognized. Archer told me so. Did you see it in the papers?" Then he closed his eyes.

The people of Texas went into mourning. President Houston issued a proclamation which said, "The Father of Texas is no more. The first pioneer of the wilderness has departed. General Stephen F. Austin, Secretary of State, expired this day at half-past twelve o'clock, at Columbia.



**Monument of Stephen F. Austin
in San Felipe State Park**

“As a testimony of his high standing and undeviating moral rectitude, and as a mark of the nation’s gratitude for his untiring zeal and invaluable services, all officers, civil and military, are requested to wear crepe, on the right arm, for a period of thirty days. All officers commanding posts, garrisons, or detachments, as soon as information is received of this melancholy event, shall cause twenty-three guns (one for each county in the Republic) to be fired, and with an interval of five minutes each; and also have the garrison and regimental colors hung with black during the space of mourning for the illustrious deceased.”

His body lies today in the State Cemetery in Austin, the city which was named after him. A county also bears his family name.

To most Texans, however, he is best known as **THE FATHER OF TEXAS**.

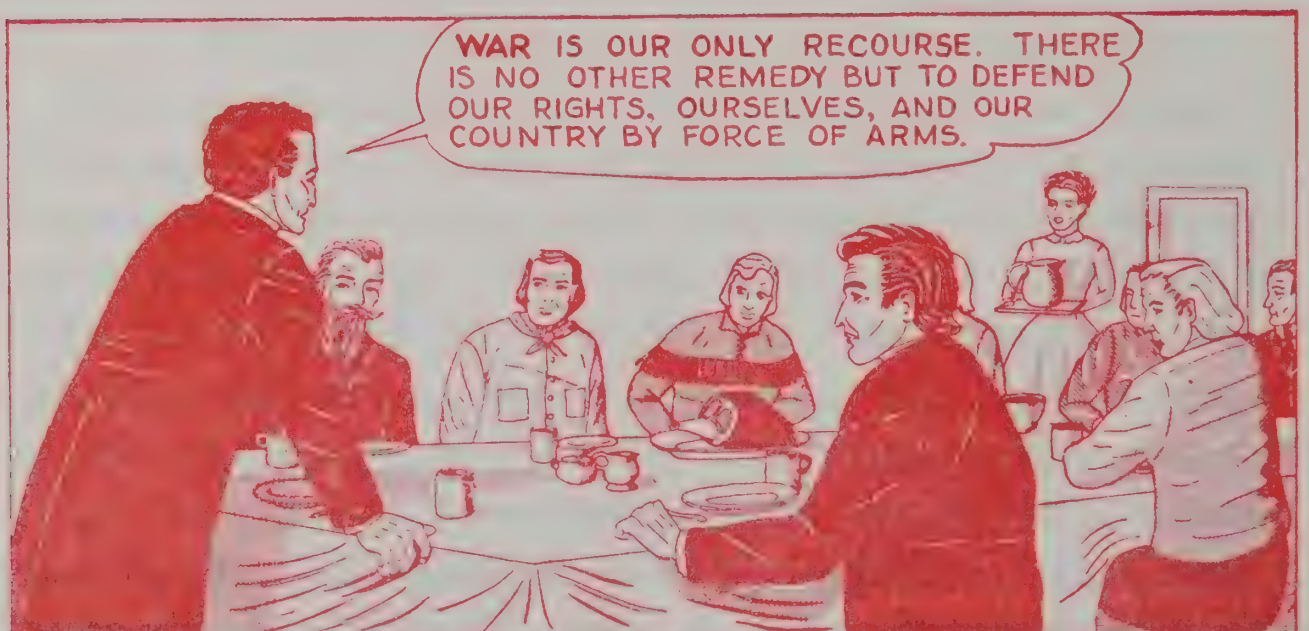
You should know that:

The delay in admitting Texas into the Union as a state was due in part to the fact that its people had slaves. There was growing opposition in the United States to slavery at that time.

Present-day doctors with penicillin and other "miracle drugs" do not greatly dread pneumonia. During pioneer days, however, it was often fatal.

Do you know:

1. How Austin felt about independence when he returned home in 1835?
2. Why he wanted a general meeting of delegates of the colonies?
3. What he was doing during the Texas Revolution?
4. What he persuaded Santa Anna to do?
5. What position he held in the new government?



2. JANE LONG

The Mother of Texas

Courtship and Marriage

It was almost time for the academy bell to ring, and Jane Wilkinson was getting ready to go to school. After tying the strings of a green silk sunbonnet under her fair, round chin and slinging a satchel over her arm, she left her place in front of the big hall mirror and started outside. She stopped when the young Negro maid, Kian, came up. Kian was all out of breath.

"Missy Jane!" she half whispered, rolling her eyes excitedly, "there's a *man* to see the sick soldier upstairs! He's up there now!"

Jane tossed her head. "Well, what is that to me? Don't people come to see him every day or two?"

"But Missy Jane! He's the handsomest man in the world! Wait and see for yourself!"

"In the world!" Jane repeated mockingly. "How do you know? Have you seen them all?"

But her curiosity was aroused. Instead of going on to school, she waited in the hall until the visitor came down stairs and approached her.

To Jane's eyes, this visitor was even more striking than Kian had intimated. He was "tall, active, erect, with fiery eyes and martial tread—the very hero for a tale of love or war." The Negro girl chuckled softly from a safe distance as Jane went forward to greet the stranger.

He seemed surprised to see the beautiful Southern girl, just turning to womanhood, and he hastened to make himself ac-



MRS. JANE LONG

**Reproduced from a photograph in Wharton, HISTORY OF TEXAS (1935),
by courtesy the Turner Company, Dallas**

quainted. He was Dr. James Long, and had come to dress the wounds of the soldier in their home near Natchez.

"General Andrew Jackson, my commanding officer, sent me," he explained. "A number of our men were wounded recently in the battle of New Orleans. It is good of you people to take care of them."

"I'm afraid I did not have much to do with that," she replied. "I am an orphan living with an older sister and her husband, and this is their home. I hope that you found him better."

"Oh yes, much better. Evidently he has been receiving good attention here. He should be up and about soon."

He seemed in no hurry to leave, and Jane had forgotten all about the school bell. Presently they found themselves seated near a window in the parlor close by. Jane brought out a backgammon board, and they played a game, wagering a pair of gloves on its outcome. Jane was the winner. If she suspected that the handsome doctor was not playing his best game, she gave no hint of her thoughts. He did not have the gloves, but that gave him an excuse to come back the next day. This time he had them in his hands.

"I have come," he said, "to settle accounts, for debts of honor must always be paid."

"But I was only playing for fun," she objected, "and not to win a wager."

"Then please accept them as a gift."

Jane could not well refuse this offer and, as she reached out a hand to take the gloves, he murmured, "I only wish the hand of the winner might be exchanged for the gift."

Jane blushed and said nothing. Dr. Long came back daily, and always she was on hand to meet him. Natchez was a lively

city, with many parties and other entertainments for young people, and Jane and her escort went to most of them.

When they announced their engagement, Jane's relatives objected. She was too young, they said; she ought to wait a year until she was eighteen. Jane had no legal guardian, but she was determined to marry.

"Under the laws of Mississippi I have a right to name my own guardian," she told them. "I will name one who will not object to my plans—Dr. Long."

That settled the argument; Jane's relatives gave in and the couple were married. Two happy years followed. Dr. Long gave up the practice of medicine and became the owner of a large estate near Walnut Hills, Mississippi. During that time the oldest child, Ann Herbert, was born. Long branched out and engaged in the mercantile business in Natchez.

But presently this ideal life came to an end. Long himself may have grown restless. He had been a soldier in the War of 1812, recently ended, and apparently had liked being a soldier better than being a farmer. Many people in Natchez were of like mind, it seems. It was a time when men such as Aaron Burr, General James Wilkinson, and other filibusters were going on expeditions, or at least planning them. Indeed, Natchez seemed alive with plots and plans.

One cause of these plots was the fact that Louisiana and Lower Mississippi had once belonged to France, and at another time to Spain, but in 1819 they belonged to the United States. In the Adams-Onís Treaty of that year between the United States and Spain, the United States gave up all claims to Texas in return for a clear title to Louisiana.

There were many who did not like this. They felt that Texas was rightfully a part of the old Louisiana Territory, which France had sold to the United States in 1803. They opposed allowing

Texas to go to Spain, and they wanted to use force to prevent it from staying in Spanish hands.

In a public meeting at Natchez, money was pledged to finance an expedition into Texas to secure its independence from Spain. Dr. Long, who was at the meeting, was elected to be its leader.

Whether Jane was pleased or displeased with this decision is not known, but one matter is certain—she determined to go along herself. Perhaps she was remembering that she too came from a family of soldiers. Perhaps she thrilled at the prospect of adventure. Maybe she merely wanted to be near her husband. At any rate she said, "I will give my consent if you will let me go along."

He looked at her with some concern. "But, my dear, you cannot travel now; you are not physically able. And this expedition cannot wait. The moment is ripe for it; tomorrow might be too late."

"It won't be long till my baby arrives, and I can come soon afterward. I cannot remain here without you."

"Very well, if that is the way you feel. I will stop first at Nacogdoches, where I will organize a government and garrison a fort. You can join me there. But be sure to wait until you have recovered completely before you start."

She agreed to his suggestion. The next day he left Natchez with seventy-five followers. His townsmen turned out in large numbers to see him off and celebrated the occasion with the beating of drums and the firing of cannon. Jane and little Ann proudly waved as he marched off, looking resplendent in his uniform.

You should know that:

The quotation at the beginning of this story is from the *Lamar Papers*, Volume 2.

One writer, Thomas Garner James, described Jane as "the daughter of Maryland, wife of Mississippi, and mother of Texas." She was born in Maryland.

Jane Wilkinson was a niece of General James Wilkinson of the United States Army.

The Battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815. The Americans, commanded by General Jackson, were victorious over the British.

Dr. James Long, who was in the battle, was so brave that Jackson called him "my brave young lion."

Do you know:

1. Under what conditions Jane Wilkinson and Dr. Long met?
2. Why Jane's relatives objected to her marriage?
3. How she overcame their objections?
4. In what expedition Dr. Long became interested?
5. What Jane decided to do about the expedition?
6. Why the expedition was being undertaken?

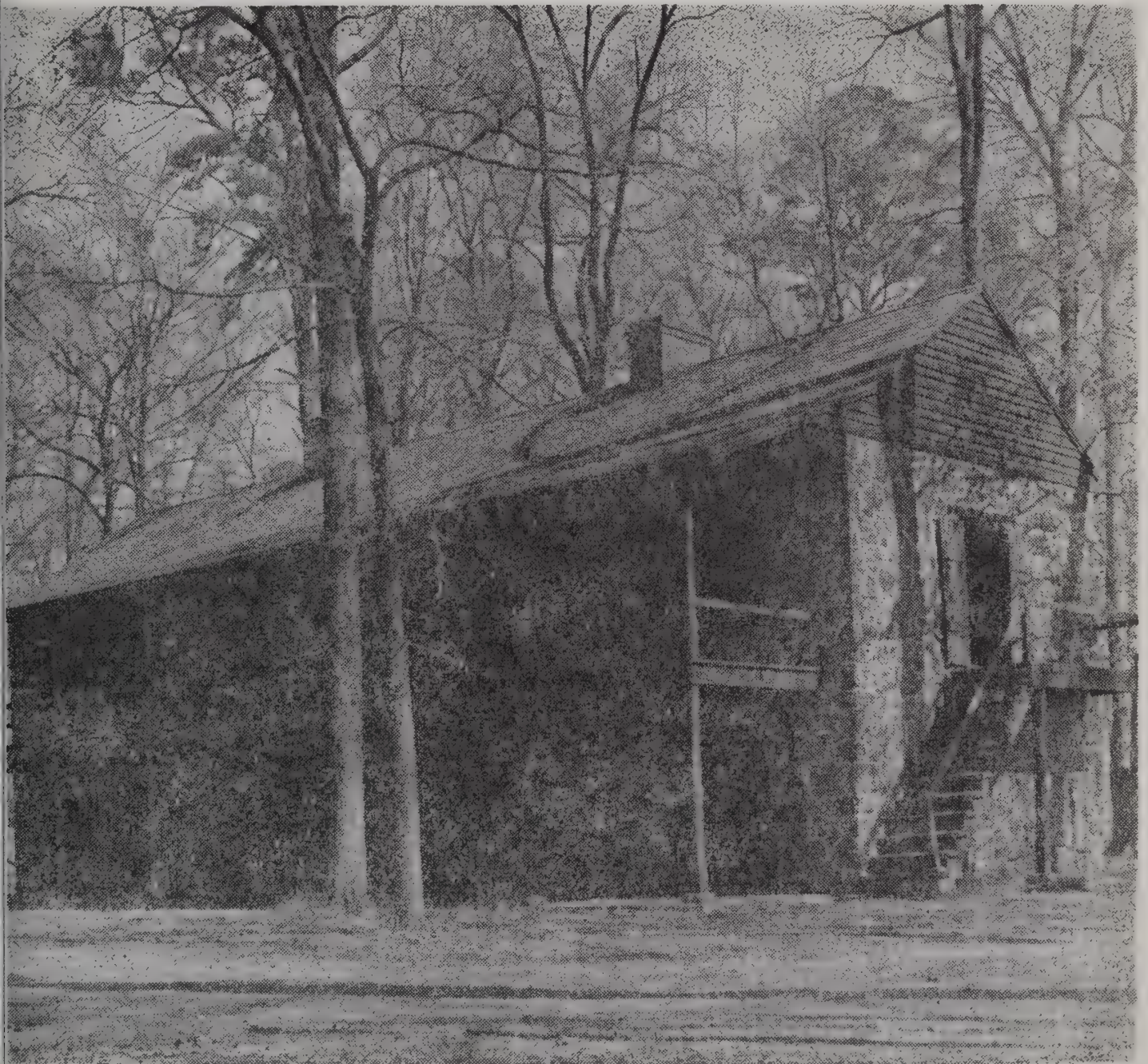
The Wife of a Filibuster

A few days after Long and his men left for Texas, a daughter, Rebecca, was born. Twelve days later Jane took her two children and in company with her maid, Kian, went down to the Mississippi River and sought passage by ship to Alexandria on the first lap of her trip. James Rowan, who was a good friend of the family, went with her, providing two mules for riding the last part of their journey, instead of continuing by river boat.

But Jane's strength was not so great as she had thought it would be; she had to stay a month with her sister at Alexandria before she could go on. Rowan stayed near until she was better; then he gave her the money to get to Nacogdoches, Texas. He also gave her a letter of credit on his business in Natchez, to use in case of emergency. Before starting she listened to the advice of her sister about one matter.

"Leave your children with me," she urged Jane. "Later you can send or come for them. This is no trip for a small child, much less for a baby."

So Jane left without her children, but several men who wanted to join Long's forces accompanied her. She rested some days in Natchitoches at the home of a cousin, while a messenger was sent ahead to inform her husband of her coming.



Old Stone Fort, Natchitoches, where Mrs. Long probably stayed.

Naturally Jane experienced many hardships on this journey through the wild country. Such roads as there were could hardly be traveled, even in wagons. She completed the trip to Nacogdoches on a mule, swimming a river that was out of banks, and pushing on through mud and slush.

She reached the old stone blockhouse in Nacogdoches about sundown one September day. Her husband, and most of the other hundred-odd inhabitants of the place, gave her a warm welcome. Apparently she fell in love with the town. As wife of the new president of the Republic of Texas, as Long called it, she lived in the best house in the town, an eight-room home. But she soon discovered that Long was a busy man.

"I'm going to have to leave, my dear," he told her a few days after she had arrived. "I am going to Galveston to see Lafitte."

She had heard of Lafitte. "But isn't he an outlaw and a pirate?" she wanted to know.

"He may have done some unlawful acts, but he is a brave man. With him and his followers on our side, we cannot help but succeed in our efforts to take Texas from Spain. But you will be safe. I will leave Captain Cook in charge here at Nacogdoches."

Jane soon learned that with Captain Cook in charge, affairs at Nacogdoches were growing worse. There was no discipline among the troops, and some of the men in Long's force were far from polite to the few women who lived at headquarters. Jane wondered how she could get news to her husband and, as she was wondering, the news came that a large Spanish force under Colonel Ignacio Pérez was marching on Nacogdoches to capture it. By a trusted messenger Jane rushed word to Long, then she left town.

Long heard of the approaching Spanish force even before Jane's messenger reached him, and he went to see her briefly. While she stayed with the Browns, friends of the family some distance

from Nacogdoches, he rushed back to collect his men and defend the town.

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But he was too late. All the soldiers had fled, taking their families. He rejoined his wife, and almost everyone made haste to flee to United States soil, across the Sabine River into Louisiana. A few tardy ones were captured by Indians. Before long, Jane heard bad news. Her little daughter, Rebecca, had died. That changed her plans completely.

"I must go back to my sister at Alexandria," she told her husband. "I will come to you again when I can."

"I only wish I could go with you," he said, "but I must go back and try to get together what is left of my forces. I will join you as soon as I can."

He did join her later. All his money had been used up, but in Alexandria and Natchez friends came to his aid by raising more money. Thus encouraged, he was eager once more to attempt the setting up of a republic in Texas that would be independent of Spain.

Jane was determined to go with him, and he agreed with the idea. In June of 1820 she reached Point Bolivar, where present-day Highway 87 stops for the ferry across to Galveston. Several miles across the bay she could see the headquarters of the pirate Lafitte. He gallantly invited her to visit him and have dinner, and she accepted his invitation.

Her first visit to Point Bolivar was brief. She left for Alexandria with her husband, stopping at New Orleans to get Ann. Then the whole family, including Kian, took up their abode at Point Bolivar. It was an adobe building, and it must have seemed crude and uninviting. But it gave the pioneer woman a chance to be near her husband, and that advantage was greater than all its bad features.



The Bishop's Castle, Galveston. Reproduced from a sketch by E. M. Schiwetz.
(Courtesy the Humble Oil Co.)

Mrs. Long probably was a guest of the pirate chief.

For almost a year the family was united, an event that had been all too rare in preceding years. But affairs at the fort, as Point Bolivar was called, were not always running smoothly. Long had provisions, arms, and soldiers there, but there was no fighting to do just then.

He put the soldiers to work raising crops. They did not like it; they had come to fight, not to farm. Felix Trespalacios, one of the leaders among his soldiers, was imprisoned in New Orleans, and Long had to go to that city to get him out of trouble. Not enough food was being raised, and more supplies had to be brought from New Orleans. Jane and Kian were kept busy trying to keep house in the strange new home, with very little furniture for doing it.

Finally the General informed his wife that they would have to be separated again.

"I heard today that there has been an uprising in Mexico against the authority of Spain," he told her. "General Iturbide has led a successful revolt, and Mexico is now independent. I am sending Ben Mliam to Mexico City. If he can convince Iturbide that I, too, am seeking independence from Spain, he will recognize me and my government here. If he cannot convince Iturbide, the Mexicans may march against me and undo all that I have done. Ben is a good man for the job."

"Then—then, you are not going?" Jane asked hopefully.

"I am going to Goliad and San Antonio. I hear that the people in those places are declaring independence. I want to be their leader and have them work with us. You will stay here, for there may be trouble."

Jane, bowing to her husband's will, busied herself helping him get ready for the journey. Early the next morning he kissed her good-by and swung into the saddle.

"I hope to be back in three weeks," he told her, "and I am leaving fifty soldiers here to protect you."

She stood watching until he was out of sight; then she turned and went slowly back into the fort. It was the last time she ever saw him.

Do you know:

1. Who befriended Jane as she set out on her way to Texas?
2. Why she continued the journey without her children?
3. What reception she got in Nacogdoches?
4. Why Long was going to see Lafitte?
5. Why everyone deserted Nacogdoches?
6. What three relatives of Jane influenced her early life, and how?
7. Why the citizens of Natchez believed that Texas did not belong to Spain?
8. What is known about the earlier or later career of Lafitte?

Watching, Waiting, and Hoping

Four weeks passed, but still Jane had no word from Long. In another two weeks the men at the fort began to grow restless. Winter was coming, and they disliked the idea of waiting and doing nothing. On one pretext or another they began to leave.

Jane watched with growing concern the dwindling supply of food, for everyone who left took away some. She could hardly refuse to let the departing soldiers take it, and she feared that if she did not give her consent they might take it anyhow. Finally the two doctors and their wives announced that they were leaving. They begged her to go with them, but she shook her head.

"My husband left me here, and I'll stay till he returns," she told them.

"I don't know how you'll manage to live with almost all the food gone," one doctor replied. "But at least there are guns and ammunition left."

That was about all that *was* left, Jane learned when she made a search. There were some fish hooks and one line on which to use

them. Her only companions now were Kian, the six-year-old Ann, and a dog. She trained him to sleep on her doorstep at night, and with the muskets she shot birds. These, and the few fish she could catch, were all the food they had.

The Indians were close, too, for every night she could see them and their campfires across the bay on Galveston Island. And if they learned that Point Bolivar was not guarded with soldiers, they would be certain to attack. She had heard that they were cannibals; if they were, they might grow hungry at the sight of the women.

Jane did not even have a flag, but to keep up the pretense that soldiers were at the fort she made one, a red flannel petticoat hoisted on a pole. When the Indians seemed active, she dragged out the cannon and fired it, as she had seen the soldiers do, to scare off the enemy.

There were other troubles. The winter of 1821-22 was so cold that Galveston Bay froze over. Then, on the night of December 21, Jane gave birth to her third daughter, Mary James. There was no doctor to attend her and there was no one at all to help her. Her only possible aid, Kian, was so ill that she was delirious. The food was gone, too, and the frozen bay seemed to put an end to all hopes of catching fish. Jane rose from her bed the next day after the birth of Mary James and went to the beach to see if it were possible to get any fish, taking Ann with her. Many of the fish were frozen so badly that they could not swim. She and Ann collected a barrel full of them and put brine over them to preserve them.

For one event Jane was thankful: Kian did not die. As soon as she was able and the weather was warmer, Jane and the Negro maid went to the bay. They had made a seine from an old hammock, and with it they caught a few mullet. One of these Jane put on her hook and line, the other end being tied around her waist. She waded out into the icy water as far as she could and hopefully cast

the line toward the deep water. It was tied to a rock which she threw, probably praying that a big fish would bite.

One did bite. Indeed, it was so big that it began to pull Jane toward the deep water and was threatening to drown her. There was but one thing for her to do: get rid of the precious line. Quickly she pulled it loose from its slipknot around her waist and watched the fish carry it off. With it went her last hope of catching other fish. Only oysters were left to eat.

That must have been a strange Christmas. There is no record that Jane even had a present for her little girl. Certainly there was no Christmas tree, turkey, filled stocking, or any of the other delights which today make children happy at Christmas time.

The day after Christmas, however, Jane received a present that was indeed welcome—a letter from her husband. The letter, which Captain Rafael Gonzales and six other men brought from Monterrey, said that Long was a prisoner but was alive and well. It seemed that he had been captured at La Bahia on October 8, 1821, and sent on to Mexico, where the Mexican officials had imprisoned him. He hoped to be released soon, then he would come home.

The men left after a stay of two days, and that was the end of Jane's good luck for some time. New Year's Day passed, and the month of January also went by without another soul's coming to see the lonely women at Point Bolivar. Their food was all gone now, and they had eaten nothing for three days. Kian, who had been to the beach gathering driftwood for a fire, came running back to the fort.

"Men!" she was shouting. "Three men are coming!"

Jane hurriedly put on her shoes and hastened down to the beach. To her amazement they ran away.

"Come back!" she yelled; then her voice grew panicky as she

shouted "Help!" But they kept running. She ran after them for a mile or so, still calling and yelling, but gradually they disappeared on the water. In despair and in tears she gave up and trudged back toward the fort, her eyes on the beach as she walked.

Suddenly she saw a string, half covered with sand, but with one end sticking out. She picked it up and pulled hard. It came out of the sand, but one end evidently was far out in the water. She began hauling it in. There was something on the other end! It was a fish, a big fish! Too excited to think very much, she began hurrying toward land, pulling or dragging that precious fish. It was a huge red fish, probably the very one that had almost drowned her a few weeks earlier.

Jane was so overcome with emotion that she sat down and cried, but not for long. Here was something for starving people to eat, and she lost little time in getting it to the fort. Afterward she always felt that a miracle had occurred, and that a kind providence had made it occur.

The lonely women had food now, but they kept hoping for rescuers. Perhaps others would return, others who would not run away. Kian spent most of her time on the beach, determined not to let the next men get away, if any more should come. Finally, after several days of watching, a ship was seen. It was Kian who saw it first.

"They're still out in the bay!" she told her mistress between breaths.

Jane took her baby in her arms, grabbed little Ann by one hand, and started for the beach in a run. She waved frantically and yelled, "Help!"

The sailing ship stopped, and a boat containing several men was pushed from it. As soon as they were within talking distance they began a conversation with her.

"We're bound for Austin's Colony," they told her. "And three of our number saw you a few days ago."

"Thank heaven!" Jane was saying. "But why did you run away before?"

"We heard that Long and his men had been taken prisoners, and we thought you were Indians. We also thought that dead tree there was an Indian camp."

They could see at a glance the desperate condition of the brave women at the fort. One man returned to the large ship for some food, while another grabbed his gun and went hunting. In a short time he came back with a big fat buck. Even more welcome was some flour, for the hungry women had not tasted bread in several weeks.

The vessels anchored in the bay that night, leaving the next morning for San Jacinto and for other points as far away as Matamoros. But Jane stayed on. She would not even leave when an old acquaintance from Louisiana appeared. He was rowing a boat, which was filled with all his family's worldly goods. He kept it as near the shore as possible, while several members of his family walked along the shore. He too was going to Austin's colony, and he asked her to go with the family, but again she shook her head.

"I must stay here and wait for my husband," she repeated.

"Then let us leave our fifteen-year-old daughter, Peggy, with you," suggested the man, whose name was Smith. "After we are settled we will come back for her, bringing you supplies."

"Very well," Jane replied. "She will keep us company."

The next day, however, she was sorry that she had consented, for the captain of another ship came by, bound for Matamoros. He rowed out from his main ship to tell Jane that he had read in a New Orleans paper that General Long would not complete his business in Mexico for another year.

"Why don't you go with me to Matamoros?" he asked. "I will pay your expenses on to Mexico City, and you can be with your husband once more."

"I would like to," Jane answered, "but what could I do with Peggy?"

"I can send her by boat to her family. They can't be far up the bay."

Jane quickly packed a trunk and hustled Ann, Peggy, and Kian aboard the larger ship for the night. In the morning another ship arrived with the news that Long was sailing from Vera Cruz that very day. This information, which came from a New Orleans newspaper, contradicted news which some of the passengers had. They had heard that Long and his men were prisoners and were working in Mexican silver mines.

Poor Jane! Her mind was in a whirl. Finally she said to the kindly Captain, "Take me back to shore. I'll just keep on staying at the fort, hoping for the return of my husband." Slowly, and almost silently, they took the three women back to the fort.

Her decision to stay at the fort was wavering, however, and the next day she changed her mind. The change occurred when young James Smith, older brother of Peggy, rowed up with the supplies his father had promised. Along with the supplies he brought an urgent invitation for the lonely woman to return with him. She decided to accept it.

One morning in March of 1822 Jane and her companions left Point Bolivar. It had been her home for more than a year, and for the last several months she had stayed there almost alone. She had been happy there with her husband, but the last three or four months had been a succession of heartaches so great that she felt she could no longer bear them. So, taking her gaze from the gradually receding fort as the little boat was rowed up the bay, she turned her attention to her dog, "Galveston." He was bravely

trying to follow his mistress from a path along the shore. He was taken aboard the boat.

Jane was not long with the Smith family. She moved to a little house near the Rankin home, where the Bexar Road crossed the San Jacinto River. It was a crude hut of boards and palmetto leaves, and she spent most of her time fishing or otherwise securing her daily food. Two friends, Rankin and James Jones, aided her in getting food, and later they helped her get to San Antonio.

Colonists passed her home daily, and she asked every one of them the same question: "Do you know anything about General Long?"

One day Abil Terrell, who traded up and down the coast, promised, "When I get to Matamoros I will learn, if possible, the fate of the General and write to you."

He kept his word. On July 8, 1822, Jane received a letter from him. It informed her that a sentinel had shot General Long, because he had put his hand to his pocket after he had been told to halt. Terrell thought Long was trying to get his passport to show the sentinel, but the latter may have thought he was reaching for his gun.

Jane's long quest, and longer wait, for her husband were ended at last.

You should know that:

The mullet, a small fish, lives in shallow water in the Gulf of Mexico. It is a favorite for bait.

The red fish sometimes grows to a weight of fifty pounds and is a fierce fighter when caught on a hook.

Do you know:

1. Why Jane so steadfastly refused to leave Point Bolivar?
2. Why she finally decided to leave?

3. Why the visitors fled without talking to Jane?
4. Why she changed her mind about going to Matamoros?
5. What experience she had with a red fish?
6. Under what circumstances General Long met his death?

Early Widowhood

During the days following the news of the death of her husband, Jane found it hard to decide what to do. She wanted to go back to the home of her sister in Louisiana, and she also wanted to go to San Antonio and learn what she could about General Long. José Trespalcacios, new Mexican Governor of San Antonio, had offered to help pay the expenses of her trip to that city, and she had hopes that she might secure from the Mexican Government money to compensate for the death of Long.

She set out, therefore, for San Antonio, traveling with a party of nine. She rode a horse and carried the nine-months-old Mary James, and Ann rode a pack mule. The party stopped at Goliad, where a ball was given in her honor. As she was in mourning, she refused to dance until the local priest gallantly insisted on dancing with her, an invitation she could not well decline.

After five weeks of travel the group rode into San Antonio. Governor Trespalcacios was out of town, but Jane and her family stayed at the home of Don Erasmo Seguin, first as a guest, then in a rented apartment. Later the Long family shared a house with the Mulcados, people lately arrived from New Orleans.

By now Jane was badly in need of money, although she refused to accept any from the Mexican Governor. A generous trader named Leonard Peck supplied it, in spite of her objections.

She refused to take any help, but finally she told him, "I have some dresses and jewelry that you can take along to Mexico and sell, if you will."

He looked them over carefully. "These will bring five hundred dollars there," he estimated. "I'll just pay you for them now and keep the money when I sell them."

She hesitated, but he insisted. He also said, "I want you to keep this money for me too. You can be my bank. If I take it with me I will spend it."

He gave her the money and left with his pack train for Monterrey. As soon as he was well on the road, he returned the jewelry and dresses by messenger.

Indeed, Jane seemed to have the ability to make other warm friends, as another happening in San Antonio proved. Some of those who had met and loved her were greatly concerned because her baby had not been christened. To please them she consented to having the ceremony performed. The services were held in a local Catholic church. Jane's new friends furnished Mary James a long white christening robe and paid Kian four dollars to carry the baby to church. There was a regular procession, the marchers tossing a hundred dollars in coins to the poor who gathered on the way to watch. Needless to say they also showered the baby with gifts.

Jane did not have much success, however, in her main mission to San Antonio. She did not learn much more about General Long. Governor Trespalacios gave her the side arms and ammunition which had been taken from him when he had been arrested in the fall of 1821. He could not promise her a pension from the Mexican Government; for that she would have to make a trip to Mexico, without any assurance of success even then. He offered to take her along as he left with others after the overthrow of Iturbide in 1823. She was sure that he had lost whatever influence he may have had, for he had been an Iturbide supporter.

So, perhaps reluctantly, she left San Antonio, ten months after she had entered it, and went the other way, back to Louisiana and



Benjamin Milam, hero of the fighting around San Antonio
and a friend of Jane Long.

her sister's. She went in a manner that was common in those days, by pack train, a number of horses and mules loaded with supplies and people. That method was better in traveling over a country with few roads than by going in wagons that would bog down in the mud. There were forty pack mules, loaded with silver and heavily guarded.

Jane rode her own horse and led a mule, both of which she had obtained by selling her husband's fire arms. The kind pack leader carried Mary James.

Jane gradually recovered from the sharp grief for the loss of her husband and regained some of her naturally strong sense of humor. She must have been attractive, for once when the pack train was stopped at the home of a widower he noticed her. In fact, after feasting the group on watermelons, he proposed to her! She declined his offer of marriage, and before long she was with her sister, Mrs. Calvit, in Alexandria, Louisiana.

It had been three crowded years since the two sisters had been together, and it was six months longer before she went on to Mississippi to see Mrs. Miller, the former "Sister Chesley." As she was about to leave, Ben Milam rode up. He had been imprisoned in Mexico also, and he brought with him Long's latest messages, letters, papers, and clothing. Milam went with Jane to the Miller home and stayed a week, telling her every detail of her husband's last days about which he knew anything. He remained her faithful friend until his death in San Antonio in 1835.

You should know that:

Some writers say that Governor Trespalacios was not a friend of Long. If that be true, it explains why she refused to go to Mexico with him.

Milam was killed when the Texans captured San Antonio.

Do you know:

1. Why Jane decided to go to San Antonio?
2. Why she thought the Mexican Government should help her?
3. What proof there is that she made friends readily?

Later Years

Yet another sorrow was in store for Jane. Her youngest child, Mary James, died in June, 1824. Whether it was that sorrow or whether the "Texas fever" finally overcame her is not clear, but she moved back to Texas.

This time the Calvits moved with her, and they stopped for a year on the Neches River, finally reaching San Felipe in December, 1825. There were several hard years, but Jane stayed on.

Meanwhile Ann had grown to womanhood. Jane sent her to Natchez to school, and while she was there she met and married Edward Winston. Three months later they too were coming to Texas.

"Thank goodness, there is a man in the family once more," Jane said happily. She now took up a grant of land, such as all of Austin's colonists were entitled to receive, and moved to it.

But it was so hard to make a living by farming that in 1832 she opened a boarding house in Brazoria and ran it for several years. She and Kian did all the work, even the cooking and the laundry tasks.

It became the most famous stopping place in Texas, and on the pages of its guest book were the names of many famous men. Austin delivered an address there on one occasion. At another time Colonel Juan Almonte, leader of the Mexican forces to suppress the growing rebellion in Texas, dined there. While he was

trading compliments with his charming hostess, he was taking notes of his surroundings, and she was conspiring with the rebels. Even then they had guns and powder stored on her place.

Burnet, Houston, and Lamar boarded with Jane, either at Brazoria or at a hotel she later had in Richmond. It was reported that both Houston and Lamar asked her to marry them. Lamar was said to have written a love poem to her, although the name "Jane" in it was later changed to "Ann."

Jane was now almost forty years old. Life had been hard, but it had not affected her looks or personal charms. From the pen of J. C. Clopper, who saw her in 1828, while she was still at San Felipe, we have a word picture of her. He described her as "tall . . . a beautiful figure . . . with grace truly feminine . . . smiling aspect . . . engaging in conversation . . . a gay widow . . ." and so on.

Truly the Mother of Texas must have been an attractive person as well as a useful and valuable citizen. One young girl complained that at a San Jacinto ball she had danced with General Houston, but that he forgot all about her "when his attentions were claimed by a gay young widow." There is a strong suspicion that this was none other than Jane.

In 1837 she secured a large tract of land near Richmond, Fort Bend County, bought a Negro man slave, and moved to it. Until she could make it pay she operated a boarding house in Richmond. A grandson helped her run the farm, and they soon had a home which was so well managed that never again was she in want. One of her first acts, after she had enough money, was to pay the last of her husband's debts. They probably had expired by the law of limitation, but she paid them anyhow. Before the War between the States, she had one of the most valuable plantations in Texas.

By the time of the outbreak of that conflict people were calling her "Aunt Jane," or "Grandma Long." She was intensely Southern in her sympathies and would wear nothing not made in the South.

Her own dresses were made of cotton that had been grown, spun, woven, and dyed on her own plantation. In her spare moments she sewed and knitted garments for Southern soldiers.

Death had claimed her faithful Kian, but a granddaughter, also named Kian, was with Jane even after the slaves had been freed. Edward Winston died and Ann married a Richmond lawyer, James S. Sullivan. The Winstons and Sullivans became prominent Richmond families, and no doubt they visited Jane often in her later years.

There, in her spacious plantation, she smoked a pipe filled with home-grown tobacco, rocked in her favorite chair, and talked. If her conversation leaned rather strongly toward the past it was no less interesting, for it was a stirring past.

Indeed, her friends must have hung onto her every word as she told of life at Natchez and of her meeting with the handsome man who became her husband. They may have sympathized with her as she told of the terrible days at Point Bolivar, or wept with her as she looked and longed in vain for the husband who never returned. Perhaps they laughed at the story of the man who fed her watermelons and proposed marriage. Certainly they must have laughed frequently, for to the end of her life she retained a strong sense of humor. Her casual mention of such Texas heroes as Austin, Ben Milam, and Houston might not have excited too much comment, for she herself was as much a maker of Texas history as any one of them.

She died in 1880 at the age of eighty-two and lies buried under a modest marker in the little cemetery at Richmond. Somewhere, either during her life or since, an admirer spoke of her as "The Mother of Texas." It is an appropriate name, for few other men or women had such a large share in the making of Texas as she.

You should know that:

Fort Bend was so named because it was in a bend of the Brazos River.

In 1850 Jane's plantation was one of sixteen in Texas valued at more than \$10,000.

In 1838 Lamar wrote a short account of Jane's life, apparently gaining his information directly from her. It is in the *Lamar Papers*, Volume 2.

Do you know:

1. What proof we have of Jane Long's attractiveness?
2. Why Jane sent Ann back to Natchez?
3. How "another man" was added to the family?
4. What proof there is that Jane's Brazoria boarding house was popular?
5. Where she finally settled down for her later years?
6. How she felt toward the Confederate cause?
7. What she might have talked about, while sitting on her front porch?

3. SAM HOUSTON

The Liberator of Texas

In Command

The calendar on the wall of the frame building showed the date to be March 6, 1836. The fifty-eight delegates were still blinking the sleep out of their eyes, but all of them were intently watching the presiding officer who had arisen.

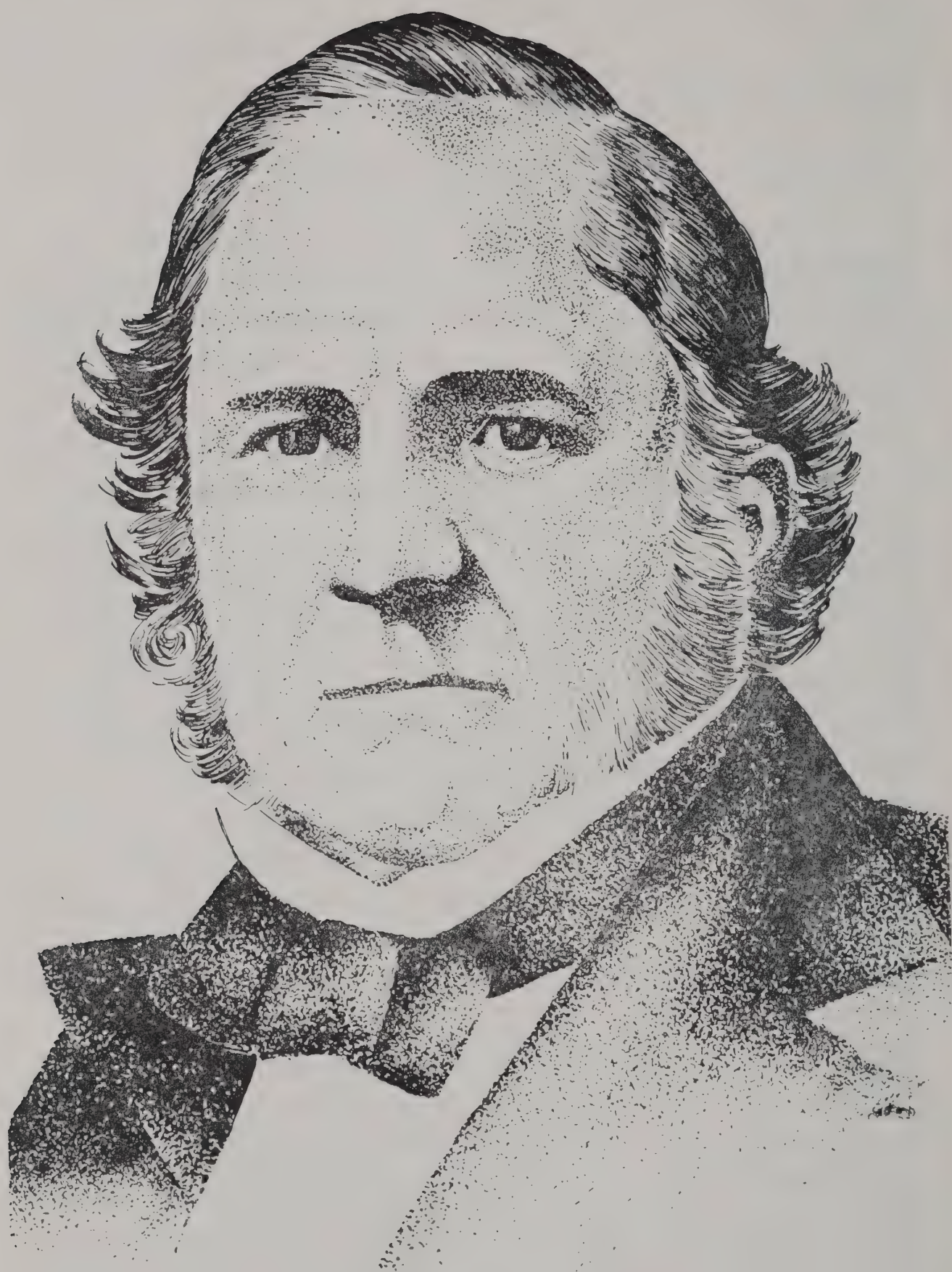
"I am sorry to interrupt your Sunday morning rest," he began, "but a courier has just brought a message from Colonel Travis."

As he read from the paper in his hand, the delegates listened. "We have contended for ten days against an enemy whose number are variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to six thousand men . . . Col. Fannin is said to be on the march to this place, but I fear it is not true, as I have repeatedly sent to him for aid without receiving any . . . I hope your honorable body will hasten on reinforcements . . . our supply of ammunition is limited."

The speaker paused, and for a full half minute no one spoke. Then Delegate Potter arose. He moved that the convention "do immediately adjourn, arm, and march to the relief of the Alamo."

There was a stir as he sat down, but at once another delegate arose. The presiding officer murmured, "General Houston," and the man began.

"That proposal is madness," he said. "What could fifty-eight men do against the hordes of Santa Anna? The immediate need of Texas is a *government*. What good will our recent Declaration of Independence do unless it is put upon bed rock? Without a responsible directing authority, we are nothing but a mob. Keep on with your deliberations here. Elect your officials and create the needed machinery of administration. You elected me to be the General of



Sam Houston

the Army of Texas, and I am now assuming that post. If mortal power can avail, I will relieve the brave men in the Alamo."

When he had finished speaking, without waiting for the Potter motion to be withdrawn, Houston strode from the building and mounted his horse. Riding with him were George W. Hockley and three other men. Before starting for Gonzales, where the small Texas army was located, Houston sent a courier with a message to Colonel Fannin at Goliad.

"I am ordering him to abandon that place and join me at Gonzales," he told Hockley as they rode along. "If he obeys, his men, together with those at Gonzales, may make it possible for me to meet the Mexican army."

"That means we will march to the relief of the Alamo?" questioned Hockley.

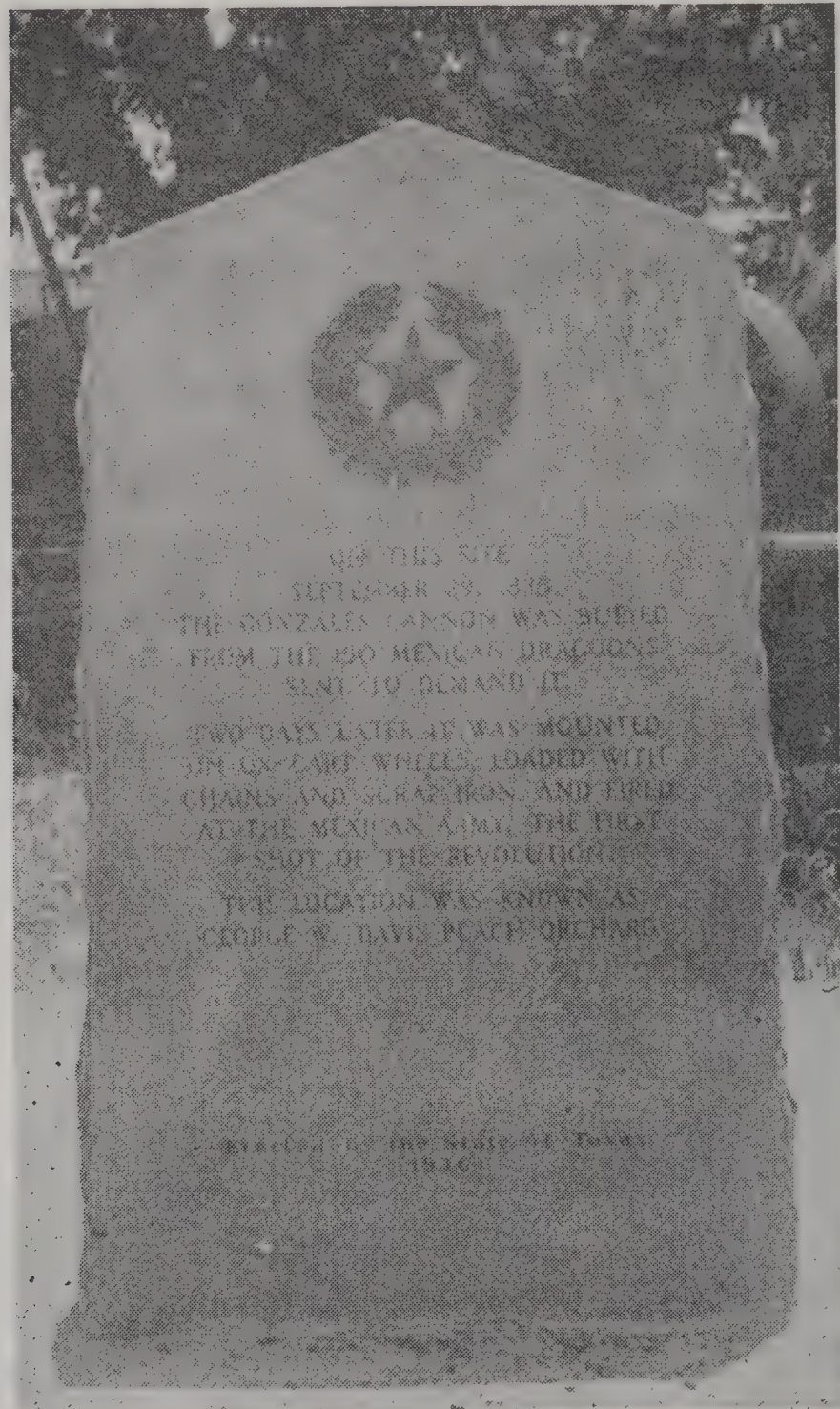
Houston did not answer in words, but he tightened the reins of his horse and dismounted. Motioning to his companions for silence, he stepped up to a clear spot of ground, put one ear to the earth, and listened intently. He was shaking his head sadly as he arose.

"A trick I learned from the Indians," he announced. "But the firing has ceased. The Alamo has fallen."

It was more than a hundred miles to Gonzales, and it took the riders several days to make the trip. When they finally arrived at four o'clock one afternoon they found 374 men camped in a bend of the Guadalupe River. Houston promptly took command, but the officer in charge, Mosely Baker, had nothing but bad news for him.

"We have rations enough for only two days, sir," he said. "And there are only two cannon that will shoot. A third one is in a blacksmith shop being repaired."

"Get some food," Houston ordered, "especially some beef



Monument in Gonzales

and flour. Do it in the name of the Republic of Texas. The men must be fed.”

The new commander busied himself forming the men into companies, but his work was interrupted by the shrieks of some women.

"What is going on?" he asked.

"Two Mexicans have arrived from San Antonio," he was told. "And they say the Alamo has fallen and all its defenders have been killed."

"Arrest those men as spies!" he shouted. "And deny the report!"

"But General, I'm afraid the report is true," the faithful Hockley told him.

"I'm afraid so, too," admitted Houston, "but I would like to have a little more time to train and discipline the men before they believe the story."

He sent another messenger to Goliad with fresh orders to Fannin to blow up the fort there and retreat; then he went ahead with his program of organizing and training his little army.

The force grew in two days to five hundred men, and he had the satisfaction of seeing them respond rapidly to the system of drill which he started. Gradually a plan of campaign was taking shape in his mind. He would retreat toward East Texas, building and training his troops on the way. He hoped the enemy would divide his forces, and if he did, the Texans might defeat him.

But the sad news about the fall of the Alamo could not be delayed much longer. It came this time in the person of Mrs. A. M. Dickinson, one of the few survivors of the Alamo. When Santa Anna had destroyed its brave garrison, he had spared her life. Now she rode into Gonzales, accompanied by her fifteen-month-old baby and Colonel Travis' Negro servant, Joe. The Mexican general had furnished her a horse and had told her to give his compliments to General Houston. The men of the Alamo, he had said, were in arms against the Mexican authority, and other rebels would be spared only if they laid down their arms.

Panic seized the town and some of the soldiers. Wild rumors were afloat that the advance guard of the Mexican army was

already in sight. Twenty men in Houston's forces deserted, and if he had not acted promptly to prevent it, others might have left. More than thirty women in Gonzales had husbands or other loved ones who had been killed in the Alamo, and their grief added to the confusion.

Houston quieted the panic as best he could. He reserved riding places in baggage wagons for the grief-stricken widows. He ordered all the equipment burned which could not be carried in a few wagons, and he sank the cannon in the river. There was but one thing to do: retreat. With the soldiers and the lone ammunition wagon going ahead and a guard under Deaf Smith bringing up the rear, the army of General Houston began its weary march toward East Texas.

You should know that:

The convention of fifty-eight delegates had met at Washington-on-the-Brazos March 1. After declaring independence March 2, it had chosen Houston commander of the armed forces of Texas. A constitution was also written.

Santa Anna's men attacked the Alamo in force at daybreak March 6, and it fell in a short while. Houston had heard correctly.

This wild disorderly flight is known in Texas history as "the Runaway Scrape."

Do you know:

1. What disturbing letter came to the Texas delegates on March 6, 1836?
2. Why Houston opposed delegate Potter's motion to go to the aid of the Alamo?
3. How Houston learned that the Alamo had fallen?
4. What plan Houston made after reaching Gonzales?

5. Why he wanted to suppress the news of the fall of the Alamo?
6. What sympathy he showed for the grief-stricken widows?
7. What plan of military action he decided to follow?
8. Why Houston had so many friends and enemies?

The Retreat

The eastward march began at eleven o'clock in the night. When the soldiers were a mile east of town, they entered a region of post oak trees and deep sand. On they trudged, not halting till an hour before daybreak. The soldiers were so tired that they dropped to sleep on the spot, but when they awoke at dawn, they found that the wagons of refugees had caught up with them. It helped them somewhat to know that women were on hand to help get breakfast, and the addition of fifty recruits helped them still more.

Houston did all that he could to cheer up the weary group. Riding up and down the lines he made a show of counting them. Finally he announced loudly, "Eight hundred men! That's enough to whip a Mexican army ten times its size!"

He kept up this bold front to his soldiers, but privately he was very gloomy. When a messenger told him that Fannin had decided not to leave Goliad, he pointed to his own men and told Hockley, "There is the last hope of Texas. We will never see Fannin nor his men alive."

The retreat was all the more confusing because many settlers were in it too. Terror-stricken people had abandoned their homes, throwing some of their belongings in wagons and leaving other property behind. So great was their haste that in some cases they left food cooking in pots, and families became separated. All were fleeing before an enemy who had not even started, as yet, to pursue.

Houston did everything in his power to quiet the fears of the fleeing people. On one occasion he heard that a blind woman and six children had been left behind, and he sent thirty men back to get them. At a crossing of the Colorado River he ordered that the settlers be ferried to the other side before the soldiers. As the last soldier was preparing to cross, Houston saw two women sitting on a log and learned that they were widows of the Alamo. He gave them fifty dollars each and put them into a wagon.

Nine days later he started toward the Brazos, arriving at San Felipe March 28. From there he marched twenty miles up stream to Groce's Landing, where he remained two weeks. A steamboat aided him and his little army across the river.

A few of Houston's soldiers, especially those with families in danger, deserted; but others took their places. The General saw to it that discipline was maintained at all times. A guard found asleep was ordered shot; and while the order later was rescinded, the occurrence affected the whole army.

"If I can only keep three hundred men under arms," Houston told Hockley, "I will die with them or we will conquer."

Troubles continued to pile up, however, as his men kept marching east. He was depressed at the news of the flight of the government officials from Washington-on-the-Brazos to Harrisburg, when they heard of the fall of the Alamo.

"It is a poor compliment to me," he told his friend, "to suppose that I will not inform them if they need to flee. And it makes things harder for me."

One group of pursuing Mexicans actually came within two miles of the retreating army. His men wanted to attack and grumbled when their leader shook his head.

"It's only a small group," he reasoned. "And to defeat them would not end the war. Let's win a decisive victory."

To overcome the grumbling, Houston tightened the discipline.

Each morning he beat the reveille himself on a drum, and every day was inspection day.

He took care also to be seen intently studying maps, and this caused a rumor to spread that he was planning an attack. The men busied themselves cleaning their rifles and getting ready for the noon inspection. When it was not ordered, they felt sure that something was afoot.

Instead of receiving the expected order to go against the enemy, however, they merely were told to break camp, load wagons, and be ready to retreat at sundown. They marched part of the night and covered thirty miles the next day. And, as if that were not enough, they were ordered out before daybreak the next morning. While bleak winds blew ashes into their coffee kettles, they prepared to march again.

Two companies of men finally rebelled. Houston let them go, remarking, "I'll have no doubters and squealers with me on this enterprise."

The rest of the army went ahead, through heavy rain and deep mud. Wagons stalled, and men floundered so much that they could not march in order; they had to break ranks. For three terrible days they went on, making only eighteen miles on that march.

During all this time Houston had steadfastly refused to reveal to his men his plans for the future. Perhaps he feared to make them public; perhaps he thought the knowledge might hinder his plans. When he was pressed about the matter he simply said, "A general does not reveal his plans. If I err, the blame is mine."

He did finally yield to popular clamor enough to tell his men that he was going to lead them to a glorious victory. He reminded them also that the rains were delaying the enemy as much as they were the Texans. On one occasion when a mutiny was threatened, he had two graves dug near the camp.

"These are for the first two men who refuse to obey orders," he announced, and nobody dared rebel.

Instead of relaxing his discipline he had more drills, more inspections, and more maneuvers. He also selected an elite corps that was more expert in drills than the others, and thus aroused an interest in that task.

He justified his severe program, saying, "You can't improvise battle discipline. Men must know what an order means, and learn to obey it automatically, so they can put their minds on the real business of fighting."

These strong methods produced results. Gradually the little army developed into a hardened, seasoned group of fighters. Their spirits were raised when they received from friends in Cincinnati two cannons known as the "Twin Sisters." They came in boxes marked HOLLOW WARE. The soldiers gleefully assembled them in a blacksmith shop, and Houston himself helped cut up old horseshoes and other bits of iron to provide loads for them.

Then came the news for which the Texas General long waited. Santa Anna was near! The long retreat had ended! The time to strike had come!

You should know that:

After declaring independence the delegates had chosen a temporary government for Texas. Its officers consisted of David G. Burnet for President, Lorenzo de Zavala for Vice President, and a Cabinet of five other men. They were sworn into office on March 17, 1836. On that same day they fled because of a report that the Mexican army was coming.

The Mexican General Sesma commanded the forces that Houston refused to attack. It numbered only a few hundred men, but the Texas General felt that a small battle then would prevent a decisive one later.

Do you know:

1. Why so many false reports were circulated about the pursuing Mexicans?
2. Why Houston did not go to the aid of the men in the Alamo?
3. Why he did not tell his soldiers about his battle plans?
4. Why he insisted on strict discipline and rigid training in his army?
5. What mistake Houston was waiting for Santa Anna to make?

Pursuit and Victory

Santa Anna, so Houston's scouts told him, had led an army into Harrisburg to capture President Burnet and the other officials of the Texas Government. They had fled barely in time to escape, but the enraged Mexican leader had burned the city and pursued them toward Galveston. He was in command of an army of about one thousand men, they believed, and was probably groping about among the marshes of San Jacinto River.

Houston consulted a worn map. That was about ten miles from where the Texan army was then located on the morning of April 18. His men had covered fifty-five miles in the last two and one-half days and were very tired. They had to have rest, but it would be a cheering rest. Right after the daybreak "setting up" exercises, he delivered to them a moving message.

"The enemy is near, and we are going to attack!" he told them. "Victory is certain if we trust in God and fear not! Remember the Alamo!"

The words electrified the little army, and the men went to work with a will. All of the group but the wagons, the sick, and the rear guard crossed Buffalo Bayou, using the floor torn from a nearby cabin as a raft. Once across, they hid in the woods till dark, then advanced warily, encircled by chief scout Deaf Smith

and his aides. At a narrow bridge over Vince's Bayou they came upon the cold ashes of Santa Anna's old camp fires. But they could afford to take no chances; he might be near. Slowly they advanced into darkness, their equipment muffled, their rifles clutched in tense hands, and their talk in whispers.

For two miles they traveled down a steep ravine, but at 2:00 A. M. they broke ranks and dropped to the ground for an hour of sleep. Then they stumbled on till daybreak, stopping while they were still concealed in a woody shelter.

Some cows belonging to the Vince brothers were grazing nearby. The army commissary slaughtered them, Houston promising that they would be paid for later. Deaf Smith and some other scouts dashed up.

"Santa Anna and his army are eight miles away, moving slowly toward Lynch's ferry," they told Houston.

"How far is it to the ferry?"

"Three miles."

"Then we will cross first and get a choice position."

They did, their commander choosing a wood of large oak trees along the edge of the Bayou. There a battle line was formed, and a few shots were exchanged between patrols of the two armies. Some Texas soldiers captured a ferryboat loaded with flour for the Mexican army. That night the Texans not only had barbecue and parched corn for supper; they also had bread made of dough rolled on sticks and baked over the fire.

When supper was over, the men spread their blankets and went to sleep, talking about the big fight they would have tomorrow. Meanwhile vigilant Texas scouts were watching the camp fires of the enemy less than a mile away. At daybreak Houston was still asleep and had given orders that no one disturb him.

His men could not understand it, for they were impatient to

attack. Apparently they forgot that their general had had little sleep for three weeks. The news that Deaf Smith brought in did not make matters any better.

"Santa Anna's getting reinforcements," he announced. "I am going to tell the General he ought to burn Vince's Bridge before any more can come."

Houston agreed to the bridge-burning idea and ordered Smith to do the burning. "I'm surprised that you let Santa Anna march his men around and make you count them twice though," he told Deaf Smith loudly.

Deaf Smith fell in with the idea and agreed with Houston just as loudly, even though he knew that the news was true. General Cós *had* arrived with more than five hundred men, but there was no use to disturb the Texans.

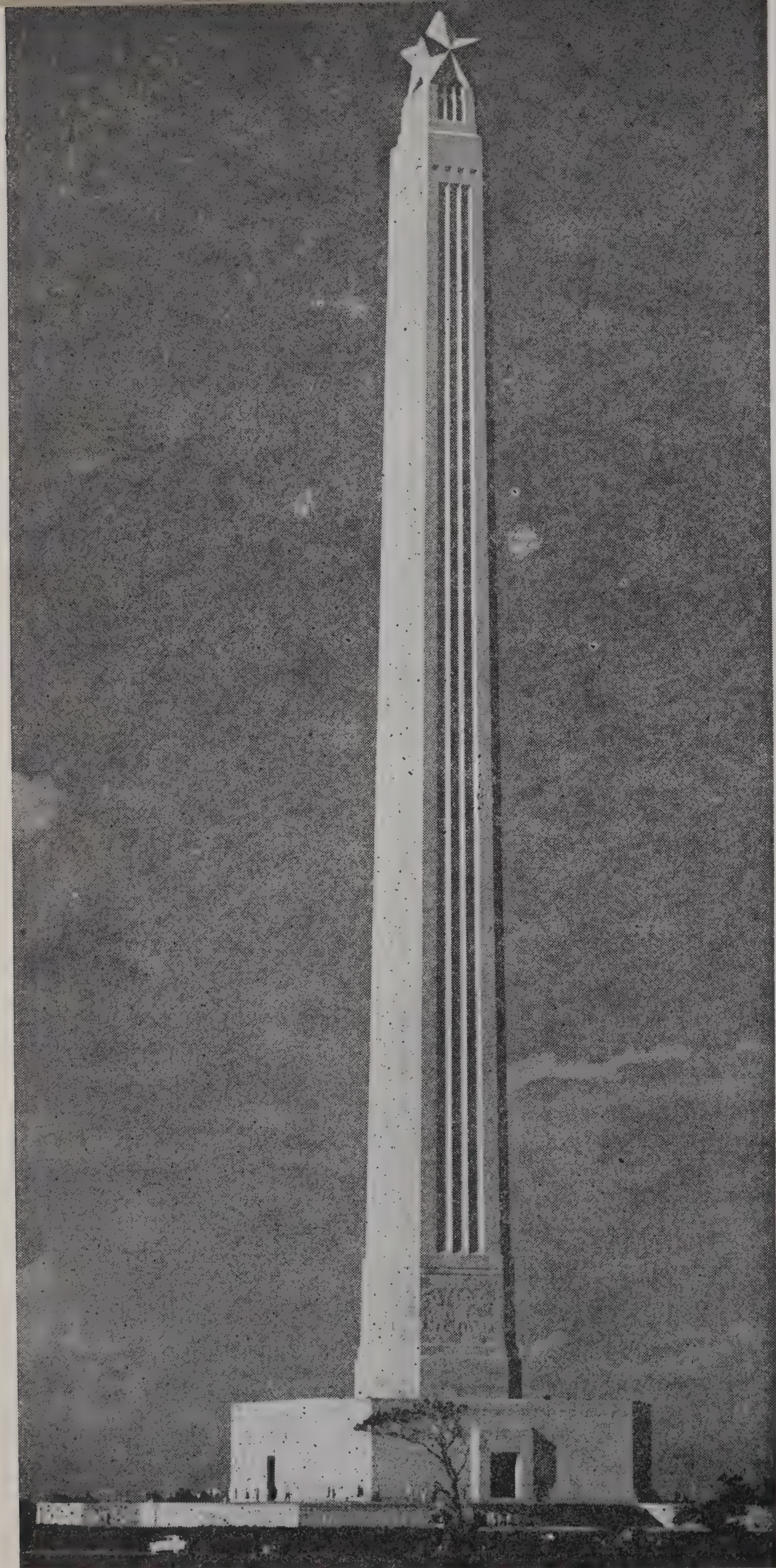
Noon came, and still there were no battle orders. The Texans were really growing anxious when the crisp command came at 3:30 to prepare for battle. A long thin line of Texans was formed, with the Twin Sisters in the center. As they crept cautiously out of the woods and neared the bivouac of Mexican saddles and other equipment, Houston rode out on a white stallion.

"Now remember, men," he cautioned. "Hold your fire until the enemy is at point blank range!"

A Mexican bugle sounded and a few rifles were fired from the camp of the enemy. Some of the Texans replied, but Houston sternly repeated his order, "Hold your fire!"

Other shots were fired, and Houston's horse fell. He mounted another and kept on patrolling the Texas line, calling out, "Hold your fire! Hold your fire!"

Finally when they were within close range of the enemy their commander shouted, "Fight for your lives! Vince's Bridge has been cut!"



**San
Jacinto
Monument
and
Museum**

The Texans leaped forward on the run, as the Twin Sisters blasted two big holes in the enemy barricade. The charging Texans crossed the barricade, and in a few minutes the battle had turned into a Mexican rout. Houston, now on his third horse, rode around among the wreckage of the enemy camp, while his men were pursuing and capturing Mexicans who were fleeing in every direction.

The Texas commander finally realized that he himself was wounded, for when he tried to dismount and walk, he fainted. His friend, Hockley, caught him and summoned a doctor. He found the General's right leg shattered above the ankle and in a serious condition. The pursuit of the fleeing Mexicans continued through the night and well into the next day. A hundred of the enemy were drowned trying to cross the swollen Bayou where Vince's Bridge had been destroyed. General Almonte and four hundred of his soldiers surrendered in a body. Santa Anna was captured, and while he was a captive, signed a treaty agreeing to the independence of Texas.

Shortly after his capture the Mexican General had a rather stormy interview with the wounded Houston, as the Texas leader leaned against a tree. When Santa Anna left, Houston pulled out an ear of corn and began to eat some of the raw grains. A soldier picked up one of them that had fallen to the ground and remarked that he was going to take it home and plant it.

This act gave Houston an idea. Summoning all the men who were near, he shelled the rest of the ear and divided the grains among them.

"My brave men," he said, "take this along with you to your fields, and I hope you may cultivate the arts of peace as you have shown yourselves masters of the art of war."

"We'll call it Houston corn," someone called out.



Santa Anna, Mexican president and military leader

“Not Houston corn; San Jacinto corn.”

And so it was. Houston went to New Orleans to have his wound treated. Many of his men returned to their homes and planted crops. Santa Anna was kept a prisoner for a long time: much longer than Houston wanted him kept. Mexican leaders did not recognize the independence of Texas at once, but nobody was deceived; that independence had been gained at San Jacinto.

You should know that:

The old Harrisburg of 1836 is now part of the city of Houston.

The Texas leader was wise in choosing the time of attack. The army of General Cós had marched hard the night before and the soldiers were asleep at 3:30 P. M. Santa Anna himself was taking

his afternoon siesta. He did not believe the Texans would dare attack the larger Mexican army.

Santa Anna claimed that Harrisburg was already burning when he reached the town.

Houston also created the Knights of San Jacinto, an order that has been revived in recent years.

Do you know:

1. What plans Houston made in preparing for battle?
2. Why mid-afternoon was chosen as the time to attack?
3. Why the Mexicans were surprised at the attack?
4. The story of the San Jacinto corn?

Houston and Margaret Lea

The news spread in New Orleans that the wounded Texas General was coming and, when his ship arrived, a crowd had gathered. In that crowd was a girl, almost grown, who with her schoolmates and teacher wanted to see the hero.

Houston was so ill that he was lying down, but when a band struck up a march, he stirred.

A friend started to help him up, but he sat up by himself. "Give me that crutch, and hold off the crowd," he told his friend. "I'll get up by myself."

He tried, but the effort was too great for his strength: he fainted. The music and the cheering suddenly stopped, and in the stillness was heard the sobbing of the school girl, Margaret Lea.

Houston recovered from his wound and in due time went back to Texas. It was not until 1839 that he met her. In that year he went to Alabama to buy horses and seek capital for some of his Texas enterprises. In Mobile he met an old friend, William Bledsoe, who invited him to his country home of Spring Hill.

"There are some quail on my estate," he told the General, "and many interesting people for you to meet."

Houston accepted the invitation. The next day after his arrival was a bright May day, and in the afternoon Mrs. Bledsoe gave a party on the lawn of her home. She was a charming hostess, and Houston was at his best as she escorted him about, meeting the other guests. In the rose garden they met a tall girl carrying a dish of strawberries.

"General Houston, my sister, Margaret Lea," Mrs. Bledsoe murmured.

Houston bowed low and said, "I am charmed."

He really was, as events soon proved. Perhaps anyone would have been fascinated, for the slender girl with deep blue eyes and smoothly rippling brown hair was both beautiful and intelligent. The two presently found themselves alone, as they wandered among the winding garden paths.

She asked him about his military campaigns and about Texas, and they talked of the hero, Bonham, who had perished in the Alamo, and whom both knew. She confessed that she was the school girl who had wept when he had landed at New Orleans, and he was deeply moved. Her married sister finally overtook them.

"We must not monopolize him, Margaret," she chided. "There are some other guests who want to meet him."

Houston went with his hostess, but at the first opportunity he was again at Margaret's side. During the remainder of his stay with the Bledsoes the two were together much of the time. Sometimes they were in the garden. At other times he turned the sheets of music while she played the piano and sang old Southern songs, and at still other times they roamed about the plantation, talking earnestly.

Margaret's mother was not wholly pleased. True, he was a

man of importance, but he was almost twice as old as her daughter. Moreover, there were mysteries in his past. He and his first wife, Eliza Allen, had separated while he was Governor of Tennessee, and Mrs. Lea knew that he had never made public the reason for that separation. It must have been a serious one though, for he had resigned as Governor and left the state. There were rumors that Houston had an Indian wife while he was living with the Indians after he left Tennessee. She had heard also that he drank rather heavily, and that at times he used violent language.

Mrs. Lea, and perhaps other relatives of Margaret, were relieved therefore, when Houston left. But he returned later, and evidently he used arguments stronger than her friends could use; for she promised to become his wife.

Back in Texas, Houston was busy with political affairs, but he wrote many letters to Margaret. One day he received a letter from Bledsoe saying that he and Mrs. Lea were coming to Texas to see about buying some land. Houston wrote Margaret urging that she come with them, and they could be married. Margaret agreed, but when he met the boat bearing the visitors, she was not with them.

"Where is Margaret?" he asked. "She promised to come."

Mrs. Lea looked at him steadily then replied, "General Houston, my daughter goes forth to marry no man. The man who marries her will have to come to my home for her."

Houston took the rebuke in good spirit, answering, "Then with your permission I shall go to Alabama as soon as I can arrange it, to claim my bride."

A month later, on May 9, 1840, he kept his promise, and the marriage occurred at the Lea home in Marion, Alabama. When they landed at Galveston they received a gun salute from officials of the Republic of Texas, and later they were honored with a sumptuous banquet at the leading hotel of the city.



Mrs. Sam Houston, formerly Margaret Lea

For a little over twenty years, Houston and his wife lived together happily. During the fourteen years that he was in Washington as Senator from Texas, Houston wrote his wife frequently. She, in turn, did everything possible to make their home a quiet, cheerful place for her active husband. The wounds caused by his earlier marriage and his living away from his people gradually healed. Houston became a devoted husband and the proud father of eight children.

From the time the last child was born until the War between the States all eight of their children were at home, and a lively home it must have been.

The oldest son, Sam, joined the Confederate army shortly after the war started. Another son was named after his father's good friend, Andrew Jackson. A daughter, Maggie, helped Houston with his correspondence. Although the children attended the best schools in the area, their mother taught them music and Latin in their home.

Margaret Lea Houston was an active church member. After a few years of life with her, Houston became a member of her church.

His sense of humor never left him. He pretended that he had been a very sinful man. After he was baptized, a friend said to him, "Well, General, I hear that all your sins have been washed away."

"I hope so," was Houston's reply. "But if they were, the Lord help the poor fish down below."

As the years went by, Houston came to appreciate the peaceful atmosphere of his home more and more. Under the refining influence of this cheerful, happy home, the restless hero found peace at last, a peace that had been denied him in his early life.

You should know that:

Some authorities say that Margaret had also been a school girl admirer of Houston when he was Governor of Tennessee.

In 1840 Houston was forty-seven years of age, and Margaret was twenty-four.

Do you know:

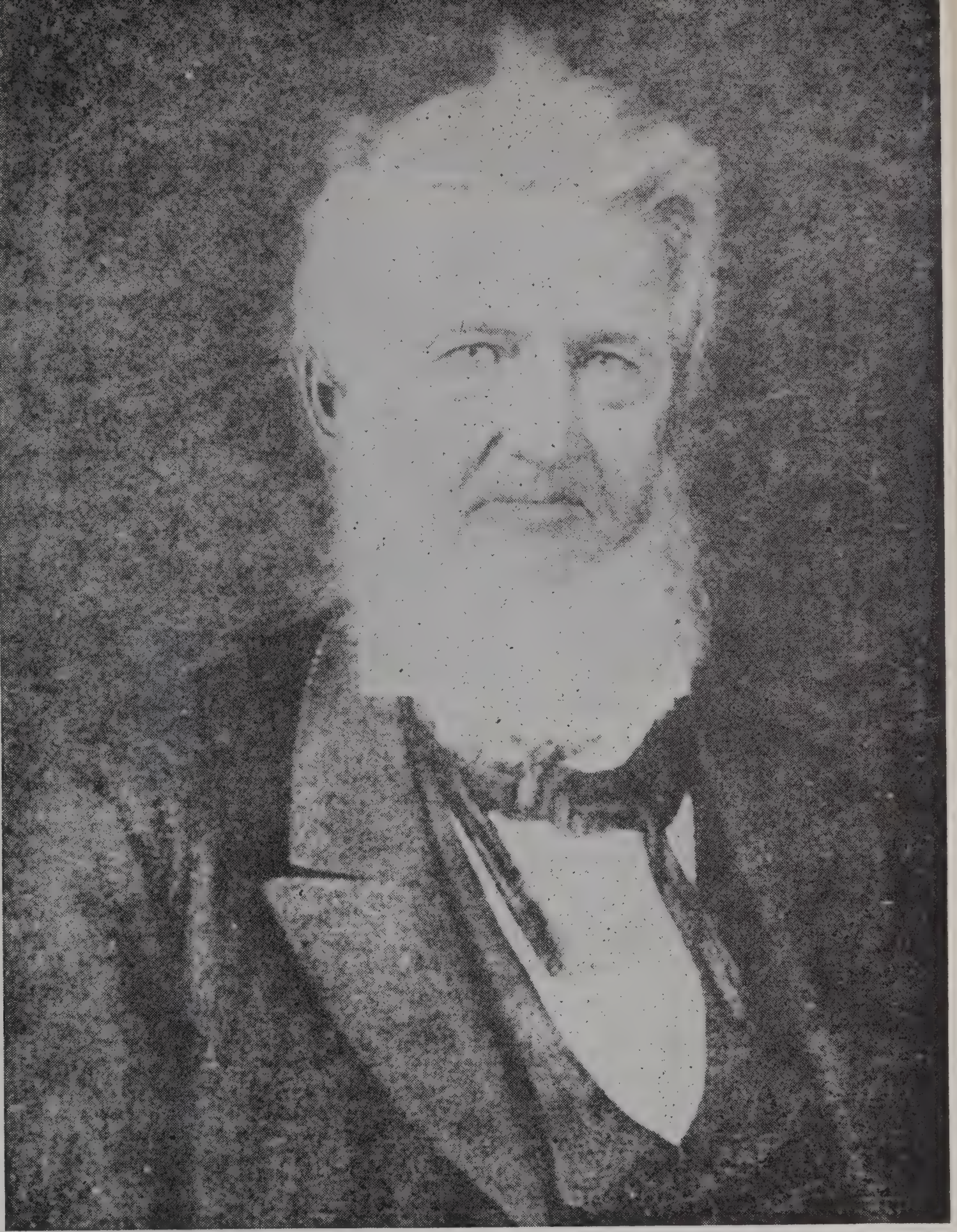
1. When and where Houston and Margaret Lea first met?
2. Why Margaret's people objected to the marriage?
3. What is known about Houston's earlier marriages?
4. Why Margaret did not come to Texas with her mother and marry Houston there?
5. What kind of a home life the Houston family must have had?

Houston the Statesman

While Sam Houston will be remembered forever, perhaps, for his victory at San Jacinto, his work in executive offices and legislative halls was also very important. Aside from helping declare independence and aiding in drafting the Constitution of the Republic of Texas, he was the first President of that new nation.

The call to that high office came in the election held in September after the victory of San Jacinto in April. Houston was the overwhelming choice of the people of Texas. He showed his good judgment by persuading his two defeated opponents to serve in his cabinet, Stephen F. Austin being Secretary of State and Henry Smith being Treasurer.

The Congress of Texas met in October, but Provisional President David G. Burnet and his helpers were still in office. Houston attended its sessions in the temporary capital, Columbia, but he soon found that the members of the Congress were turning to him for advice. Burnet, noting this tendency, resigned, and on that same day Houston was inaugurated.



David G. Burnet, ad interim president of the Republic of Texas

In his acceptance speech he said in part, “. . . Our course is onward, for we are at the outset of the real campaign for Liberty, yet who can contemplate the future without a stirring of the heart!” He also reminded his hearers that annexation to the United States was the goal toward which they had set their eyes.

That goal was not to be reached so quickly as he had hoped, but the United States did recognize the independence of Texas. Diplomatic relations were also begun with England and France.

A problem of no little concern to President Houston was the prisoner Santa Anna. Houston was firmly committed to the policy of freeing him, but others wanted to hold him a prisoner, or even to punish him. Indeed, a resolution was passed in the Texas Congress denouncing him and opposing his release. Houston quietly vetoed the resolution and, at the same time, he wrote President Jackson and asked him to invite Santa Anna to visit the United States. After the visit the Mexican President was sent to Mexico. Houston felt that Texans should not violate the rules of war by killing a prisoner. He argued also that “one Santa Anna alive is worth more to Texas than a hundred Santa Annas dead.”

Houston faced and solved the problem of disbanding the army, which was growing restless because it was unpaid. He sent most of the men home on a furlough.

“You will be paid later,” he promised, “and if war comes I will call you back into service.”

The plan worked, for most of the men wanted to go home anyhow. The troublemakers, largely new recruits from the United States, left Texas.

Columbia proved too small to house the new government. The capital was, therefore, moved to a new city which was planned and started not far from the battlefield of San Jacinto. It was named “Houston.” The President, who had not yet married, “batched” there with Dr. Ashbel Smith.



Old Capitol in Houston, where the Rice Hotel now stands.

To the Congress which met in the new city in May, 1837, President Houston presented an extensive legislative program. Most of it was enacted into law. The legislators would not agree to a gentler treatment of the Indians, however, as he had suggested. He might have been elected president again, but the constitution which he had helped write contained a provision forbidding any president to serve two terms in succession.

Houston's political foe, Mirabeau B. Lamar, was the second president, and he reversed Houston's policy of kindness to the Indians. His administration spent money so freely that at the end of his term the Texas dollar was worth less than fifteen cents in United States money. All these actions angered Houston, who again was a candidate for the presidency and won easily.

There was talk of a renewal of the war with Mexico, as Houston entered upon his second term, but that talk soon ended without bloodshed. Houston renewed the move to annex Texas to the United States, but he did it by playing coy with England. England

was interested in the new republic. Houston allowed it to appear that outright annexation might be considered, not merely an increase of trade between the two countries.

He had more personal matters to attend to also. With peace and order restored in the country, especially among the Indians, he went to Alabama "for a rest." He had told Margaret about his previous loves, and she understood and accepted him as he was.

After their marriage he brought her to their new home in the capital, where she showed her true womanly habits. She said, "As soon as I get the fleas, and rats, and smell of onions out of this house, I want to refurnish it, put up curtains, and have some genteel parties." Evidently he agreed with her, and she may have even pressed her distinguished husband into a bit of housecleaning.

Houston was glad to retire at the end of his second presidential term, and he vowed he was through with public life. Texas was annexed to the United States during the term of his successor, Anson Jones, and the legislature of the new state began to look about for Senators to go to Washington. It was only natural that they should choose Houston, along with his friend, Thomas J. Rusk.

He was in the Senate twelve years. It was not his first time in Washington, for once he had been a Congressman from Tennessee; but conditions were different now. He attracted much attention by his personal appearance and dress. He was a large man, six feet three inches tall, with shaggy hair and side whiskers. He walked with a limp and favored one arm because of an old shoulder wound received in the battle of Horseshoe Bend, during the War of 1812.

Aside from his unusual physical appearance, his dress alone was enough to attract attention. He wore a long blue military coat, a tigerskin waistcoat or vest, a short cloak of fine blue broadcloth with a scarlet lining, and a broadbrimmed beaver hat. His wife

encouraged him to dress well, and he took a great interest in his clothes. Sometimes he searched for hours among Washington clothes shops, trying to find the exact type of hat he liked to wear.

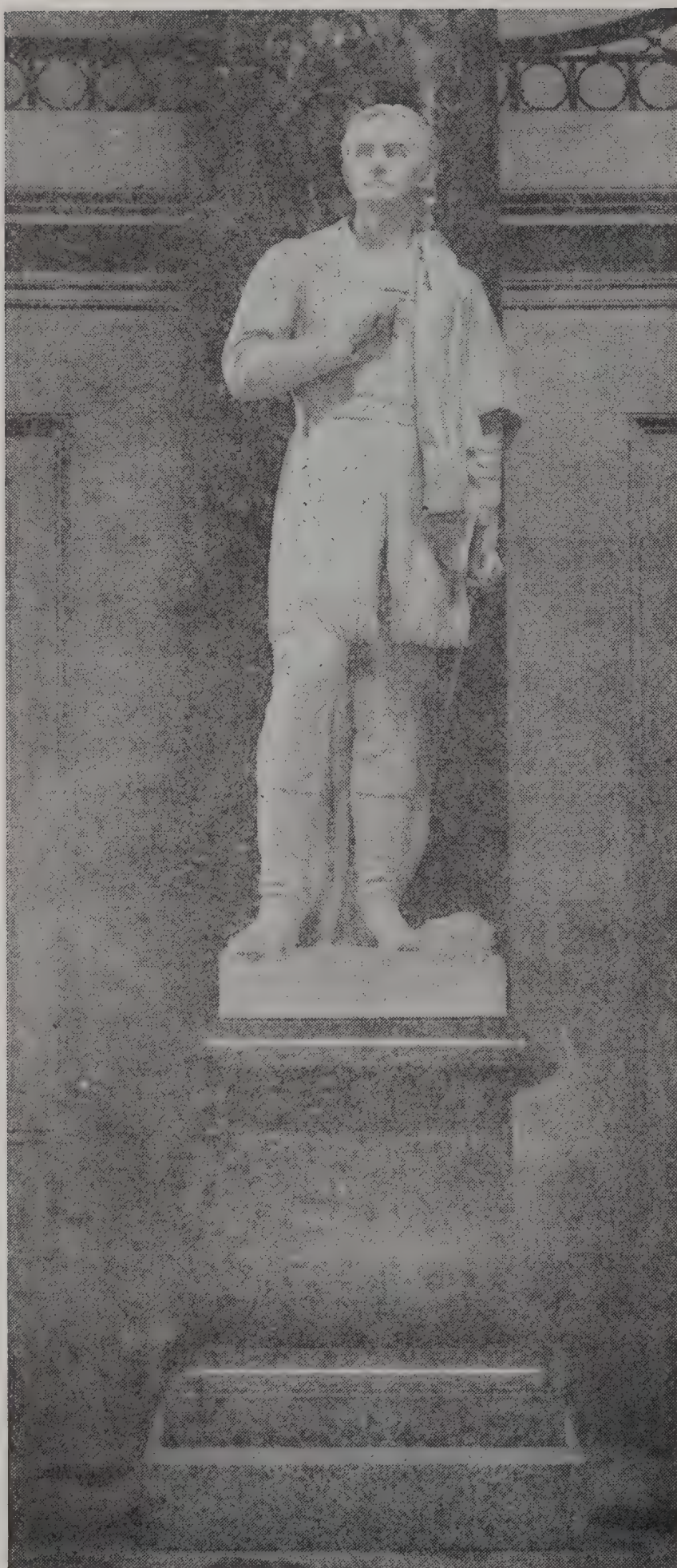
Upon taking his seat in the Senate he was made a member of the Military Affairs Committee. In the debates he favored the taking over of Oregon and the Compromise of 1850, which was intended to settle the dispute over slavery. He took every opportunity to speak a kind word for the Indians.

He was lonely at times, for many of his old friends had passed on or failed to return to Washington. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun no longer were in the Senate, and Houston missed them. Usually he attended church on Sunday morning, where he whittled during the sermons. Nobody objected, for the more he used his knife the better he listened. On Sunday afternoons he wrote long letters to Margaret. At other times, when the Senate was not in session, he roamed the streets of Washington, looking for a hat or some other article of clothing.

He was distressed at the rising sentiment for the break-up of the Union. He had worked too hard to bring his beloved state into the United States to want to see it leave later. He began to tire of Washington also, for working there kept him away from home too much. That was probably one reason why he ran for Governor of Texas in 1857, while he was still a Senator. The Democratic party was too strong, though, and its nominee, Hardin R. Runnels, defeated him.

When his term as Senator expired in 1859, he did not seek reelection. Instead he came home and campaigned against Runnels. Running as an independent he won this time, and in January, 1860, he occupied the Governor's office.

It was his last public office, and he did not serve out the full term. He had barely taken his seat as Governor when the secession movement took definite shape in Texas. A secession convention



Statue of Houston
by Elisabet Ney

was held, and Houston was asked to take an oath of loyalty to the new Confederate States of America. He refused to obey and was removed from office. Some time later a Texas Legislature paid to Mrs. Houston the salary he would have drawn if he had served the rest of his term, but for the time being he was out of public office. He went home saying, "Margaret, Texas is lost."

He made no objections to his son's joining the Confederate forces, and perhaps he was glad that the son was in the company formed by his old friend, Ashbel Smith. He followed eagerly the course of the war but lost hope when Northern armies won the battle of Vicksburg in July, 1863. He had opposed the war largely because he did not believe the South could win, but it grieved him to see the Confederates losing.

The end came at Huntsville as he clasped his wife's hand, and his last words were, "Texas—Margaret!"

You should know that:

Sam, Jr., the oldest son, was close to twenty when he joined the Confederate forces.

Austin became the capital in 1839, but the government met in Houston later. It was reestablished at Austin in 1844.

Do you know:

1. Why Texans, who favored secession, elected Houston Governor when he openly opposed secession?
2. Why Houston and Lamar differed so much about the Indians?
3. What proof there is that Houston was a good politician?
4. Why he opposed the secession of Texas?
5. In what ways he showed his friendship for the Indians?
6. What proof there is that he was not disloyal to the Confederacy, even while opposing secession?

4. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR

The Father of Texas Education

Early Years

John Lamar and his wife were leaning fondly over the cradle of their second-born child. The father turned to his brother, standing near.

"It's time to choose another name, Zach. The first one was Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. What shall we call this one?"

"Mirabeau Buonaparte," was the prompt reply. "He will then be named after two of the greatest Frenchmen that ever lived."

Rebecca Lamar laughed. "Before long we'll have a famous family."

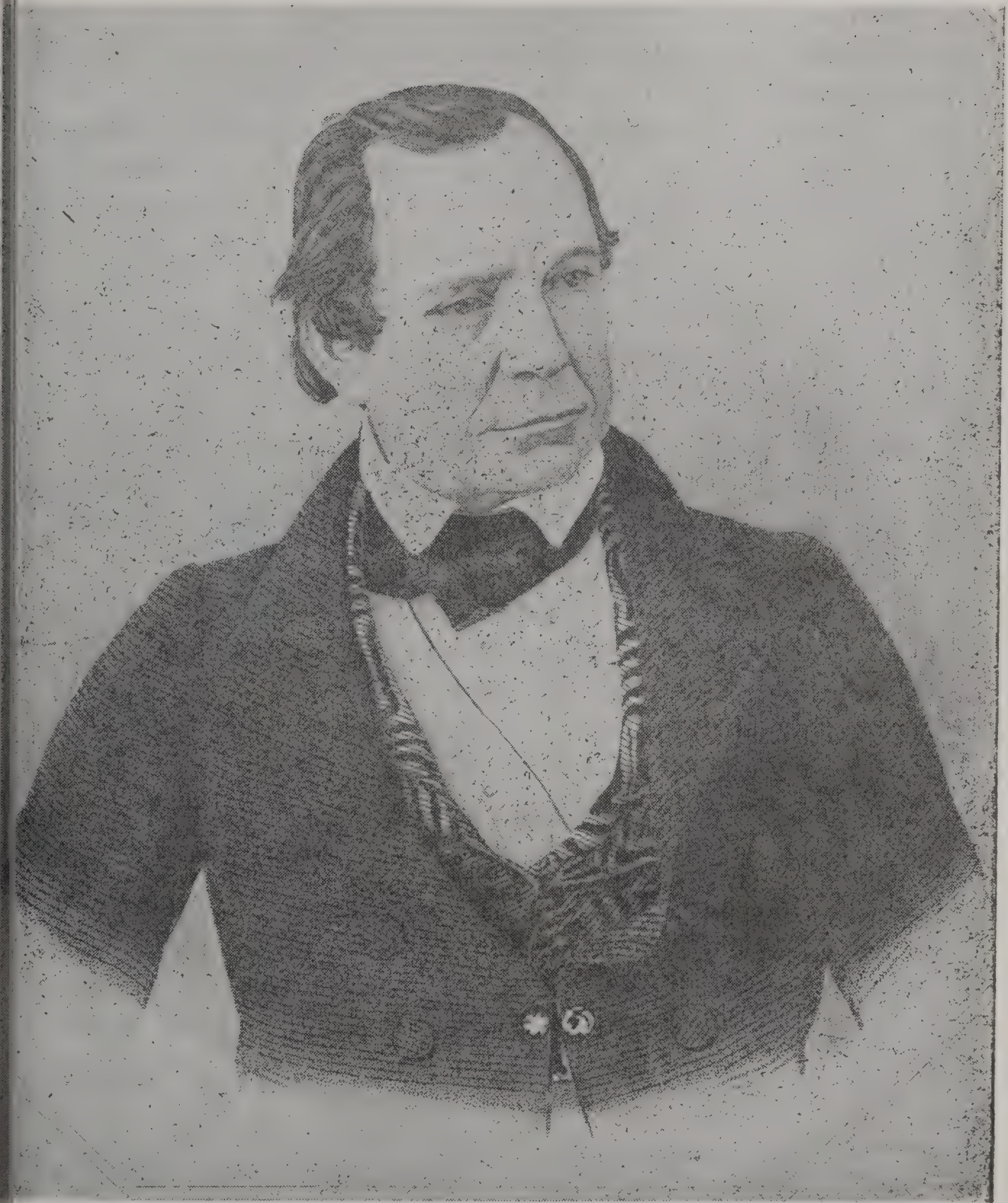
"Yes ma'am," Zach answered, "if the children keep coming."

They did keep coming until Mirabeau had three brothers and five sisters, and most of them were named after famous people.

In 1808 John Lamar found, indeed, that his family was growing faster than his wealth. He decided to move from his old home in Jefferson County, Georgia. After looking around quite a bit, he selected a place half way across the state, near the new town of Milledgeville.

There, on a beautiful plantation called Fairfield, young Mirabeau grew up. The stagecoach stopped there each day at noon time, and to the sensitive boy its passengers were messengers from another world, a world of adventure which he intended to see some day.

Slaves did most of the farm work, although Mirabeau sometimes took his turn at directing them in the field.



M. B. Lamar

President of the Republic of Texas and Father of Texas Education

His school career was short. His parents sent him to academies in Milledgeville and Eatonton, both near home, but he was too restless to like school. He learned something about reading, writing, and arithmetic. He also studied Latin and was fond of ancient history and literature; but he did not go to college, as his parents had hoped he would do.

He grew to manhood, therefore, without much formal schooling, but with a habit of reading everything he could get his hands on, and of writing both poetry and prose. During his life he published several books and many poems.

When he reached manhood, he moved to Alabama and was in the mercantile business for a while. Then he helped publish a paper, *The Cahawba Press*, in which some of his poems were printed.

He returned to Georgia and entered politics, where he became private secretary for Governor Troup. This man is known as the one who defied the orders of the Supreme Court of the United States by forcibly removing some Cherokee Indians from the state. It is quite possible that Troup's anti-Indian attitude may have influenced his secretary. It appears that Lamar never could see much good about Indians and had trouble with them in Texas.

Then came misfortune, thick and fast. Four short years after a happy marriage his wife died in 1830, leaving Rebecca Ann, a three-year-old child. He was a candidate for Congress but was defeated. Finally his favorite brother, Lucius, committed suicide. Mirabeau decided to leave the scene of his sorrows and go to Texas, a new country about which he had heard much.

After dark on the evening of June 15, 1835, he boarded a stagecoach in Columbus, Georgia. Some five weeks later he was in Nacogdoches, Texas. From there he went to Cole's Settlement, later known as Independence, in Washington County.

He liked the new country and its people. The land looked fertile, and the people were friendly. When he arrived, he found them excited over the question of seeking independence from Mexico. He attended a public meeting at a town called Washington-on-the-Brazos and made a rousing speech in favor of independence—and the audience applauded.

He had not yet settled down. In the town of Brazoria he called on the editor of a local newspaper, *The Texas Republican*, who accepted some poems for publication. Here were people after his own heart. He made haste to “file” on a piece of land, as the law required of newcomers who wanted to own it. Then he went back to Georgia to make final arrangements for moving to Texas.

While he was gone, events moved rapidly toward a crisis in Texas. One day he picked up a newspaper and read startling news. The Alamo had fallen, and a number of Georgians had died in it! His own friend, James W. Fannin, had been shot after surrendering at Goliad, and other Georgians had died with him! General Houston was in retreat toward East Texas, but it was thought that a battle might occur soon. Lamar laid down the paper he had been reading and rose from his chair.

“I am going back to Texas,” he announced to his mother, “starting this afternoon.”

His mother looked at him anxiously. “What’s wrong, Mirabeau?”

“They are going to have a decisive battle there soon, and I want to be in it.”

He reached the Texas port of Velasco early in April and set out on foot for Houston’s army. On the way he met panic-stricken people who were fleeing from their homes in mortal fear of the oncoming Mexicans.

He did not have much trouble in locating Houston's army; the fleeing Texans told him where it was. He joined it at Groce's Settlement as a private, and a few days later he arrived at the fateful battleground of San Jacinto.

As he was a skilled horseman, it was only natural that he joined the cavalry part of Houston's army. Because he was in the cavalry, he saw action before the main battle began. On the afternoon of April 20, during a skirmish of the Texas cavalry with the enemy, he rushed to the aid of two comrades who had been surrounded. He killed one of the enemy and put the others to flight, rescuing his comrades. Then, according to the story, he coolly rode back to his own army, stopping on the way in plain view of the Mexicans. When they acknowledged his bravery by a volley, he reined his horse to a stop and bowed.

Whether this tale be true or false, Lamar was soon offered the command of the cavalry corps of Houston's army. He refused the offer at first, but when his comrades insisted, he accepted. As the main Texas army advanced to the battle to the tune of "Will You Come to the Bower?" Lamar and his sixty calvarymen swept forward to the attack.

In the battle he fought savagely, pursuing, killing, and capturing enemies till nightfall. He was present when Santa Anna was brought in as a captive, and he heard his famous interview with Houston.

Thereafter Lamar's rise to prominence was rapid. Within ten days he was appointed Secretary of War for the new Texas government. He bitterly opposed extending mercy to the captured Mexican leader, arguing that he should be put to death. "View the matter in every possible light," he said, "and Santa Anna is still a murderer." He was overruled in this matter, but many other Texans agreed with him.

You should know that:

An academy was a forerunner of the high school, which had not yet come into existence.

Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus was a famous Roman patriot.

Fannin was also a native of Georgia.

Groce's Settlement, or Plantation, was about twenty miles from San Felipe, the general headquarters of Austin's colony.

Houston had promised to treat Santa Anna as a prisoner of war, which meant that he would not be killed. He contended that Santa Anna alive was "worth more to Texas than a hundred Santa Annas dead."

Do you know:

1. Who gave Lamar his names, and why?
2. What is known about Lamar's family?
3. What experiences or training he had in Georgia that may have helped him later in Texas?
4. Why he left Georgia and came to Texas?
5. What part he played in the Texas Revolution?
6. How and why he and Houston differed about Santa Anna?

Leader of Texas

Four weeks after the battle of San Jacinto, Lamar was appointed commander in chief of the Texas army. Houston had resigned and had gone to New Orleans to have a wound treated. Upon taking command, however, he found that the soldiers resented the fact that the Texas Cabinet had chosen their leader. When an army vote showed their resentment, Lamar resigned.

"I'll have no command over men who do not want me," he declared.

That others still held him in high esteem is proved by the fact

that he was elected Vice President of the Republic of Texas. Four months after the Battle of San Jacinto he was inaugurated, along with President Houston, at the temporary capital of Columbia. His inaugural address was devoted largely to praise of Lorenzo de Zavala, who had been Vice President before him.

Lamar's main duty in his new position was to preside over the Texas Senate. While he was doing that work, he began to collect papers, letters, and other historical documents. It was a work which he continued for the rest of his life, and his collection is one of the best sources of Texas History to be found.

Although Lamar was now a full-fledged Texan, the rest of his family still lived in Georgia. In April, 1837, with the consent of the Texas Senate, he went to see them.

Lamar's reputation traveled ahead of him. He was honored at dinners and other public functions on his journeys and after he arrived. At one of them he was hailed as "the pride of his native state, the boast of his adopted country, endeared to both by the purity of his character, and his chivalrous and enthusiastic devotion to the cause of freedom." He replied by painting a glowing word picture of Texas, telling about the Revolution, and praising the work of Georgians in it.

He was back in Texas by November, but for several weeks after his return his plans were uncertain. His term as Vice President was ending, and he had to find something else to do. He considered operating a printing press in Houston, or publishing a newspaper in Nacogdoches. He even talked of developing a townsite, to be called "Lamar," on Aransas Bay. In the end he decided to run for President of the Republic.

General Houston had been the first President, but the Constitution of the Republic forbade anyone to serve two terms in succession. Lamar had two opponents, but he was elected by a large majority.

Before he was inaugurated, Rebecca Ann came to see him. She had been living with various aunts and uncles in Georgia and Alabama since the death of her mother. Now, at the age of eleven, she was a frail, highly intelligent girl. Everyone whom she met in Texas loved her. One Man, Major Cocke, gave her a beautiful little pony. She kept a daily account of interesting happenings, and in it she wrote, "I have been very lucky in getting presents."

"I wish you could stay with me all the time," her father said to her one day, "but Texas schools are not equal to those back East."

The time came for her departure, and reluctantly she bade good-by to "dear Papa" and returned to Georgia.

After Lamar became President, the site of the capital was changed from Houston to Austin. We are not sure just why the present location was chosen, but there is a story to the effect that Lamar and a party of friends went on a hunting trip in 1839. When night came they camped on a ford of the Colorado River. The next morning they found the place alive with buffaloes. Lamar chased one animal up a ravine where Congress Avenue is now located. He killed him at the northern end, and the hunters stopped on what now is Capitol Hill. Lamar looked at the beautiful hillside, its slopes green with spring grass, and said, "This should be the seat of empire."

Whether the story is true or not, the committee appointed by the Texas Congress to select a site for the new Capitol recommended that very place.

In May, 1839, a square mile of the site was laid off in town lots, and Edwin Waller was given the contract to erect government buildings. By October, temporary quarters were ready, and thirty wagons hauled the government archives from Houston to the new location. An escort of honor under General Burleson met President Lamar and his Cabinet a few miles from Austin and led them to a hotel, also recently built.



The first Capitol at Austin, 1839-1856,
where Lamar served as President of Texaxs

The first temporary Capitol was a sprawling, U-shaped, one-story building of pine; and the Texas Congress had a stockade built around it to protect it from the Indians. The President's "mansion" was a two-story frame building made largely of native post oak and cedar and painted white. It was on a hill a block east of Congress Avenue, where St. Mary's Academy later was built. There was also a log building which was used as a business office, and there was a one-story Treasury Building.

The moving of the capital made for more ill feeling between Houston and Lamar, who already disliked each other, for Houston naturally favored the town that bore his name. The move extended white settlement into the heart of the Indian country. It also put the center of government nearer to Spanish-speaking San Antonio and farther from the English-speaking towns to the east.

Lamar's Indian policy was quite different from that of Houston, who was President before him. Houston dealt gently with the Indians, but Lamar used force. He felt that the only security against them was strong military might. Some of the Indians were peacefully removed from nearby white settlements, and their improvements were paid for, but others were removed by force.

Perhaps the most important of Lamar's acts were those which laid the foundations for a public school system in Texas. At a time when a public school was almost unheard of and the public treasury was empty, it took a daring mind to advocate a state-supported system of education. Lamar did it, and the Texas Congress acted on his recommendations.

His message on the subject has been quoted many times. He said in part:

"If we desire to establish a Republican government on a broad and permanent basis, it will be our duty to adopt a comprehensive and well regulated system of mental and moral culture . . . It is admitted by all that a cultivated mind is the guardian genius of Democracy, and while controlled by virtue is the noblest attribute of man. It is the only dictator that freemen acknowledge and the only security that freemen desire . . . The present is a propitious moment to lay the foundations of a great moral and intellectual edifice, which will in after ages be hailed as the chief ornament and blessing of Texas."

His plan was for the Republic of Texas to give to each county three leagues (13,284 acres) of land, "for the purpose of establishing a primary school or academy." He also wanted a larger amount to be set aside for "a university of the first class."

The Congress to whom he sent this message replied by providing the three leagues for each county. Its members also voted to set aside from Republic-owned land fifty leagues for the operation of "two colleges or universities."

This law made no provision for starting schools at once, but another law the next year (1840) added a fourth league for each county. Furthermore, it provided that the land should be located at once, and that the judges of the Supreme Court of Texas should act as a board in general charge. In every county there would be one or more school districts, and each district would get its share

of aid. Three of the leagues could be leased, and the lease money could be used. The fourth league could be sold, and the money from the sale could be lent out and the interest used to support the schools.

In spite of Lamar's interest in education, not many schools were established in his time. Some of the counties started academies, but most of them kept their lands for schools which they hoped



Monument of Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar on
the courthouse grounds in Richmond, Texas

to have some day. When Texas became a state in 1845, she kept the ownership of her public lands, and later other lands were set aside for public schools. Lamar had started the practice; others followed his example.

The "Father of Education" must not have been a good financier, for when he left the office of President the credit of Texas was very low. He retired to private life feeling sure that in time the people of Texas would appreciate him and his work.

Lamar moved to a farm near Richmond, in Fort Bend County, but the death of Rebecca Ann shocked him and made him restless. He went East, traveling for a year or two. When the United States and Mexico engaged in war (1846-1848), he enlisted and was stationed at Laredo much of the time.

Of Lamar's later life, little more needs be said. He served one term in the state legislature, and he wrote many sketches about leading Texans and Mexicans. The documents which through the years he had been preserving have now been published in several large volumes. As a poet he was not very outstanding but was good enough to earn the title, "Poet Laureate of the Southwest."

His greatest claim to fame is his work in favor of a state-supported system of public education. Perhaps a hundred school buildings in Texas are named "Lamar" in his honor, and he is commonly called "The Father of Education in Texas."

You should know that:

Some were very unhappy about the removal of the archives of the Republic to Austin, and once an effort was made to move them back to Houston. The so-called "Archives War" resulted, in which nobody was killed.

Congress Avenue is the large street in Austin which runs south from the Capitol building.

Do you know:

1. Why Houston and Lamar disliked each other so much?
2. Why the capital was moved from Houston to Austin?
3. Why the Capitol building was located in its present place?
4. What Lamar said and did in support of public education in Texas?



Upon this mother-of-pearl desk rests a pen which Lamar used to stay a man's execution.

5. LORENZO DE ZAVALA

Latin-American Leader

Mexican Politician

Not enough attention has been paid to the contributions of people of Spanish and Mexican descent to the early history of Texas. When the Alamo was besieged its defenders were flying, not the Texas flag, but the Mexican flag of 1824. In the decisive Battle of San Jacinto a number of Mexican troops fought and fought well. Latin people have helped write our constitutions, fight our battles, and develop our state. As we cannot consider all of them, we are selecting a representative one: Lorenzo de Zavala.

The story of this hero begins in the little village of Techo, in the state of Yucatán, Mexico, where he was born in 1788. His parents, who were descendants of a distinguished Spanish family, were not wealthy. Therefore, they selected a boarding school near home in which to educate him. This school was operated by the Franciscan Order of the Catholic Church at the nearby town of Merida, the home of the chief Spanish official in Yucatán.

It has been recorded that young de Zavala learned rapidly in the study of such subjects as Latin, morals, theology, and classical philosophy. He showed a special interest in languages and when he came to Texas he could read, write, and speak French, German, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Greek, and Latin. He had also written several books on political subjects before he came to Texas.

Even as a boy the student Lorenzo was a strong believer in freedom of thought, and he sometimes rebelled against authority.



**Lorenzo de Zavala, temporary Vice President of
Texas and signer of the Texas Declaration
of Independence**

When he completed his studies in 1807, he turned to a career in politics. He began to attend political gatherings in Yucatán, where he became known as a liberal and an advocate of democratic reforms.

Mexico was under the control of Spain in 1807, but the next year the French Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, led a conquering army into Spain. He compelled the Spanish King Charles to give up the throne for himself and his son Ferdinand; then he placed his brother Joseph on the throne.

Spanish patriots, not liking this new order of things, rebelled.

They declared Ferdinand the rightful ruler and established a Spanish Legislature known as the *Cortes*. They also wrote a liberal constitution in 1812, which was in effect in Mexico as well as in Spain. It took power from the King, gave the Spanish colonies representation in the Spanish Legislature, and allowed them to select by popular vote their town officials. De Zavala became the secretary of one of these town councils in his state.

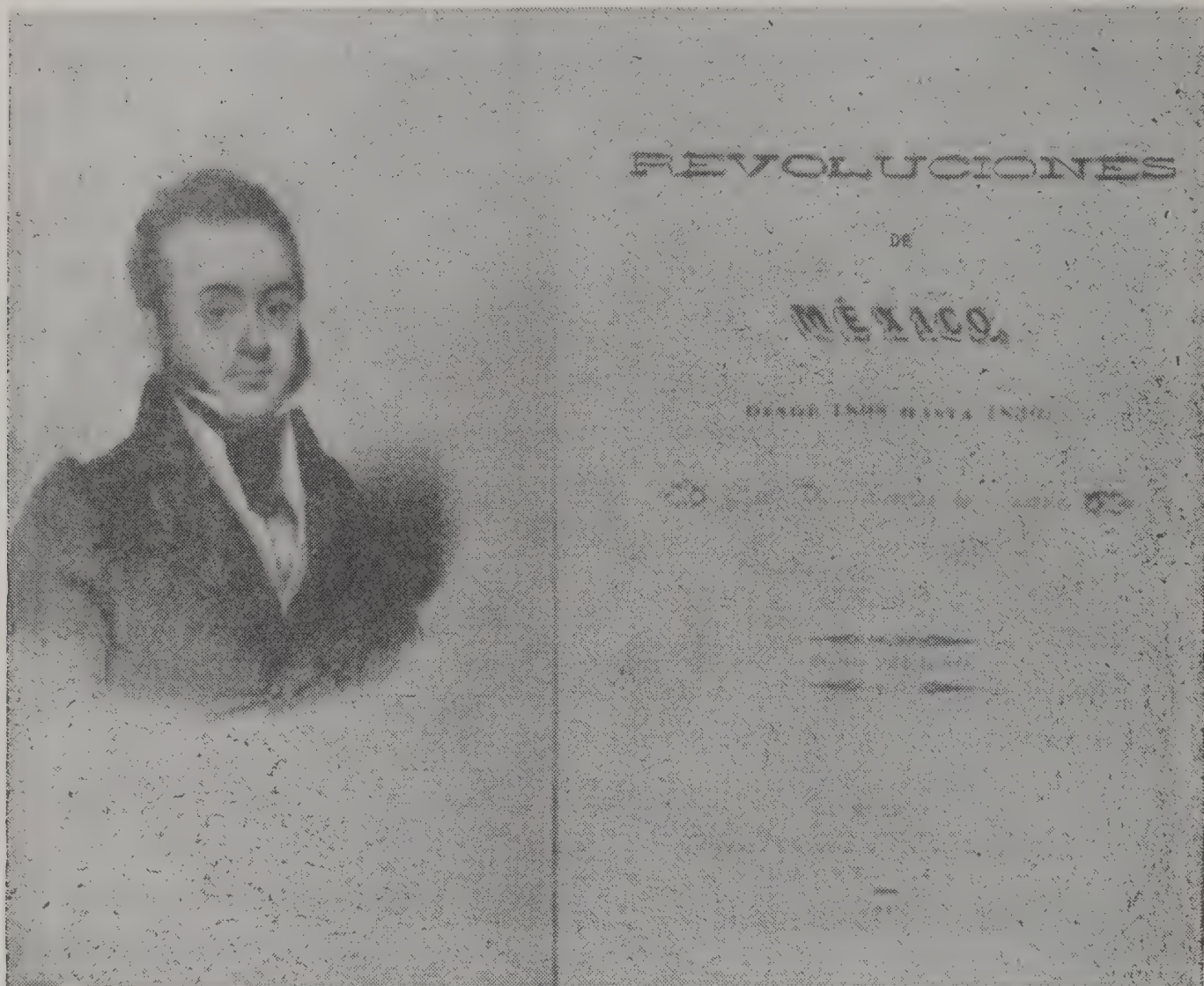
That was his first political office. Next he opposed the French rule of Spain and declared in favor of Ferdinand for King of Spain. When Ferdinand did become King in 1814, after the French were driven out of Spain, he began to rule harshly. He abolished the liberal Constitution of 1812 and announced that he intended to exercise all the powers his father had exercised.

That was too much for young de Zavala; he began to work for the independence of Mexico from Spain. He worked so hard that Spanish officials in Mexico imprisoned him in a famous fortress near Vera Cruz and kept him there three years.

It is said that he spent the time of his imprisonment studying medicine and learning the English language. Whether that is true or not, he began the practice of medicine after he was released and went back home.

His thoughts soon turned from medicine to politics, and in a few years we find him representing his home state in the Spanish Legislature, which was meeting at Madrid, the capital of Spain. He had barely reached Spain when he heard that his home country of Mexico had declared independence. A man named Agustín Iturbide had led the movement, and the highest Spanish official in Mexico, the Viceroy, had agreed to it. De Zavala hurried home.

He arrived after a new constitution had been framed for Mexico. He was in time to be elected to the first National Congress in Mexico City. As a Congressman he worked hard and made many friends.



Lorenzo de Zavala and the title page of a pamphlet which he wrote, "Historical Essay of the Revolutions of Mexico from 1810 to 1830."

As a member of the Liberal Party de Zavala did not like for his country to have an emperor. As a result he took the lead in framing the Constitution of 1824, which provided for a republic. He was now the presiding officer of the National Congress. When the Constitution was completed, he was its first signer. Some even say he actually wrote the document himself.

He held other positions of importance. Twice he served as Governor of the State of Mexico, which is a state in the Mexican nation somewhat as Texas is a state in the United States. When the second presidential election occurred, however, the Centralist

Party won. Their leader persecuted de Zavala's Liberal Party and, to avoid imprisonment, de Zavala fled to the hills.

It was not long before he was back in Mexico City, where he helped in a revolution that brought defeat to the Centralists. Soon a Federalist President, Guerrero, came into power. He appointed de Zavala Minister of the Treasury in his Cabinet while the latter was still Governor of the State of Mexico.

There was opposition to his holding two offices, and he resigned from both of them. In 1829, he received a grant from the government to settle five hundred families in Texas. He did not make the settlement, largely because his enemies were soon in power once more in Mexico. In connection with the project he went to Texas and to Paris. He was in Europe when his friend and fellow-Federalist, Santa Anna, was chosen President of Mexico.

Once more de Zavala hastened home, and in a short while he was again both a Governor and a member of the Mexican Congress. Santa Anna now offered him the post of Minister to France. He hesitated to accept the position, for he had begun to doubt the sincerity of his friend. He was beginning to feel that Santa Anna wanted him out of the country so that he could become dictator.

De Zavala's wife insisted that he accept the position, for she was afraid that her husband would be killed if he stayed in Mexico. He did accept it, but before long he learned that his fears were all too well founded. Santa Anna *did* become dictator, and he *did* overthrow the Constitution that de Zavala had helped frame.

De Zavala wrote the dictator a bitter letter, in which he called him a tyrant, and he ended it by resigning from his Paris position. From that time forward he and Santa Anna were both personal and political enemies.

You should know that:

The Mexican Centralists wanted a monarch and the rule of a

few. The Liberals or Federalists wanted a government somewhat like that in the United States.

Writers disagree about the early life of de Zavala. One author said he was born in Spain but came to America at the age of three. Others place his birth date as 1789, rather than 1788.

Iturbide, who led Mexico to independence, became Emperor Augustín I, but held the throne only a short time.

The Spanish King, Charles IV, gave up the Spanish throne in favor of Ferdinand in 1808.

Do you know:

1. What proof we have that young de Zavala had a very keen mind?
2. What political offices he held in Mexico?
3. Why he left there?
4. What caused him to quarrel with Santa Anna?
5. Why his wife insisted that he become Minister to Paris?

Texas Patriot

Just why the thoughts of de Zavala now turned toward Texas we are not certain. He had been interested in the country, as his earlier efforts to establish a colony there indicated. Certainly he had to go somewhere else to live; he could not go back to a Mexico controlled by his enemy. He chose Texas and landed with his family at the port of Velasco in July, 1835. He selected a home site in a beautiful high spot overlooking the San Jacinto River and San Jacinto Bay, near the present San Jacinto State Park.

De Zavala found public opinion greatly stirred up in his newly-adopted country. The Texas leader, Stephen F. Austin, had not yet returned from his last trip to Mexico, but trouble was brewing between Mexicans and Texans.

De Zavala visited a number of Texas settlements and met many people. Everywhere he denounced Santa Anna. At first he favored the Mexican Constitution of 1824, but when sentiment for the complete independence of Texas grew, he supported that viewpoint.

At that time, late in 1835, not all Texans favored a complete break with Mexico. A feeble effort was made by the Mexicans to arrest some of the Texas leaders for independence. De Zavala was among that number. He was not arrested, and he continued his agitation against Mexico. He attended most of the public "Consultations" and other meetings of the time, and everywhere he raised his voice for resistance to Santa Anna.

The Mexican dictator, who had heard about the activities of de Zavala, ordered his own General Cós to arrest him. Texans saw to it that the order was not carried out, and the newcomer made more and more friends.

But his greatest service to Texas was yet to come. By February, 1836, public opinion in Texas had turned definitely toward independence from Mexico. A solemn meeting of delegates was held at Washington-on-the-Brazos early in March.

De Zavala attended that meeting as a delegate from his home town of Harrisburg. A declaration of independence was drafted and adopted, with de Zavala as one of the signers. A new constitution was also drawn up, and de Zavala was a member of the committee which wrote it. The committee divided into groups, and de Zavala was chairman of a group which made plans for an executive for the new nation. He was on three other committees at the convention: one to prepare for the defense of Texas, another to decide on a flag, and a third to look after commerce and naval defense.

By the terms of the newly-written Constitution, the term of an elected President of Texas was to begin in November, 1836. For the interval between March and November the Convention

chose temporary leaders. David G. Burnet was made temporary President and Lorenzo de Zavala was made temporary Vice President. The Convention then adjourned hurriedly, for Santa Anna was reported to be coming.

The new leaders set up the government in Harrisburg. Santa Anna had already captured the Alamo and, when he heard about the new Texas Government, he determined to capture its leaders. He was especially eager to capture de Zavala and to make an example of this "traitor" to Mexico, as the Mexican leader regarded him.

It is quite possible that this desire to capture a single man may have made possible the victory at San Jacinto and the independence of Texas. Santa Anna, leaving his main army behind, pushed forward rapidly with a small force toward Harrisburg. The leaders of the Texas Government heard of his coming and fled to Galveston before he arrived. A few days later General Houston defeated him at San Jacinto, but he might not have been able to defeat Santa Anna's whole army.

The Texas "government in exile" returned to Houston's camp as soon as they heard of the Texas victory. There de Zavala met Santa Anna face to face. We do not know what they said to each other, but we do know that the Mexican dictator was pleading for his life. Later de Zavala helped frame and sign the treaty of peace in which the independence of Texas was acknowledged.

The most pressing question, shortly after the Battle of San Jacinto, was the treatment of the captive, Santa Anna. Houston favored sparing his life. De Zavala agreed with him, for the treaty had promised him his freedom.

To carry out that promise it was planned that Santa Anna should be sent to Vera Cruz, accompanied by de Zavala and Bailey Hardeman. They boarded a schooner, but an unfriendly crowd forced them to take the prisoner off the ship and give up the trip.

For that failure de Zavala was criticized. Some blamed him for not going through with the voyage, and others criticized him for favoring the Mexican general's release in the first place. It was some time later before Santa Anna reached Mexico, and then he went by the way of the United States.

De Zavala was so disgusted that he threatened to resign from his position as Vice President. Friends persuaded him not to take that step, but he did resign on October 21. That was more than a month before the newly-elected Texas officials were to take office, but they agreed to take over early. Both Burnet and de Zavala, with all the Cabinet, resigned at once.

Mirabeau B. Lamar, who had been elected Vice President, paid a warm tribute to the man who had preceded him. In his inaugural address he said of de Zavala:

"Through the period of a long life the ex-Vice President, Governor Zavala, has been the unswerving and consistent friend of liberal principles and free government . . . The gentleman, the scholar, the patriot, he goes into retirement with the undivided affections of his fellow citizens; and I know, Gentlemen, that I only express your own feelings when I say that it is the wish of every member of the Assembly that the evenings of his days be as tranquil and happy, as the meridian of his life has been honorable and useful."

That "evening" proved to be short, for on November 15, 1836, he died.

A canoe overturned while he was crossing Buffalo Bayou, the water chilled him, and he took pneumonia. His last resting place is in view of the San Jacinto battle ground, a state-erected monument pointing out his grave to strangers.

Some Mexican writers have agreed with Santa Anna in calling him a traitor, but Texas people feel differently about the matter. They recall that he was loyal to the liberal Mexican Constitution

of 1824 until a dictator overthrew it; then he fought that dictator. In fighting him, he joined forces with the Texans, who were engaged in the same task.

Certainly he had many admirers and friends among Texas leaders who knew him. Said David G. Burnet in describing a visit he made to de Zavala: "I found him occupying two chairs. He sat on one, and his books were spread out before him on the other. . . . I was greatly impressed by his learning."

William Menefee, a delegate to the convention at Washington-on-the-Brazos in 1836, later wrote: "Of the several Mexican delegates to the convention, Mr. de Zavala was a particularly conspicuous figure. He had a commanding appearance and was most polished and cordial in manner. The other Mexican delegates seemed to rely on him more than on anyone else for their guidance. He appeared personally interested in each delegate that he met, and he met them all . . . He was cultured and refined, a diplomat and a statesman of the loftiest patriotism. He was often consulted by the leaders of the Convention, who spoke in praise of his courage and superior judgment."

Other quotations could be given to show the high esteem in which he was held by those who knew him. It is sufficient to say that his service to Texas, though short in time, was great in effect.

You should know that:

Austin's last trip to Mexico had been made to have Texas become a separate state from Coahuila. He returned to Texas about September 1, 1835.

Do you know:

1. What part de Zavala played in the movement for the independence of Texas from Mexico?
2. What efforts were made to arrest him?

3. What part he had in the framing of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of 1836 for Texas?
4. How he felt about liberating Santa Anna?
5. How Santa Anna's desire to capture de Zavala may have proved his downfall?
6. How other Texas leaders felt about de Zavala's services?



6. *GAIL BORDEN*
Editor, Inventor, and Milkman

Emigrant from Indiana

Gail Borden, the Elder, looked at his son for a moment. The younger man, tall, stooped a little, and thin, coughed and waited.

“And so you want to go down the river.”

“Yes, Father; Tom and I. This cough keeps on bothering me. I—I think I need to be in a warmer climate and more sunshine.”

“I’ve been worried about it myself, although I don’t think it’s anything but catarrh, or what they call here a ‘valley cough.’ But how do you plan to go?”

“On a flat boat, sir, down the Ohio River.”

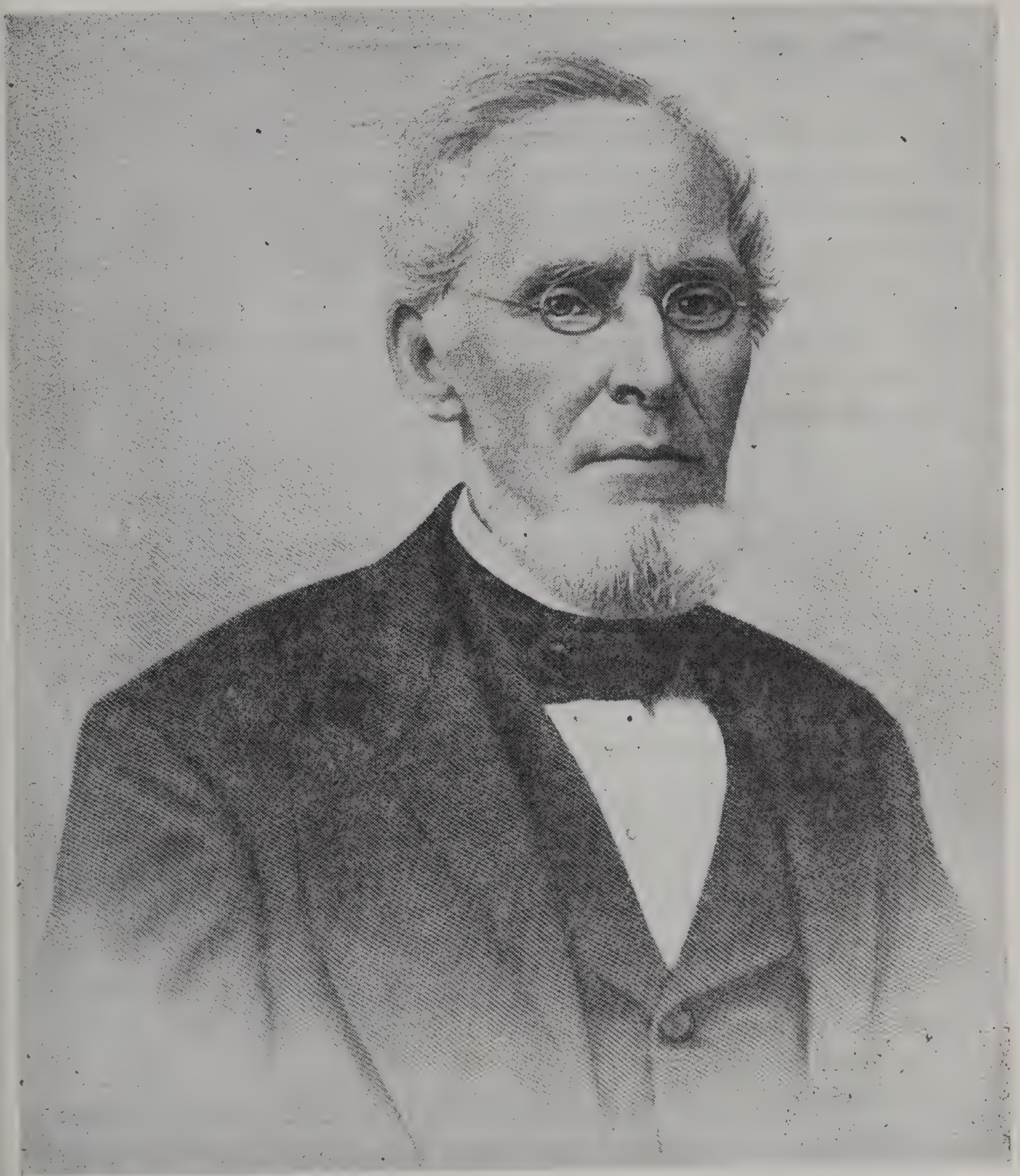
“You’ll try to get up a cargo, I suppose.”

“Yes, sir. We already have some goods promised from nearby Madison. We’ll carry meat, flour, corn, hides, tobacco, and other articles to New Orleans, to sell for the owners. Then we’ll dispose of our flat boat and go by some other route. We may go to Texas, unless I find a better place before I get that far.”

“Well, Son, you’re a man of your own now and entitled to make your decisions. Tom’s younger, but I’m glad he’s going. He’s strong and healthy, and you’ll need him in handling the cargo.”

“I’m glad, too, for he’ll be company. And we hate to leave home. But I guess this moving business has become a family habit. This is the third or fourth place I’ve lived since I was born.”

“Yes, the Bordens have been movers, off and on, since they came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. I don’t



GAIL BORDEN, 1801-1874

like the idea of you boys' leaving home. But who knows? If you find a wonderful place to live, I may want to move again."

The younger Borden smiled. "Better wait till Tom or I get there and bring back a report."

The Elder Borden agreed to the wisdom of that course and busied himself at the task of helping his sons get ready for the journey. Their raft, or flat boat, was made of long poplar trees lashed together, with a top broad enough to hold the large cargo which the boys soon secured.

Usually people going down the river started in early spring, when the river was swollen from rains, but it was late summer before the Borden boys started. Down the Ohio and into the Mississippi River they went, guiding their large raft by poles. The trip took some three weeks.

They found New Orleans full of excitement. The colonizer, Stephen F. Austin, had just arrived by steamboat down the river from Natchitoches. An advertisement in the newspaper said that he had gained the right to establish in Texas a settlement of three hundred families, and he was now looking for colonists.

There were other news items and rumors about the new country, some of them too wild to be believed. A New Orleans newspaper published a tale about an enormous animal which a traveler in Texas said he had seen. It was standing near a spring of water with its chin resting on a large rock and its tail curled around a tree. Some mustangs came to drink, and the animal seized one of them and devoured him in a single meal. After the monster was gone, the traveler measured the distance from rock to tree. It was fifty-three feet!

There were other tales, more likely to be true, that the Borden boys heard. They heard that there were droves of wild cattle numbering into the thousands, descendants of cattle that priests had brought to Texas a century or more earlier.

They heard also of rich valleys filled with fertile land that could be had free for the asking. They were so interested that they went to the hotel where Stephen F. Austin was staying and talked with him, and they liked him.

So far as Thomas Henry was concerned, that settled the matter. He decided to go back home and pay the accounts of all who had sent goods on the raft, and then go to Texas. Gail, however, had met a Dr. William Lattimore, who took an active interest in him and his cough.

"Amite County, Mississippi, is the place for you," he told the young man, and Gail decided to go there.

Young Gail had learned surveying in Indiana, and he had also spent a year or two in school. Requirements for teaching in those days were not very rigid, and Gail was very intelligent. Teaching did not earn much money, but it was indoor work and was better for his health. He taught school in the winter and did surveying work in the summer. His brother went to Texas, but he stayed in Mississippi.

Sometimes he rode to school on a horse, but more often he walked or trotted. He liked children and, when he saw a small child going to school, he often took him up on his tall shoulders for a ride. As a teacher he was popular, and as a surveyor he was in demand. At nights he read books from the library of Dr. Lattimore, who also watched over his health. He liked the friendly people of Amite County so much that he stayed seven years with them. He was first appointed county surveyor, then he was made deputy surveyor of the area.

Perhaps one strong reason for his long stay was Penelope Mercer. She was only ten years of age when he began teaching school in Mississippi, but she grew to womanhood rapidly. At fourteen, when he probably began to notice her, she was "too

young to marry but not too young to think about it," as one writer put it.

Two years later both she and young Borden were "thinking about it" seriously. He went to the county seat, pledged the two hundred dollars required by Mississippi law for marriage, and secured a license. But two slaves were needed, a man to do the outside work and a woman to help with the house work. Almost everybody in Mississippi had them, and young Borden felt that his home should have them.

He found an intelligent young Negro man named Tom Rowe and bought him.

"Now you select a girl that you want for a wife, and I'll buy her," he told Tom.

It did not take the new servant long to choose Ellen, and young Borden bought her for \$170.00. On March 18, 1828, Gail and Penelope were married, and the same preacher probably also married the Negro couple.

Meanwhile Tom Borden, who had been in Texas for several years, was writing enthusiastic letters to his old Indiana home and to his brother in Mississippi. Their father, Gail the Elder, left Indiana for Texas in 1828. The daughter Esther had died two years earlier, and the wife died at Memphis, but the elder Borden and two sons went on to Texas.

Gail hardly knew what to do. He was happily married and was making a living teaching and surveying. But from Tom's letters and from reports of passing travelers, Texas must be a wonderful place. Finally he decided to go and see for himself. He went and returned, fully convinced that all the tales were true. Moreover, the elder Mercer, Penelope's father, was also smitten with the "Texas fever."

The Mercers started to Texas first, going by boat to Natchitoches, Louisiana, and the rest of the way overland. The Bordens

went to New Orleans and caught a boat for Galveston. There, on Christmas Eve Day, little Mary Borden was born.

After a short stay in Galveston, the proud parents went on to the mouth of the Colorado River, where they had a happy meeting with Tom Borden. From there they proceeded to a place called Egypt, in Wharton County, where they had another happy reunion with the Mercers and with Gail's father and other brothers.

Tom was especially helpful. "I've been a surveyor here for some time, and I know where the best land is to be found," he told Gail.

"Lead me to it," was Gail's reply.

They went to a big bend in the Brazos River, where Gail claimed a league, or 4,428 acres, of land. He started farming and stock raising and may have taught school a while.

Soon, however, Gail was a surveyor for Stephen F. Austin. The "Father of Texas" gave Borden all the surveying work he could do, so that he found it desirable to move to San Felipe. There, in the capital of the colony, he bought a town lot for thirty dollars and built a log house on it. He became sergeant of the militia and took an active part in the social life of the town when he was at home. Much of the time he was away, for Austin had him surveying land from Bastrop on the west to the Gulf on the east. It was a busy and happy life that the Bordens were living.

You should know that:

Our hero, who was also called Gail Borden, Jr., was born at Norwich, New York, November 9, 1801. In 1816 the family moved to New London, Indiana, where they were living when Gail and Tom left home. An ancestor, Richard Borden, came to New England in 1837, settling first in Massachusetts Bay Colony, then in Rhode Island. In time the Bordens married into the family of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. From Rhode Island they moved to New York Colony.

The word "catarrh" was a general term for head and throat troubles in those days. Doctors now prefer a more nearly exact naming of the malady.

Natchitoches was on the Red River in Louisiana. People could go that far toward Texas by boat or ship and finish the trip overland.

The cow was not a native of Texas. Spaniards brought the animal to the New World, and Coronado gave Texas its start of wild cattle. Missions had large herds of the animals.

The man who thus spoke of Penelope was Dr. Joe B. Frantz, who wrote an excellent book on Gail Borden.

Do you know:

1. Why young Gail Borden decided to leave his Indiana home?



Gail Borden's birthplace in Norwich, New York

2. Where and why he first stopped?
3. When and why he went on to Texas?
4. What his feeling was about slavery?

In the Service of Texas

In 1829, when Gail Borden came to Texas, barely two thousand people from the United States were living there, but after that time the number increased rapidly. The Mexican Government, which had been encouraging them with large gifts of land, now became alarmed. On April 6, 1830, a law was passed forbidding immigration except to Austin's or De Witt's colonies, and placing restrictions on it there.

Immigrants kept coming, however, and from the first some of them wanted Texas to be independent. Naturally there was trouble, and it started at Anahuac, where a Mexican leader attempted to arrest two Americans, William Barret Travis and William H. Wharton. The Texans resisted, and a rebellion began.

Meanwhile, in Mexico, Santa Anna was opposing President Bustamente, and the rebelling Texans announced their support of him. In a "citizens' meeting" at Turtle Bayou, near Anahuac, they adopted resolutions favoring Santa Anna. They also appointed a committee of three men to ask the other settlements to send delegates to a convention that would speak for the entire colony. Gail Borden was the secretary of that meeting and was one of the three members of the committee.

The convention was held on October 1, 1832, and a second one, which Borden attended, was held six months later. In both conventions the delegates asked that the Law of April 6 be repealed and that Texas be made a separate state from Coahuila. Austin was appointed to carry these requests to the Mexican Government.

He left Texas to carry out his mission. During the long period

of his absence in Mexico, Gail was busier than ever attending to the tasks that Austin had given him. He answered letters, kept the land office records straight, and continued his surveying work.

He also became interested in the publication of a newspaper. According to a public announcement it was to be "printed every week on a sheet larger than any hitherto published in Texas." It was to be "a tool of no party but would fearlessly expose crime and critical error wherever met with." The subscription price was to be five dollars per year if paid in advance, or more if paid later. Its name was the *Telegraph and Texas Register*.

It was not the first paper published in San Felipe, but its founders had as much trouble as if it had been the first. An earlier publication known as the *Texas Gazette* had been published for a time, but it had stopped publication and moved away.

Gail's brother Tom went to New Orleans and bought a press, and the two Bordens, with the aid of Joseph H. Baker, perfected plans to publish the newspaper. The first issue came out in October, 1835. Baker and Tom Borden soon went to war, but Gail stayed with the printing press.

The first issue, which appeared late one Saturday afternoon, was not so large as modern newspapers. It had only eight small pages and was written with few large headlines. Although several papers had been published in Texas before, none of them had lasted longer than two years. This one lasted more than forty years; therefore, it was really the first permanent newspaper in Texas.

There was no rapid way to gather news in those days, but the *Telegraph and Texas Register* managed to fill its columns. In the first issue there were several advertisements of eight lines or less. Near them, also on page one, was a short poem and a two-column account of the life of Robert Morris. On another page was an explanation of the name chosen for the paper, and quite a

bit of space was devoted to the news of the growing quarrel with Mexico.

The newspaper quickly became the official organ of the Texas Revolution. Most of the public documents of the Texas Government were published in its columns, and sometimes it printed letters or editorials written by Austin himself. Twenty-one issues were published in San Felipe before the press was moved to Harrisburg. Some of the issues were printed later than the paper was supposed to be issued, for there was trouble in getting print paper and supplies on time.

News of the fall of the Alamo reached San Felipe, and it was believed that Santa Anna would move on and capture that town. The Texas Government officials moved to Harrisburg. Before starting, President David G. Burnet saw Borden.

"Be sure to move your press," he said, "for we will still need it."

"But I have no wagon or team for the moving," Borden replied.

"We will furnish both," said Burnet, and he kept his word.

Borden had barely set up an issue of the paper in his press at Harrisburg when Santa Anna marched into that town. His main object was to capture the Texas officials, but he showed his hatred of Borden's paper by dumping his press into Buffalo Bayou, near the town.

Houston won the Battle of San Jacinto soon afterward, but the press could not print an account of the victory; it was already gone. In May, 1836, Borden went to President Burnet.

"I need help in securing a press for another paper. Now if the Texas Government can only pay what they owe me for public printing . . ."

"I am sorry to say that we don't have the money," Burnet answered, "but I will give you a letter of credit to our purchasing agent in New Orleans."

Borden took the letter of credit, but the purchasing agent had no money either! Finally a press was bought in Cincinnati with money secured by mortgaging land belonging to Gail Borden.

The capital of Texas then being at Columbia, Borden went there with his press. An issue was printed late in 1836; other issues appeared regularly until April of the next year. The paper was then sold to Dr. Francis Moore, Jr., and to Jacob W. Cruger, and was moved to Houston.

But Gail Borden's services to Texas were not yet ended. President Houston summoned him.

"In recognition of your valuable help with your printing press I am appointing you collector of customs at Galveston," he told Borden. "Texas needs the money, and about the best way to get it is at ports of entry. We need some good men there."

Borden accepted the work and moved to Galveston. The salary he received was so small that it barely provided a living for his growing family. Living conditions were bad, too, in that town of a hundred or more houses, but the climate was good, and the place was growing in importance.

On June 24, 1837, he arrived in Galveston and took up his duties. He found there an old, one-room frame building that had served as a place for collecting customs while Mexico was in control of Texas. Brushing out the cobwebs and sweeping the floor, he opened the door for business.

There was no printed schedule of rates to be charged, and he had to seek information from the Treasurer of the Republic as to the charges to be made. He had to keep a close watch on smugglers also. His diligence is shown by the fact that at the end of three months his books showed that almost \$25,000 had been taken in by his office. At the end of 1838 the total for the year was more than \$100,000.

"That's good work! Keep it up," President Houston told him after visiting Galveston and inspecting the customs collection work.

Borden kept it up, but as a friend of Houston he criticized the electing of Lamar as President—and lost his position.

He continued to live at Galveston, but now he was working for the Galveston City Company, a group formed to develop the city. For several years he was secretary and agent of the company, and during that time 2,500 city lots were sold and the population of Galveston was doubled.

As soon as Lamar had served his term as President, Houston again was elected to the position. He promptly appointed Borden to his old job as collector of customs. Borden continued to be secretary of the Galveston City Company, and before the end of Houston's second term, Borden had resigned from his appointive position.

His official connection with the Republic of Texas was now ended. He was no longer a servant of his country.

You should know that:

Robert Morris helped General Washington finance the War of the American Revolution, and helped write the National Constitution.

Anahuac was near the northern tip of Galveston Bay.

Actually three persons were appointed to go to Mexico to present the petitions and resolutions of 1833. In the end, however, only Austin went.

Borden escaped from Harrisburg with a few copies of his paper, we are told. Almost a complete file of the issues is in the library of the University of Texas.

Do you know:

1. What the Law of April 6, 1830, was, and why it was passed?

2. What part Gail Borden took in the meeting at Anahuac?
3. What Borden was doing during Austin's absence from Texas?
4. What troubles Borden had in publishing his paper?
5. How his newspaper work was important to the Revolution in Texas?
6. What troubles Borden met as a collector of customs?

Tinkerer and Inventor

Important as were Gail Borden's services to Texas, it was his work as an inventor that made his name famous.

"You are always tinkering with things," a blacksmith friend told him one day at San Felipe. "Some day you'll invent something valuable."

"That's my life ambition," Borden replied.

But it was not until after he moved to Galveston that Borden turned seriously to the task of making a valuable invention. He worked in his garden which was surrounded by vines, figs, and oleanders, so that curious neighbors could not watch. He experimented with a new type of Irish potato and grew mulberry trees and broomcorn. He was interested also in Merino sheep, Berkshire hogs, and Shorthorn cattle.

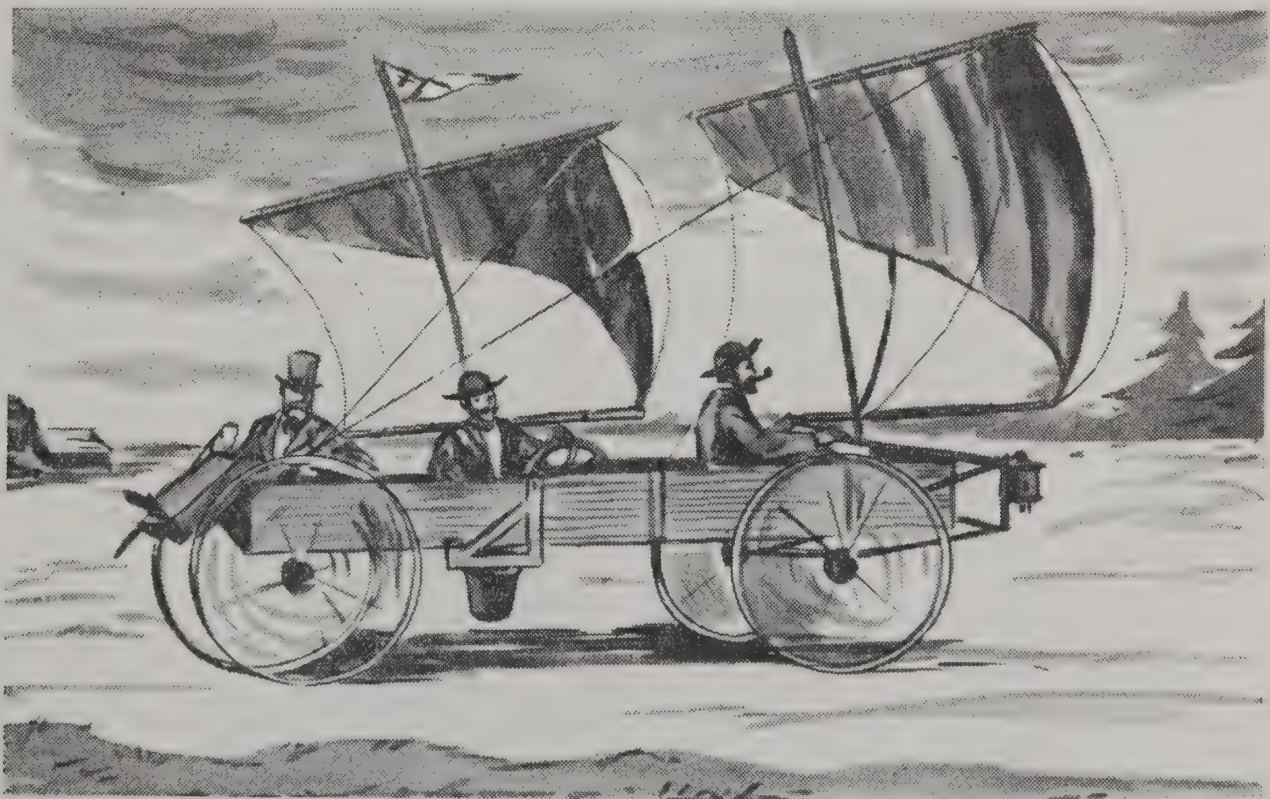
Indeed, he seemed interested in many things. When he found that the water of Galveston was bad, he located a new water supply near the Gulf beach.

"The sand catches the rain and keeps it separated from salt water, so it stays fresh," he explained.

He was greatly concerned about yellow fever, a terrible disease in those days. Although he did not know, as we do today, that the mosquito was the carrier of the disease, he did know that it was worse in hot weather than in cold weather. He reasoned, therefore, that refrigeration might be a remedy.

Sometimes his projects embarrassed friends or loved ones. His first wife having died in 1845, he married Mrs. Stearns. As a wedding present he built a dining table with a revolving center. It had an outside rim wide enough for the plates, but the inside could be turned so that dishes of food could be rotated to anyone without having to be passed by others. A large company was present for the wedding, but the bride was in tears, for she could not use a table cloth on the invention. We may be sure that it was not used very long.

Another invention of Borden's that attracted much attention for a short time was an object called a "terraqueous machine." It was somewhat like a prairie wagon with sails and was intended to travel by land or sea. For many weeks Borden worked on it behind oleanders or closed doors to keep out the curious, but at the same time he was telling his friends about it and urging them to keep quiet.



From the Borden Company comes this curious sketch of Gail Borden's Sail Wagon or prairie schooner.

Finally he invited a select group for a night ride. Horses drew the machine to the beach, then they were unhitched and sails were raised. With the passengers seated inside and Borden outside to guide it, the curious boat-wagon started moving along in the water near the beach. Faster and faster it went as the wind caught the sails, until it was going at the unheard-of speed of ten miles an hour!

Inside, the women began to scream with fright. Someone yelled, "Stop the machine!"

Borden did not hear at first, but when they yelled again he heard. He tried to stop it—and it turned over in the water! The men rescued the women, so that everybody was wet and nobody hurt, but that was the end of the machine. Thereafter Borden had a low opinion of screaming women, but he had no use whatever for anything that would not work.

He next turned his attention to the meat biscuit. The idea for such a food came from the *piñole*, an Indian food which a Galveston friend had found on a trip to the San Saba country. This *piñole* was made of pulverized buffalo meat, dried crushed hominy, and mesquite beans.

When Borden saw some of this in cake form he said, "I'm going to make a similar food for white people. It should be good for travelers, especially."

He started by mixing concentrated beef with flour, working it into a biscuit. He secured a patent for it and supplied an arctic expedition with some of it as food.

He also persuaded Dr. Ashbel Smith, a leading scientist of the day, to promote the product, and the two tried to interest army men. But troubles beset the promoters from the first. Machinery for making the new food cost ten thousand dollars to begin with, and more was needed later. Although scientists pronounced the biscuit valuable, in the end it was a failure. Borden tried to sell

it in several places and spent sixty thousand dollars on it, only to return finally to Galveston broke.

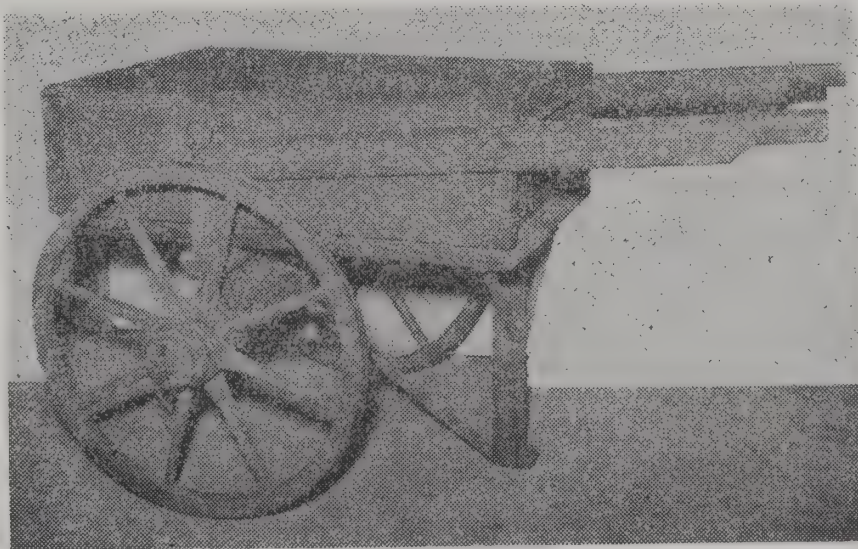
"Why won't the public buy it?" he asked one of his salesmen.

"They just don't like the way it tastes," was the answer.

But Borden refused to remain downcast and, a year after the biscuit failure, he was applying for a patent on another invention, condensed milk. The idea was not a new one to him. When he was teaching school in Mississippi, he had experimented with boiled milk. In Galveston he had seen children getting scalded milk before starting out on sea voyages. When he had asked why it was heated, he had been told, "It keeps longer that way."

It was also said that as he was coming home from London after showing his meat biscuit at the fair there, he had seen children on board ship who were suffering because some cows sent along had taken sick and could not furnish milk.

But he had trouble in getting his condensed milk patent. Others had secured patents before him to everything but the vacuum condenser, and the Patent Office doubted the value of it. He tried three years before he was finally granted a patent.



Push cart used by Gail Borden to peddle his condensed milk in New York City, 1858.

Moreover, the time was bad for marketing his condensed milk. The slavery question was dividing the Union, and the Panic of 1857 was soon to come. But Borden went ahead with his plans. He and Thomas Green were partners, and later James Bridges became another partner.

They located a factory site at Wolcottville, near Hartford, Connecticut. Later a milk sales depot was established in New York City, and Borden moved to that location where he walked the streets looking for customers.

He did not find many, for the idea was too new. After the first money was spent, he asked his partners for more, but they shook their heads. Bridges especially was opposed to advancing any more funds. "It's time to get some dividends before spending any more," was his reply.

Without money, Borden could not buy milk from producers. His factory closed its doors, and his milk tank was made into a watering trough for horses.

He tried again in 1857, and this time Green advanced a little money and persuaded Bridges to do likewise. The machinery was moved to Burrville, Connecticut, where Borden rented a building from a man named Burr and started a second milk condensing factory. His second wife had died, and his one suit of clothes was badly in need of cleaning and pressing. Mrs. Burr took pity on him.

"Let me have those clothes," she told him. While he waited safe from public view, she washed his lone shirt and pressed his one suit. Thus dressed, he boarded a train for New York City.

On the train he met a well-to-do young man named Jeremiah Milbank, and to him Borden poured out his story of troubles. Milbank was interested, and he saw that the enterprise needed money. He paid a six thousand dollar debt of the company and advanced more money for operating expenses. Borden hurried back to Burrville, assured of funds and having a new partner. The name



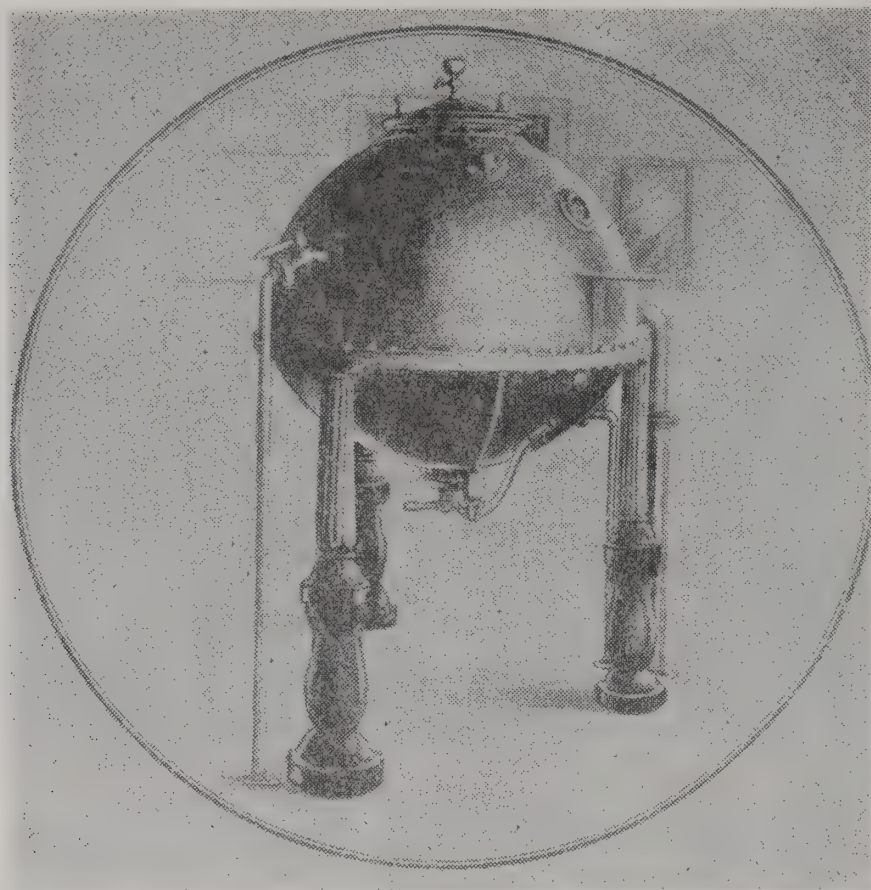
The world's first successful milk condensery,
established by Gail Borden at Burrville, Conn.,
in 1857.

of the company was changed to NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK COMPANY, GAIL BORDEN, PRESIDENT.

Meanwhile a magazine publisher named Frank Leslie had published an article called "Milk Murder." In it he said that many children were dying on account of diseases caught from drinking impure milk, and he urged that action be taken to stop it.

Borden seized the opportunity. He wrote the magazine a letter telling about the health qualities of his milk. He also bought a horse and wagon and started a milk route in New York City.

However, the new milk tasted different from the old, and the public taste changed slowly. By 1860, the company was making a fair profit but not a fortune. A new factory was completed by June, 1861, and farmers soon learned that it was a good market for their milk. Ladies of the town were learning also that employment at good wages was being offered at the milk plant, although



Sketch of vacuum pan used by Gail Borden in his experiments with condensed milk.

its president insisted that they wear caps over their long hair as they worked.

When the War between the States started, all sales troubles ended. Army and civilian orders began coming in faster than they could be filled. In three months alone, after June, 1862, the company sold almost fifty thousand quarts of condensed milk. A year later it was selling that much in three days.

Like Houston, Borden opposed the secession of the states from the Union. One son, John, enlisted in the Union army; and another son, Lee, was with the Confederates. On a number of occasions Borden publicly expressed his opposition to secession. His loyalty to the Union and the growth of his business interests in the North caused Borden to spend several years away from Texas.

Meanwhile he was growing wealthy. He kept working to im-

prove his milk product, and he took out other patents and established other factories. He extended his plans to include cider and fruit juices, and he even made a condensed coffee and a vacuum-packed beef extract.

With Borden's growing wealth came new adventures in living. His second wife having died, in 1860 he married a Mrs. Church, and the family moved into a two-story white colonial mansion in Brewster, New York. His son Lee joined him in 1867 and became a leader in the business. Borden's gifts to charity increased. He was especially fond of standing on a street corner in the Bowery, a part of New York City where poor people lived or worked, and handing out nickels to children.

He went back to Texas in 1867. His factories were now largely in the North, but he still regarded Texas as his home. He had a sawmill in Bastrop, and he established a beef extracting business at a place called Borden, a few miles east of Columbus. There he built a home at which he spent his winter months, going north during the warm seasons of the year. He died in January, 1874.

He had lived a full life and, on the whole, a successful one. He had helped free Texas. He had linked his name with an industry, and that name had become a household word. He is the perfect example of the man who kept on trying after repeated failures until he finally succeeded. The company that now proudly bears his name numbers among its employees and stockholders many thousands of people, and its annual sales run into multiplied millions. Especially appropriate is its motto, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good."

Gail Borden would have liked that motto. It was one by which he lived.

You should know that:

Noah Smithwick was the blacksmith who in his memoirs spoke of Borden's tinkering at San Felipe.



At left, photo of obverse and reverse sides of gold medal awarded to Gail Borden in London in 1851. Borden's meat biscuit won one of five gold medals awarded American inventors.

Others claimed to have invented the milk condensing process before Borden. He never disputed those claims; he simply said he was applying the vacuum process to the condensing of the milk and was making it work.

Borden County, at the eastern rim of the Staked Plains, was named after him, and Gail is its county seat.

Do you know:

1. Which was the more important, Borden's services during the Texas Revolution or his inventions?

2. Why his terraqueous machine failed to work?
3. What other projects on which he worked failed to be successful?
4. Why his meat biscuits were not popular?
4. What troubles he had in getting his condensed milk project started?
5. Why he finally succeeded with it?
6. What lesson Borden's life teaches about not giving up easily?
7. Why he lived outside of Texas several years in his later life?



7. CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

Woman Captive of the Indians

Benjamin Franklin Gholson was born in that part of Robertson's colony now known as Falls County, in 1842. His father, Albert G. Gholson, had come to Texas ten years earlier and had served with General Houston at the Battle of San Jacinto.

As the Indians for many years were giving much trouble along the frontier of Texas, young Gholson enlisted in the Texas Rangers and fought the Redskins. In one of the most important of these fights, the Battle of Pease River, the Rangers captured some Indian prisoners.

The story about one of these prisoners is here given in Gholson's own words. It was told to the writer as "Uncle Frank" sat on the front porch of his home near Evant, Texas. Gholson died many years ago, but his story should live on. Not only does it give information about the early work of the Texas Rangers, but it gives a firsthand account of one of the most famous Indian captive cases in Texas history.

The Capture of the "Indian" Woman

After the Battle of Pease River was over [said Mr. Gholson] and the smoke had cleared away, we found that among our captives were a boy seven or eight years old, a woman, and a baby belonging to the woman. We did not learn the name of the boy, but the woman called herself "Palux" and her baby girl "Curlin."

We wondered quite a bit who the woman could be, for it was hard to tell whether she was white or Indian. We knew that Indians had captured white children at different times, and this



CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

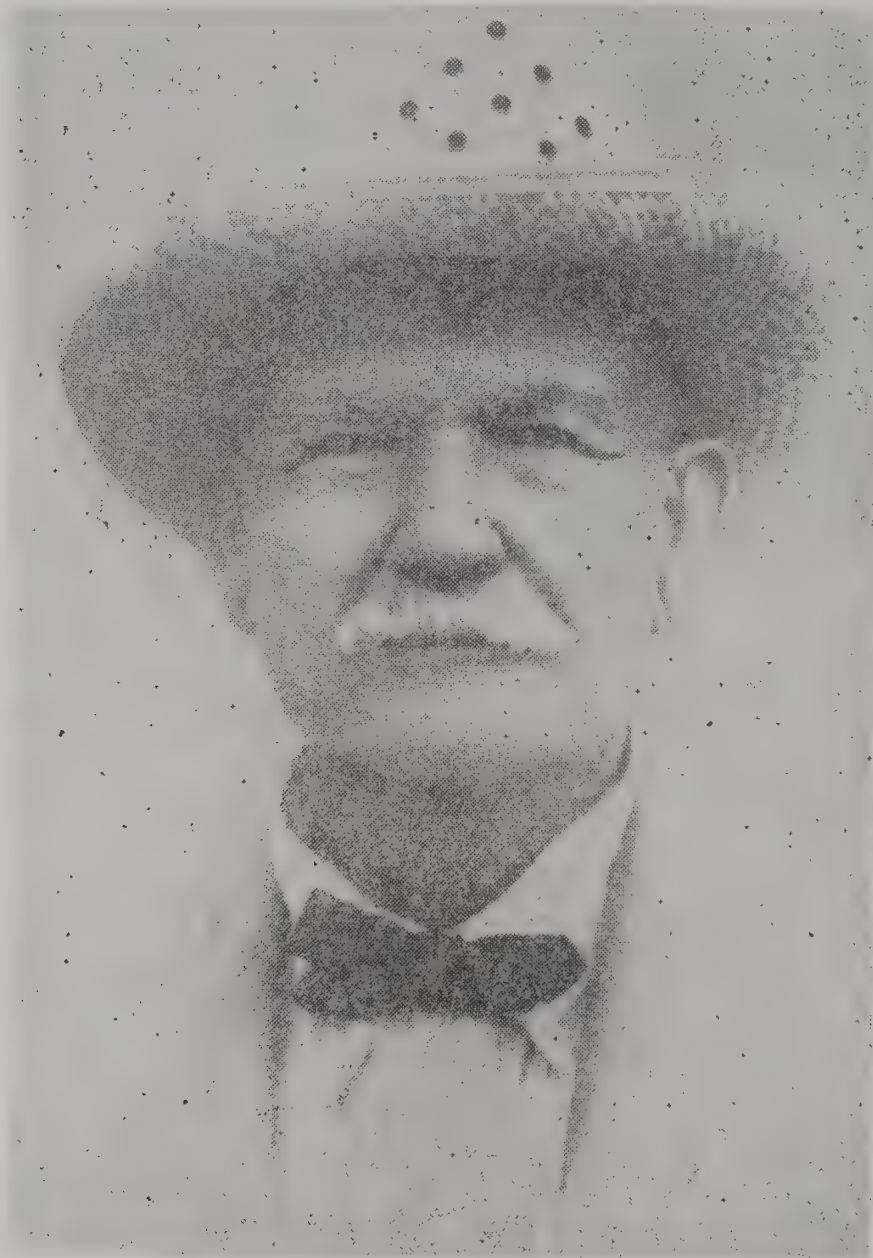
woman was redheaded and freckle-faced as if she were white; but she was unkempt and dirty and was dressed like a squaw. She was either too sullen to talk, or she could talk only in the Comanche tongue.

Young Captain Sul Ross, our commanding officer, thought she was white, but Lieutenant Kalahah said, "No, she's a squaw. Let's let her go."

Just then the Mexican cook, who had been a captive of the Comanche Indians at one time and could speak their language, came up.

"Who is she?" Ross asked him.

"She's Chief Nocona's wife," he replied.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN GHOLSON, a Texas Ranger who helped in the recapture of Cynthia Ann Parker from the Indians.

"But who did she used to be?" Ross wanted to know.

"I don't know, except that she was some white girl they raised," the cook answered.

That settled the matter. We decided to take her along. Lieutenant Kalahah had captured her just after Chief Nocona had been killed. He was about to shoot her when she held up her baby, and he saw that she was a woman and not a warrior.

To the cook she made known her desire to be carried to Nocona's body. He tried to talk to her and make her understand that she would not be harmed if she did not resist. He took her to Nocona's corpse, but once there she would not leave. One Ranger took her baby, thinking she would follow it, but she paid no attention to him. She kept moaning and groaning and crying until finally they had to put her on her horse and take her away by force.

They took her back to the place where the main battle had been fought and allowed her to look among the dead warriors. She uttered some words of mourning for everyone who was killed, but she seemed especially grieved as she stood over the body of one young warrior.

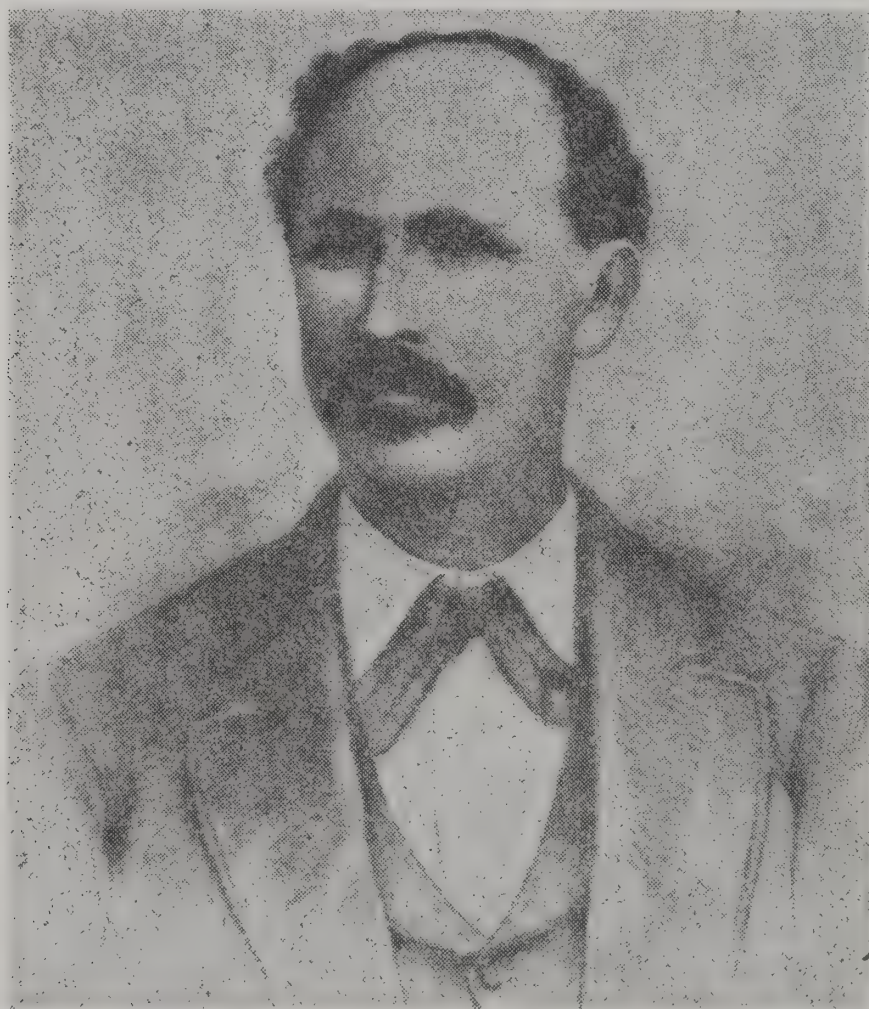
When the cook asked her who he was, she replied, "He is my son, and he is not my son," which of course made no sense to us. We learned afterward that he was Nocona's son by another wife.

Then she recognized the cook as one who had been a servant among the Comanche Indians, which made him virtually a slave and beneath her socially. After that she answered only such questions as she wanted to answer, which were not very many. And she would not give us any information as to who she was.

Nor could we get any information from the boy. A number of the men tried to talk to him, but all they could understand was that he was threatening us. There was a big camp of Indians up the river, he said, and they probably would attack us soon. There were enough of them to kill us all, he told us.

We did not believe the boy, but for our own safety we decided to investigate. About fifty men with the best horses were selected from the various squads of Rangers, and I was one of the number. We scouted and found a large Indian village that had been abandoned the day before, so the boy had not been entirely lying, after all.

The woman captive finally told the cook how she came to be captured. When the battle had started, she said, she had her two sons with her. They, along with other squaws and children, obeyed orders to flee. After she had gone some distance she missed her children, came back looking for them, and was caught.



L. S. ROSS, Captain of the Rangers who rescued Cynthia Ann Parker; later Governor of Texas. Reproduced from James T. de Shields, Cynthia Ann Parker.

She was afraid they had been killed, but the cook assured her from the word of the Rangers that they were not among the dead. That pacified her somewhat, but even then she was afraid they would freeze to death, for it was very cold. They really did escape, we learned later.

The little Indian boy kept threatening us. He talked viciously to us in his own language, and the cook told us what he was saying. After dark his bed was prepared, but he would not stay in it. He insisted on coming back to the large fire which we had built, and he was giving his guards considerable trouble.

Three of the men stood him up before the fire and wrapped a large buffalo robe around him, with the hair on the inside. The huge robe covered him several layers deep and reached from below his feet to above his head. A small rope was then wrapped around it from top to bottom. One of the men shoved him to the ground saying, "Now stay there!"

He stayed. We heard no more of his threats, but the next morning he was ready to eat when food was offered to him.

When we left camp we allowed him to ride his own pony and saddle, which seemed to please him. He gave us no more trouble, and later when Captain Ross left us for Waco, he took the boy with him.

We had more trouble with the woman. We allowed her to claim all the horses or other property which she thought belonged to Chief Nocona, but she refused to take anything. He had two other squaws, she said, who had the same right to the property as she had, and she would take nothing unless she could have a division of the property with them. She took her own clothing and some clothes for the baby, but she refused to take the clothing of her two boys or any other clothing that we had captured. It belonged to other children who were not there, and not to her, she said.

She gave trouble trying to escape, but finally we got her to Fort Belknap. Lieutenant Kalahah was left in command there, with orders to keep the captive woman and her baby under guard. He was also to go after Ben Kiggins, to see if he could get more information about her.

You should know that:

The Battle of Pease River occurred in December, 1860.

Cynthia Ann Parker had been captured by the Indians in 1836, when she was nine years of age. Her son, Quanah Parker, later became Chief of the Comanches.

The woman captive and the boy captive were not related. Just how the Rangers came to capture the boy is not known.

Do you know:

1. Why special efforts should be made to preserve stories like the one told by Ranger Gholson?
2. Why the Rangers finally decided the captive was an Indian woman?
3. Why they could not learn who she was?
4. What trouble the Indian boy gave his captors?
5. How they put an end to his trouble making?
6. What was done at Fort Belknap to learn who the captive woman was?

Identifying the Captive Woman

Ben Kiggins was a man who had been a captive of this tribe of Indians, but he had been bought from them by some traders. He had not been used as a servant, as the cook had been. He could speak the Comanche language as well as an Indian and, of course, he spoke English.

Word was also sent out to the settlements about the captive woman and child we had found. Ross gave special instructions that Colonel Isaac Parker be notified, as he was known to be looking for a captured niece. The cook was kept handy to act as interpreter until Kiggins could come.

A few people with lost relatives came at once, but all left shaking their heads. From the information they could get they were convinced that our captives were not anyone they had known.

Meanwhile, two or three of the white women at the fort became sorry for our captive and decided they would see what they could do to improve her appearance. She certainly needed attention, for her clothes were filthy, and her hair was as matted as the mane of a horse that had been in a cocklebur patch.

The women went to work. The captured woman was inclined to resist them at first, but finally she settled down and sulked. They bathed her, combed her hair, and put some of their own clothes on her. We men were interested, of course, but we decided to leave the job to the women and see what the outcome would be.

Well, it didn't take long to see. From where a group of us were standing we heard a noise and some shouting in the tent where the ladies had taken the captive woman. Then we saw her coming out of the tent in a run. Straight toward her own tent she ran, pulling off clothes as she went, the women following and picking them up as she threw them away. By the time she reached her quarters, some two hundred yards away, she had about all of them off.

That ended the efforts of the white women to make her look civilized. They took her dirty clothes to her, and she put them on.

Colonel Parker came late one afternoon, and by that time Kiggins was on hand. The Colonel looked at the woman captive but attempted no investigation that evening. He had been promi-

ment in the early days of the Republic and was anxious to find his long-lost niece and nephew. They had been carried off by the Indians after the massacre at Parker's Fort in May, 1836, at which time their father, Silas Parker, had been killed.

The woman and her baby were in the tent alone. The next morning Colonel Parker and some men and officers went to see her, and I was in the group. I remember that she was using a small pine box for a seat. The wind was blowing cold from the north, and she was sitting on her box, on the south side of the tent, crouched low, with her elbows on her knees and her palms on her jaws. When the men assembled she paid no attention to them.

Lieutenant Kalahah said, "Colonel, it appears to me that the last thing she would remember would be the name that her parents called her."

Colonel Parker said, "I don't know if she had a double name or not, but I do know that my brother and his wife called her Cynthia Ann."

When she heard that name she raised her head. Colonel Parker was asked to repeat the words, and he did repeat them. She seemed disturbed and twisted about on the box but remained silent. When he said a third time, "I do know my brother and his wife called her Cynthia Ann," she arose. Facing the man who was speaking, she said in broken English, "Me Cincee Ann! Me Cincee Ann!" Then she sat down again.

Someone asked, "Where is Ben Kiggins?" and someone else replied, "He is over yonder in one of those tents."

I volunteered to go after him, and when I found him I said, "Ben, you are wanted at the squaw's tent. She is about to know something."

"What is she about to know?" he asked.

I answered, "When somebody mentioned a name she seemed to recognize it."

He followed me, and when we reached the tent he was introduced. Colonel Parker said, "Now, Mr. Kiggins, you understand how to approach her." Then he told how she seemed to remember the name of his long-lost niece.

Kiggins said, "All right, I'll talk to her. But don't speak a word unless I speak to you."

We entered the tent, and Kiggins began talking to her in the Comanche language in a friendly way. She arose and stood in front of him, and they talked back and forth. He told us later what her words were.

He said she was saying, "I much regret it, but it is a fact that once I had a paleface pa and a paleface ma, and they had a name for me, and it was Cincee Ann. But later I had a redman pa and a redman ma, and they had another name for me, and it was Palux."

After Kiggins had repeated her words, Colonel Parker said, "Ask her where she was when the Indians took her into captivity."

To this question she shook her head and replied that she did not know.

Kiggins was then told to ask how many people were killed when she was taken into captivity, and she answered "Thirty-five."

The Colonel said, "She is mistaken there, for not that many were killed."

He then told Kiggins to ask her if any other captives were taken away at the time. She answered that five were carried off, she being among the number.

"Who were they? Were they grown people or children?" were the next questions.

Kiggins talked to the woman some more then told us, "She

says there were two grown people and three children. She was one of the children and she had a younger brother whose name was Juan."

Colonel Parker said all that was correct.

Kiggins said, "Let me get her to describe the fort where the capture and massacre took place."

He talked to her a good while, and she took a stick and marked the shape of a house on the dirt floor of the tent. She put a big dot at one place, a smaller dot at another, and so on. She made a long crooked mark lengthwise of the house and a little distance from it. She next picked up a canteen of water, filled her mouth, and dropped water drop by drop in this mark. Then she explained to Kiggins, pointing to the dots and the mark.

Kiggins now turned to the Colonel. "She says this is the shape of the long building where they all lived. The small dots represent windows or port holes, the larger ones represent doors, and the long line represents a running stream in front of the building."

Colonel Parker turned to us and said, "Gentlemen, I couldn't make as good a picture of the fort as she has made."

Several more questions were asked, but we were all satisfied as to the woman's identity. The next morning Colonel Parker started with her and her baby for the Parker home at Weatherford. They took with them the cook to act as interpreter and to stay until she could be better satisfied. He came back about two weeks later.

Captain Ross already had taken the captive boy to Waco and had turned him over to his father. After the War between the States, which ended in 1865, the Captain took the boy into his own home. He gave him a good education and, after the Comanches were put on a reservation, offered to let him go back to them.

But the boy chose to keep on living with the whites. He has been to my home here and has worked for me on the farm. He

told me that he remembered every one of his Ranger captors who were then living, and that he never went near one without going to see him. When his final illness came he asked to be taken back to Waco, where he died and was buried.

The woman's case was different. That morning when she rode away was the last time I saw her, but I was told that in a year or two her little girl died, and that afterward she tried repeatedly to escape. She was finally sent to a younger brother and sister who had not been killed in the fight, and who lived in Anderson County. I understand that she remained there until her death a few years later, but that she never was fully satisfied among the white folks.



QUANAH PARKER

You should know that:

To many the name of Cynthia's little girl was Prairie Flower, but according to Gholson her Indian name was "Curlin."

In 1861 the Texas legislature granted Cynthia Ann a pension and a league (4,428.4 acres) of land. She died at her brother's home in Anderson County in 1864.

In 1909 the United States Congress set aside \$1,000.00 to pay for a monument for Cynthia Ann. Part of this fund was used to remove the remains of her and her daughter to the Post Oak Cemetery near Cache, Oklahoma.

Fort Parker was near the headwaters of the Navasota River, in present Limestone County. Fort Belknap was in Young County, the town of Belknap having grown up around it.

Do you know:

1. What trouble the white women of Fort Belknap had with the woman captive?
2. What part Ben Kiggins played in her identification?
3. What convinced Colonel Parker of her identity?
4. What later happened to the Indian boy? To Cynthia Ann?
5. What other information can be found about Cynthia Ann?
6. Why she was not happy while living among the white people?

8. JOHN H. REAGAN

The Old Roman of Texas

Early Years

He was a tall young man, just past twenty-one years of age, with a large round face, a wind-browned skin, and a firm chin. A pair of honest eyes looked out above broad but slightly stooped shoulders, on which hung a heavy overcoat. A wide-brimmed hat completed the picture of a figure so striking as to cause people on the ship to look at him twice.

One other passenger seemed especially interested in the young man. Finally he introduced himself.

"I'm Colonel Strode," he said, extending his hand. "I noticed you when you left Natchez on the ship this morning."

"I'm John Reagan," the young man replied, and the two shook hands. "I've been overseer of a farm near Natchez, but I'm on my way to Alexandria, Louisiana. You're from Texas, I believe?"

The older man nodded. "In the mercantile business at Nacogdoches. I'm looking for a man who can sell goods for me there. It's quite possible that you might be interested."

Reagan was interested, after he learned more about the work. The pay was \$800.00 per year, which was considerably more than he had been getting as overseer of Negroes on the Mississippi plantation.

As the two continued to talk, Reagan told the stranger all about himself. He told him about his parents, Timothy and Elizabeth Reagan, and their home in Tennessee. He had been educated at Nancy Academy in Sevierville, Tennessee. When his father could no longer send him to school, he had found a job working on a farm. He had worked there, being paid in corn, which he had sold



Monument of JOHN H. REAGAN in Palestine.
—(Courtesy of Anderson County Chamber of
Commerce)

at about fifty cents per bushel. With the money thus earned he had gone to Maryville College for two years.

There were other facts about his life which young Reagan related more briefly to Colonel Strode: how he had been book-keeper in a country store, how he had refused an offer to go into a business which would have paid well but which he did not like, and how he had considered teaching school before he became an overseer. Colonel Strode was enthusiastic.

"Just the man I want," he said warmly. "And you'll like Texas; a great opportunity there for a young man. Just gained its independence three years ago, and already has about a hundred thousand population."

Reagan, too, thought he would like it, and he was not slow in accepting the offer. In the company of Colonel Strode he went to Nacogdoches, arriving in December of 1839.

When he reached that city, he learned that an army was being recruited to fight the Cherokee Indians, who were giving trouble. Instead of working for Colonel Strode, he enlisted for the campaign. During the short time that he was in the army of the Republic he fought in two battles and in one tried to save the life of a Cherokee Chief because he felt sorry for him. His gallant conduct caused General Houston to invite him to join the regular army, but he shook his head.

"It's a good career, I am sure," he told Houston, "but I want to follow a different one."

In those days two occupations were especially attractive, surveying and law. Reagan followed both in time, but first he chose surveying. He worked irregularly as a deputy surveyor for three or four years, during which time he helped mark out Kaufman, Van Zandt, and other counties between Nacogdoches and Dallas. While he was working he traveled, camped in the woods, and learned more about Texas.

Next he tried law. In those days there were few law schools, and people who wanted to be lawyers studied law at home or worked in the offices of other lawyers. Reagan studied without a teacher and with very few law books to aid him. Meanwhile, he had been elected justice of the peace in Nacogdoches County but, after serving one term of two years, he moved to a farm in what is now Kaufman County.

In 1846, two years after beginning his studies, he received a

temporary license to practice law in district and lower courts of the state. With that authority he opened a law office at Buffalo, on the Trinity River.

The next year he was elected to the legislature from the Nacogdoches district, Texas now being a state in the Union. In 1848, he received a regular license to practice law, in not only the lower state courts, but also in the supreme court of the state. A few years later he was permitted to practice in federal courts, or courts operated by the United States Government.

By that time he was both a leading lawyer of the state and a prominent judge. He was elected judge in a district containing the counties of Houston, Anderson, Henderson, Van Zandt, Navarro, Ellis, Kaufman, Tarrant, and Dallas. His home was now in Palestine, in Anderson County.

In 1856, four years after he became district judge, his district was changed. Although he had two more years in office he resigned, saying that the voters of the new district ought to have a chance "to get a better man." They could find no better man than the one they had, and they re-elected him.

His first taste of national politics came in 1857, when the Democratic Party of Texas nominated him as a candidate for Congress. His opponent, Judge Evans, was the nominee of the Know-Nothing Party, a party which was strong then but which no longer exists.

As the campaign grew hotter, Reagan and his opponent engaged in a joint debate at Jefferson. In his talk Reagan brought out some damaging facts about Evans, who sprang to his feet with a gun in his hand. Reagan just as quickly drew his gun, and the two men stood facing each other.

Finally, after a minute that seemed much longer, Reagan said quietly, "Evans, let's put up our guns. I don't want to kill you. I want to go to Congress."

They put them up, and Reagan went to Congress, for he was elected.

At the end of his term, in 1859, the slavery question was growing bitter. Some people in the South, angered at Northern demands that slavery be ended, favored importing more Negro slaves. They also favored annexing more slave territory in Cuba, Central America, or Mexico. Reagan opposed both of these proposals, and he made a great speech in Congress on the need of preserving the Union. In spite of his stand on these questions, he was elected again to Congress by a large majority. The voters had confidence in him as a man.

You should know that:

Maryville College, still in operation, is one of the older and better colleges of Tennessee.

Reagan tried in vain to prevent a soldier from shooting Chief Bowles of the Cherokees.

Texas became a state in 1845.

It was, and still is, customary to change the boundaries of judicial districts as they grow. In the case of Reagan's district the salary was also increased.

The campaign of 1857 was all the warmer because Sam Houston was running for Governor in opposition to the regular Democratic candidate. He lost that year but won in 1859.

Do you know:

1. Why John H. Reagan came to Texas?
2. What he did when he arrived?
3. What experiences he had as a surveyor?
4. The steps by which he became a lawyer?
5. What political offices he held in 1859?
6. How he settled a near-gun battle without bloodshed?

The War between the States and After

Meanwhile the War between the States was drawing closer. In November of 1860 the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, was elected President. He was so strongly opposed to slavery that the Southern states left the Union. Reagan, along with other Southern Congressmen, withdrew from Congress early in 1861. Shortly afterward he attended a convention in Texas, at which it was decided that the state should join the Confederacy.

Other acts of separation followed rapidly. Reagan was chosen one of six delegates to sit in a provisional, or temporary, Congress of the Confederate States of America. A constitution, legalizing both slavery and secession, was drawn up for the new government. Montgomery, Alabama, was made the first capital, then the seat of government was moved to Richmond, Virginia.

Before Reagan had been in the new Capitol long, the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, called for him.

"I want you to be Postmaster General," he told the Texan.

"I don't know anything about postal affairs," Reagan protested.

"You can soon learn. And I need a man of your ability for the work."

Reagan took over the work and made his first headquarters at the Exchange Hotel in Montgomery. He managed to get into his department a number of men who had formerly been with the United States postoffice, before the South had seceded. They were experienced, and they brought with them the paper forms and practices that had been used in Washington.

Reagan set about the task of making the postal service better than it had been. He found that before the war, work in the South had cost almost three million dollars and that less than one million dollars had been collected. By keeping careful records and making other improvements he gave the South a better postal service at

less cost. By the end of the war the Southern postal service was more than paying its own way.

He served as Postmaster General of the Confederacy until the end of the War between the States, and during the last few weeks he was also Treasurer. The regular Treasurer having quit his post of duty, President Davis told Reagan to fill it.

When Reagan took over this new duty, he received a large box which contained \$80,000 in silver currency and \$800,000 in Treasury notes, or Confederate paper money. Most of the silver was paid to soldiers. At that time Reagan and some of his friends were fleeing south from Richmond to avoid being captured. When Reagan reached a town in Georgia, he stopped in a hotel that had an open fireplace in his room.

"Build me a fire," he ordered of the hotel boy, and his order was carried out. There, alone at night, he burned the paper money that he had. Thus did he end the fiscal affairs of the Confederate Government.

But his own troubles were not ended. Along with President Davis and other high Confederate officials, he was captured. His captors intended to try them all for treason. The trials were never held, but Reagan and his friends were sent north as prisoners. At Hampton Roads, where the captured men were to be separated, Reagan asked to go with Davis.

He was warned that he might be endangering his own life, for Davis was the one most likely to be hanged.

"But President Davis is a sick man," Reagan insisted, "and he needs my help. As for being hanged, I would consider it an honor to die in such a cause."

His request was not granted, although President Davis was not executed. Reagan was sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he was held several months before being released. While he was there, he wrote a letter to President Andrew Johnson in

Washington asking for kind treatment of Davis, a letter which probably helped in securing his friend's release.

He also wrote a letter to the people of Texas, and it was published in Texas newspapers. In it he advised the people of his state to accept their defeat cheerfully and to avoid angering the Northern leaders. He advised them to give the Negro rights equal to a white man in court, and to allow him to vote, *perhaps with educational qualifications*. The letter angered some Texans, and his advice was not followed. Time proved that Reagan was correct, however. The South *did* suffer from Northern anger because its leaders did not do as Reagan had suggested.

After being kept in prison a few months, he was released and returned to his Palestine farm in December, 1865. Shortly afterward he helped draft a new constitution for Texas, one in which secession was outlawed and slavery was made illegal. For a few years he was not allowed to vote or hold office, because he had been an official in the Confederate Government.

During that time, while he was breaking land with a yoke of oxen, it was said that a messenger from General Sheridan rode up. Sheridan was a federal official who had control of Texas at that time, and he realized that Reagan was influential with Texans. The story was told that the messenger offered Reagan a high position in the state if he in turn would help popularize the Sheridan rule.

Reagan looked squarely at the man and said, "You have imprisoned me, disfranchised me, and made me an alien in my native land. You have taken all but my honor. Go back to your General and tell him that my honor is not for sale."

Whether this really happened or not we cannot be sure. It is pretty certain that Reagan was offered the post of Governor of Texas by appointment. It is also certain that he refused it because he was not willing to fill the office except by election.

Before long his voting and office holding rights were restored, and he entered political life once more. He was a delegate to the Convention which framed the Texas Constitution of 1876 and was chairman of its Judiciary Committee. He wanted to put into that Constitution provisions for higher salaries for judges, fewer judges, and longer terms. The Convention refused to accept his ideas on the matter, but many later declared that he was right in advocating them.

He was back in Congress in 1875 and was re-elected every time until 1887. In that year he was promoted to the United States Senate, a position which the Texas Legislature was then filling. During much of that time he was chairman of the Commerce Committee. He was the joint author of a bill to establish the Interstate Commerce Commission, an act intended to regulate railroads (by law).

Perhaps it was because of this experience that Governor Hogg asked Reagan to be chairman of the newly-formed Texas Railroad Commission. The salary was only four thousand dollars per year, and the work took him out of national politics, but he accepted it.



Home of John H. Reagan in Palestine.

He held that position for more than eleven years, when he resigned and retired to private life. He spent his last years at his home, Fort Houston, near Palestine, dying in 1905. The Texas Legislature attended his funeral in a body, and the entire state mourned his passing.

And well might Texas mourn, for he had lived a long and useful life. His whole life had been characterized by rugged honesty, sincerity, and devotion to duty. In ancient times the Roman people had a number of leaders with these same virtues. Perhaps that is the reason why he is sometimes called "The Old Roman of Texas."

You should know that:

Confederate paper money had decreased in value until by 1865, the money which Reagan had was worth much less than face value, and soon it was outlawed altogether. Reagan was wise to burn it.

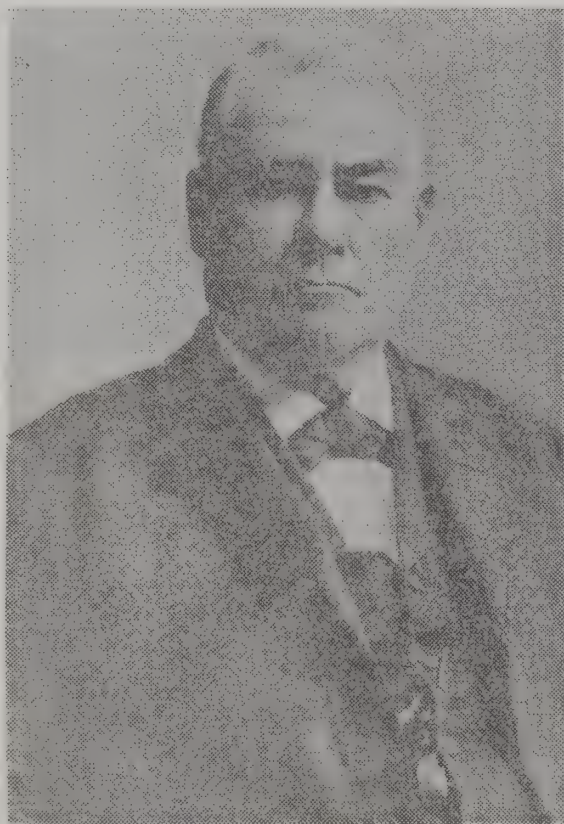
President Johnson issued an Amnesty Proclamation pardoning all people who had fought in the Confederate forces or served as officials. For that reason Reagan and Davis were never tried for treason.

The so-called "Iron Clad Oath" was an act of Congress denying the vote to any ex-Confederate soldier or official. It was later repealed.

Do you know:

1. Why the South did not like President Lincoln?
2. Why Davis appointed Reagan Postmaster General?
3. Why Reagan risked death by requesting to be imprisoned along with Davis?
4. Why Texas officials did not follow Reagan's advice about the Negro?

5. Why Reagan was well qualified to be Chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission?
6. What qualities of greatness he had that present-day leaders should also have?



John H. Reagan is often called "The Old Roman of Texas" because his rugged honesty, sincerity, and devotion to duty remind people of ancient Roman leaders who possessed these virtues.

9. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

General of the Army

It was the last day of January, 1837, and the little army of Texans was buzzing with gossip. The talk was about the new general who was to take command at their camp on the Lavaca River. No one knew exactly how the news had come about him, for their present commander, Felix Huston, had not told them. Even so, he looked glum and even angry, and the men were sure that the rumor must be true.

They were not surprised, then, when three or four horsemen rode up. One of them, evidently the new chief officer, was in the lead. General Huston met them, and the men saluted each other stiffly. A few words were exchanged, and the newcomers were led to a log cabin at the edge of the camp, a place which was to serve as their headquarters.

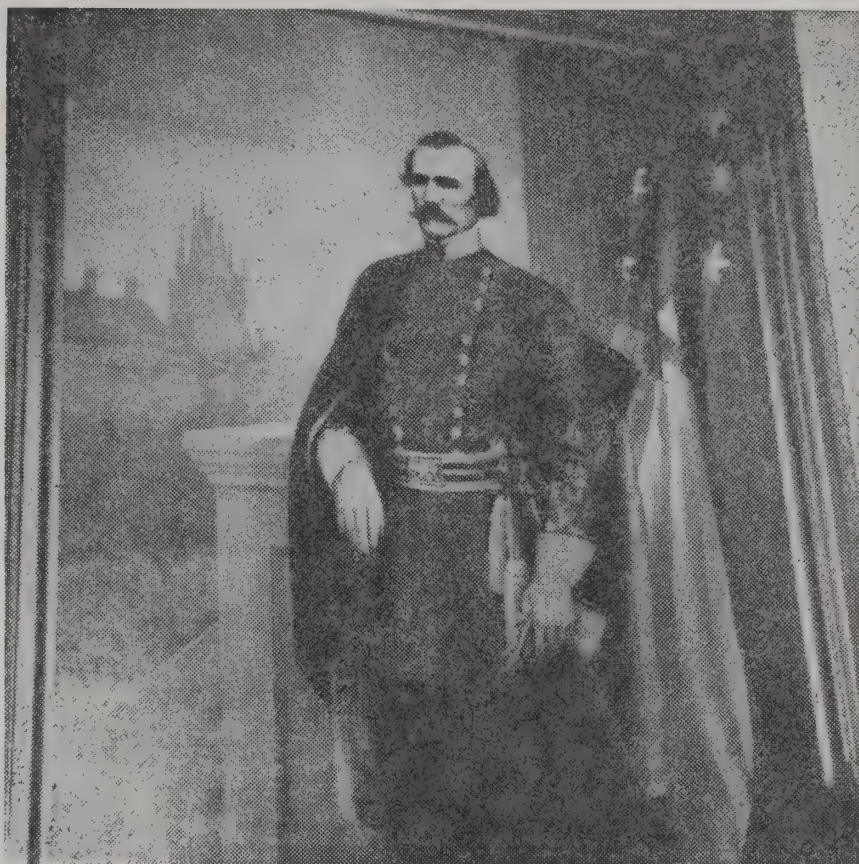
"Those men will fight," said a soldier to his companion.

"Nonsense, there is nothing to fight about," the other soldier answered. "Didn't you see them saluting and being friendly to each other?"

"But all the same, they will fight. The duel is no way to settle a dispute, but some people still use it."

He was correct; the two men did fight. The old commander invited the new one and his friends to supper, and they spent the evening pleasantly. General Albert Sidney Johnston was barely back in his cabin, however, when a messenger from Huston brought him a written challenge.

It read, "There is not a man in Texas for whom I entertain a higher esteem, or under whom I would be more proud to serve than General Johnston; but the President and Congress have



GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,
from a painting in the Capitol at Austin.

done me a personal wrong, and it is impossible for me to obtain from them a personal satisfaction; therefore, I must ask General Johnston, as their personal representative, to name an hour and a place for a personal meeting.”

Johnston was not an experienced duelist, while Huston had fought several duels and was an expert shot, but the newcomer felt bound to accept the challenge. It was a recognized way of settling disputes.

The two men must have looked very unlike as they faced each other on that cold February morning. Johnston was a dark man with brown eyes, heavy bushy eyebrows, and dark hair standing out on his head. He was six feet tall and as straight as an arrow, and he was broad shouldered, with a massive chest, a firm mouth, and a square chin. Huston, on the other hand, was

a decided blond, with blue-grey eyes and a charming and friendly manner.

In accepting the challenge Johnston chose pistols, and it was agreed that the men should be five steps from each other and should fire from the hips. They crossed the Lavaca River, rode out to an open prairie, and fought their duel at sunrise. Both missed the first two shots, but on the third volley a bullet from Johnston's gun nicked a limb on a tree near Huston's head.

"Fine shooting, General," said Huston.

"Not so good as yours," was Johnston's polite reply.

On the fourth shot Johnston fell seriously wounded. His foe remained by his bedside twenty-four hours, not leaving a moment. Johnston lay near death for some weeks at the little village of Texana, near the scene of the duel, but finally he recovered. He and Felix Huston became good friends and Huston named a son for Johnston. Such were the peculiar traditions of the duel, a practice that long since has been outlawed.

About a year after the duel, President Lamar appointed Johnston Secretary of War for the Republic of Texas. He had come to Texas and enlisted in the army as a private, but it did not take army leaders long to learn about him. They learned that he had graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point and had served in the army of the United States in New York and Missouri. His record showed also that he had been an officer in the Black Hawk War (1832) against the Indians. He had left the army for a while on account of the illness and death of his wife. Upon hearing of the war in Texas he had come to offer his services.

As Secretary of War for his newly-adopted country Johnston found that the Indians were giving trouble. Some of them were on reservations, but others were roaming about in East Texas and



**The home of Albert Sidney Johnston
in Brazoria County.**

were making war on the whites. Johnston had a hand in the rescue of Rebecca Gilliland and her brother, near Refugio. Afterward he went to the village of the warring Cherokees and made a treaty with them. In the treaty they agreed to return to Arkansas, and in return they were to be paid for improvements on their land and were to be moved free of cost. They delayed and resisted and eventually had to be moved by force.

When President Mirabeau Lamar's term expired, Sam Houston became President for a second term. As Houston did not agree with Lamar and Johnston in their treatment of the Indians, Johnston left the Texas army and went to Kentucky. Three years later he was back in Texas, bringing with him a new bride, a cousin of his first wife. They settled on a plantation called "China Grove," in Brazoria County.

"At last!" he sighed happily, "I can settle down for life."

But such was not to be. The war between the United States and Mexico began in 1846, and a call was made for volunteers. Johnston joined and was made Colonel of the First Texas Rifle Volunteers. His conduct was such as to draw from General Zachary

Taylor the statement, "Albert Sidney Johnston is the best soldier I have ever seen in the field."

Not all of his work during the war was in battle; for he served with W. O. Butler as Inspector General, while the American troops were at Monterrey. After the war he returned to China Grove, but in 1849 his country called again. This time he was made Paymaster of the United States army. He was then sent with a cavalry force to the dangerous Texas frontier, where the Indians were giving trouble.

He did such a good job of restoring order there that in 1857 he was ordered to do a like work in Utah. He was there for two or three years, during which time he prevented a threatened Mormon uprising without using force or having bloodshed.

That task finished, he moved once more, this time to San Francisco, California, where he was sent to take command of the Department of the Pacific. At that place, a short while after he had taken charge, he faced a second great crisis in his life. It was not quite like the one he had faced in accepting the challenge to a duel, for it did not threaten death at once. It was more important than the other one had been, however, for it affected more people.

The crisis came as a result of the news that the South, including his own State of Texas, had seceded from the Union. Should he stay with his command in the army of the United States, or should he resign and go with the South?

He decided to resign. Before his decision was made public, a high ranking official of the United States visited him.

"I can assure you that if you remain loyal to the United States, you will have a rank second only to that of General Scott," Johnston was told.

"I cannot fight against my own state and people," he replied sorrowfully. "My resignation has been sent in."

"Then you can at least remain until your successor here can arrive and take command," the official told him, and this he agreed to do.

It was not long before he regretted having made that promise, for a rumor arose that he was plotting to deliver California into the hands of the Confederates. Angry at the charge, he left his regular field office and hid himself in a secret place in San Francisco. Federal officials learned where he was hiding and went to see him.

"We don't believe the charges against you, and we still want you to be a high Federal officer," he was told.

"Thank you. I'm afraid my decision must remain the same, but I will stay until my successor arrives."

As soon as his successor, General Sumner, came, Johnston set out overland for Texas with his brother-in-law, Dr. John S. Coffin.

Meanwhile the Confederate States of America had been formed, and Jefferson Davis had been chosen as its President. Davis had graduated from West Point two years earlier than Johnston, and the two were good friends. Davis greeted Johnston warmly when he reported for duty.

"I am appointing you a general in the Confederate Army, in command of the Department of the West," he told his friend, who accepted the command.

The command included Kentucky, to which Johnston went at once. Making Bowling Green his headquarters, he issued a call for volunteers and began to form and drill an army. The enemy outnumbered him two to one, so that he had to withdraw his forces to Nashville.

There a group of Texans known as Terry's Rangers joined him, but even then his forces were too small to oppose the enemy successfully. General Buell and his Federal troops captured that

city, and Johnston retreated to Murfreesboro, then to Corinth, Mississippi.

By that time a number of Southern newspapers were criticizing Johnston because he had not held his ground. It was reported that a delegation went to President Davis and demanded Johnston's removal from command. To these demands Davis is said to have replied, "If Albert Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have no generals."

Finally, in April of 1862, the third great crisis came to General Johnston, and he met it like a soldier. The Federal forces under Generals Grant and Buell, with a greatly superior force, were planning to attack Johnston and crush his army. Johnston, without waiting, attacked the enemy at Shiloh church near the boundary line of Tennessee and Mississippi.

There was a terrible battle, with heavy losses on both sides. At the very moment when it seemed as if Grant's army would be defeated and scattered, Johnston was killed. General Beauregard, who was now in command of the Confederate forces, was greatly outnumbered by the Federal army. He withdrew from the battlefield.

General Johnston was buried first at New Orleans, where the statue of a man on horseback was put over his grave. There were those who knew, however, that he had said, "When I die I want to lie in Texas soil." Late in 1866 the Texas legislature provided the money to remove his body to the State Cemetery in Austin.

Forty years later another legislature voted funds to pay for a beautiful marker for the General's grave. It was a full-length statue of General Johnston, lying down.

It marks his last resting place. He is honored properly in death, by a grateful people.

You should know that:

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Kentucky in 1803, which made him thirty-four years of age when he came to Texas.

For a long time the Constitution of Texas had a provision requiring office holders to take oath that they had not fought duels nor acted as seconds for others who had fought them.

John H. Reagan, the lone Texan in the Cabinet of President Davis, wanted to send strong forces to Kentucky early in the war. President Davis and others in the Cabinet did not agree with him, however.

Do you know:

1. Under what conditions Albert Sidney Johnston came to Texas?
2. Why he and Felix Huston fought a duel?
3. What military service he saw between 1838 and 1861?
4. Why he rejected a high command in the United States Army in 1861?
5. Why he was unable to hold the western defenses against the Federals?
6. How he met the third great crisis of his life?

10. *THE TEXAS RANGERS*

A General View

In 1935, Texans were disturbed to read that one of the state's most famous organizations was about to disappear, the Texas Rangers. According to the newspapers the group was to be merged with the newly-created Department of Public Safety. Most of the old Ranger work, they said, would be taken over by highway patrolmen, who would ride motorcycles instead of horses. It was believed that in a short while the Rangers would cease to exist.

But these dire prophecies have not come true. We still have the Rangers, and they are putting the fear of the law into the hearts of desperadoes, as they did in days of old. The people of Texas are glad. They know that the Rangers helped the state cope with outlaws in the past, and that they may be needed to preserve order in the future.

That public confidence is based on long experience, for Texas has had the Rangers ever since the days of the Republic. They know who these officers of the law are and what they can do, but to satisfy outsiders they have a definition. By a Texas dictionary a Ranger is "a man who can trail like an Indian, ride like a Mexican, shoot like a Tennessean, and fight like a devil."

The first two of these groups, the Indians and Mexicans, long were Ranger foes. From the time Texas was a colony until after the War between the States, the Indians gave trouble. There was much unsettled land in the state over which they roamed, plundering white settlements. The Rangers were the only force that stood ready to protect the whites, and many were the battles they fought with Indian foes.



A Texas Ranger.

Reproduced from Frost, *The History of Mexico* (1882)

Mexican foes were prominent for some time also. Mexico did not give up her claim to Texas after the Battle of San Jacinto, even though Santa Anna had recognized that independence in the Treaty of Velasco. Then, too, the boundary between Texas and Mexico is a long one, and outlaws from both sides of the Rio Grande often crossed over. When they entered Texas, they found the Rangers waiting for them.

Moreover, ranchmen of the state were often plagued with "rustlers," or cattle and horse thieves. Death by hanging stopped those who were caught but did not end the general practice; the Rangers had to step in. Again, when ranchers and settlers had trouble over fenced holdings and fence cuttings, the Rangers were

on hand to keep the peace. Later the oil booms brought lawless men, and sheriffs were unable to preserve order. Once more they called on their old helpers, the Rangers. Enforcing the prohibition laws made them unpopular at times, but they did their sworn duty.

To outward appearances the Rangers operate now somewhat as they did a hundred years ago. They wear plain clothes, broad-brimmed hats, and other regalia of horsemen. Stuck in the belt of every Ranger is a pistol, and slung to his saddle is a rifle.

However, Rangers do not always ride horseback; they often use automobiles. For a long time one squad patrolled the Rio Grande in a plane, a day's patrol covering a thousand miles. Sometimes in rough country they load their horses into trailers, travel as far as possible, and ride horseback the rest of the way.

Over the years their work has changed in other ways. They no longer fight Indians and rustlers, and Texas and Mexico are no longer enemies. They capture dope peddlers, cut short the work of bank robbers, and end the careers of public enemies. On occasion they have even captured enemy spies and agents.

The Ranger has kept up with new methods of man hunting. Along with his guns he carries a finger printing kit, chemicals to detect narcotics, material for making plaster casts of any part of the human body, paraffin testing equipment to determine whether a gun has been fired, and other modern crime detecting aids.

He handles chiefly major crimes, leaving the "spot stuff" to the Highway Patrolmen. If there is a riot, a man hunt, a baffling murder, an open defiance of the law, or a failure or refusal of some officer to enforce the law, the Ranger will be there.

It is only natural that stories and legends without number should have grown up about the Rangers. One of the most famous of these tells that the sheriff of a certain county was threatened with a riot that he could not handle. He sent a hurried call to Ranger headquarters, and help was promised.

When he met the evening train, he saw only one Ranger step off.

"I asked for help," he complained. "What good will one man do?"

Back came the drawling reply, "Why, is there more than one riot?"

The sheriff was probably an exception, for with one Ranger around most Texans would feel safe, riot or no riot.

Another story tells how a group of Rangers were sent into a county noted for its bootleggers and more desperate criminals. In about a week they came back to headquarters and reported that they had cleaned up the county.

"Have any trouble?" asked the Captain. "Any resistance, or shootings, or killings?"

"Oh no," was the answer. "We just went in, got an office at the court house, and sent word to the law-breakers to come in and give up, or they might be killed 'by mistake.' They all came."

Another story shows that the Rangers possess a generous streak of sportsmanship. Back in the early years of the present century they were supposed to be enforcing a law forbidding the holding of "prize fights." When it became known that such an event was to occur in one of the larger cities of the state, two Rangers were sent to the scene. They bought tickets for ringside seats and watched the fight until one of the men was knocked out; then they made their arrests.

Sometimes complaints were made that the Rangers were too inclined to shoot first and investigate afterward. Certainly the record of many cases ended with the statement, "Shot while resisting arrest." One Ranger Captain took his man to task after he had crippled a fleeing criminal, and he received a rather odd answer.

"This fellow was a killer, Captain; you know that," explained the Ranger. "But really these boots were to blame."

"What do you mean?" the Captain asked.

"Well, they're too tight. So when I called on him to surrender and he started running, I 'winged' him a tiny bit. I knew I never could catch him in these boots."

Another Ranger made an even briefer report to his Captain. "We had a little shooting match—and they lost," he said.

The Rangers are older than the state itself. Stephen F. Austin, the first Anglo-American to settle a colony in Texas, had a body of men who went by that name. Later, while Sam Houston and his ragged troops were winning independence from Mexico, the Rangers were guarding the frontier and the coast.

When Texas joined the Union in 1845, it disbanded its Ranger force. It was thought that Federal troops would protect the state, but somehow they did not do the job to the satisfaction of Texans. They reorganized their Rangers and put them to work.

During the War between the States many able-bodied men joined the Confederate forces, but a group of brave fighters stood guard along the frontier to keep the Indians from making depredations. Shortly after the War, victorious Federal troops occupied the state, with no Rangers allowed. Almost as soon as these troops were withdrawn, the Rangers were back at their old task of preserving law and order. They have been at it ever since.

You should know that:

In 1954 there were fifty-one Rangers in active service.

"Spot stuff" means violations of speeding laws and other law violations occurring along highways.

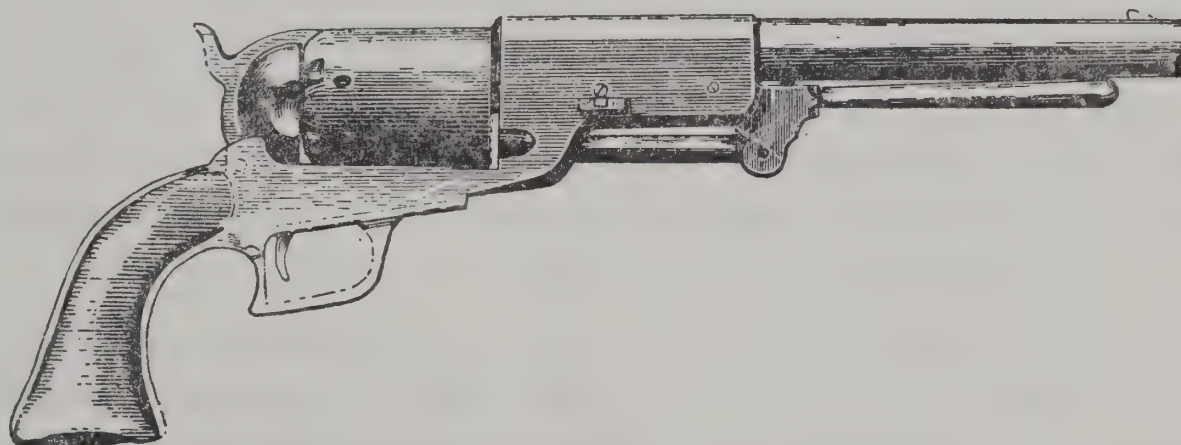
Do you know:

1. How to explain the Texas definition of a Ranger?
2. What groups over the years were the main foes of the Rangers?

3. How Ranger work differs from Ranger work a century ago?
4. The difference between the work of a Ranger and the work of a Highway Patrolman?

Captain Jack Hays

It is only natural that certain Rangers should become public heroes, and one of the greatest of these was Captain Jack Hays. As a Ranger, soldier, surveyor, army officer, and explorer he had a key part in making Texas into a state. His name heads the list of those who first made the Rangers feared and respected. In early days it was common for people to describe fleeing enemies by saying, "They tore into the woods as if Jack Hays himself was after them."



He was named John Coffee Hays, but his grandfather insisted on calling him "Jack." He came of a fighting Tennessee family, his father and his grandfather having fought the Indians and the English in their time. The Hermitage, famous home of Andrew Jackson, was built by Hays' grandfather originally and was later sold to Jackson. It is quite probable that Jack was born there. Certainly as a boy he was well acquainted with "Old Hickory," as Jackson was called.

At the age of fifteen Jack went to Mississippi and became a surveyor. Four years later, or in 1836, he landed in Nacogdoches.

The battle of San Jacinto had just been fought, but young Jack thought there might be further fighting. He was in the Texas army about a year as a scout and, when it was disbanded, he received a Captain's commission in a force of volunteer Rangers then being organized.

For the next decade or so he was in command of various Ranger forces and was active in combatting the Indians. So effective was his work that his name became a household word in Texas. His men idolized him, and the Indians came to fear him so much that they called him "the white devil." Perhaps no man in Texas did so much as he to decrease the Indian menace.

During those days the Republic of Texas had another enemy: Mexico. For more than a decade after the Battle of San Jacinto Mexican raiders continued to cross the Texas border, for Mexico had not recognized the independence of Texas. That country also objected strongly to seeing Texas become a part of the United States, and Mexican leaders warned that if Mexico's former colony should become a state, war would follow. It did, and when it came, Hays and his Rangers had a part in it.

The Indians, who continued to be enemies, had some real grievances. Under Mexican rule they had had certain land rights in Texas, and just before the War of Texas Independence Sam Houston had made a treaty with them extending those rights. The first Congress of the Republic of Texas rejected that treaty, whereupon the Indians started war on the whites. It was a war which lasted for more than fifty years, and the first ten years of it were very bloody. A man like Jack Hays was needed to fight the battles of the Texans.

Hays was also a surveyor, as we have noted. Surveying was a popular occupation a century or more ago, for people who had secured land wanted to know its exact boundaries. Each veteran of the Texas Revolution was given a league (4428 acres) of land,

and many other people were buying and selling it. Hays located in San Antonio and surveyed many tracts in Indian-infested areas.

Sometimes it took a heavily-armed body of Rangers to protect the surveyors, so that fighting Indians and surveying went together. On one occasion Hays was surveying some land north of San Antonio when the Indians attacked. He went right ahead with his surveying, one group shooting at the attackers while the other group ran the boundary lines. He reported later, "Work not stopped until the line was finished."

Merely to name the battles which Hays had with the Indians would be impossible, but a few of them may be mentioned. In the fall of 1841, he and his Rangers defeated the Comanches in the Battle of Enchanted Rock, a fight which Hays largely fought by himself for several hours until help arrived. Not long afterward another desperate battle occurred at Bandera Pass, and it too ended in a victory for Hays and his men.

Hays was also in the decisive Battle of Plum Creek, in Caldwell County, in August of 1840. He was not in command of the Rangers there but took his own place and fought ably and well.

The Ranger Captain was likewise in the Battle of Salado. The Mexican General Woll led an army against San Antonio in 1842 and captured it. Hays, who was then in town, fled but at once began planning to recapture the place. For several days he moved in and out of San Antonio disguised as an humble *peon*, barefoot, and with a greasy blanket and a large hat. He was learning the exact strength of the enemy.

Finally, when he had recruited two hundred-odd men, he led them to a hiding place on Salado Creek, near the city. Then with a single comrade he went to the edge of San Antonio, made a hostile move, and dared the enemy to come out and fight. Fifty or sixty Mexicans did so—and ran into an ambush. Eventually the entire Mexican army of perhaps fourteen hundred men at-

tacked, only to lose about three hundred soldiers from the accurate shooting of the Rangers.

The annexation of Texas to the United States in 1845 was one of the main causes of the war between that country and Mexico, beginning the next year. When the United States General, Zachary Taylor, entered Texas, he called for volunteers. Two companies of Rangers joined him at his first camp in Corpus Christi. They had to do without the services of their leader for a while, for Hays was called back to San Antonio by an Indian raid in that region.

In the next year, 1846, actual fighting began in the Brownsville region, between American and Mexican forces. Governor Henderson of Texas had been asked to furnish four regiments, two of mounted and two of foot soldiers. Hays, with the approval of the Governor, went to work recruiting soldiers. He gave a preference to former Rangers, and they readily enlisted because they knew he would be their immediate commanding officer. He knew that old Rangers could shoot straight and true, and that was his main enlistment requirement. One man whom he did not know applied, and Hays gave him a shooting test.

"Ride down the trail past that tree at full speed, and shoot at it as you pass," he told the man.

When the applicant made the ride twice and missed the tree both times, Hays shook his head.

"Sorry, but we can't use you," he said.

He raised several hundred volunteers, all of them crack marksmen, and was elected Colonel of the group. They were issued army equipment but did not wear uniforms. They were in every battle which General Zachary Taylor fought, including his last and severest one at Monterrey. Then they were transferred to General Scott's forces and helped in the final capture of Mexico City.

That they did good work is testified to by everyone who mentioned the subject publicly. Said Colonel King of Taylor's army, "He (Hays) and his officers and men were not only the eyes and ears of General Taylor's army, but its right and left arms as well."

Some time later another veteran wrote, "I was with the regulars, but had it not been for their unerring rifles there is no doubt we would have been whipped at Monterrey."

Yet another veteran commented, "Jack Hays is the tallest man in the saddle in front of an enemy I ever saw."

In Mexico City, after its capture, Hays and his men were given a familiar assignment: to clean out the robbers and bandits from the region. They did it in such a thorough manner that before they left the stagecoaches were running from the capital to Vera Cruz without guards.

Hays managed to take off enough time during the war to go a-courting. His ladylove was the beautiful young Susan Calvert, a descendant of the Calverts who had founded Maryland. They were married on April 29, 1847. They "lived happily ever after" with one exception. On one occasion she picked wild flowers too far out of San Antonio and was almost captured by the Indians. Her martial husband delivered to her a stern lecture and made her promise not to repeat the mistake.

When the war with Mexico ended, he went back to Texas and was mustered out of service. Shortly afterward, he was a member of the commission which settled a territorial dispute between Texas and the United States over a portion of New Mexico. He likewise led an exploring expedition from San Antonio to El Paso. Taking thirty-five men, including Colonel Samuel Maverick, he went through the Big Bend area, having several fights with the Comanches on the way.

He was such a popular man in those days that many people wanted him to run for Governor of the state. He declined to do

so, for his attention was turned to California, with its newly-discovered gold fields. In 1849, he led a caravan to that state and remained there the rest of his life, with frequent visits back to Texas. He helped build Oakland, making a comfortable fortune in the work. For four years he was sheriff of San Francisco County, where he showed his old ability to cope with lawbreakers.

He even had a few more brushes with the Indians in the latter days of his life. Once a regiment was raised to fight the Redskins, and Hays was made Captain of it. The mayor of the city made a long speech and at the end presented Hays with a fine horse and saddle. When he rose, everybody expected a speech, but all he said was, "He's a darn good horse, and I'm much obliged."

The crowd was delighted. Here was a man of deeds, and not of words. Perhaps that is a good way to describe him. Certainly his deeds take a prominent place on the pages of Texas history.

You should know that:

Perhaps the title "Colonel" would be better than "Captain," for Hays was a Colonel in the war with Mexico.

The "Hermitage," near Nashville, Tennessee, is now in a state-owned park. Jackson is buried near the home.

The battle of Monterrey was one of the hardest fought battles of the war. Both sides claimed the victory, but after it was over the Mexicans withdrew from the field.

Do you know:

1. What early influences caused Jack Hays to be interested in war and fighting?
2. Why the Indians gave so much trouble in Texas?
3. Why Mexico objected to seeing Texas become a state?
4. What part the Rangers played in the war between the United States and Mexico?

5. What part Hays played in the development of California?
6. What proof we have that he was a man of deeds rather than words?

Captain Bill McDonald

There are many other Rangers of note who lived and worked after the time of Jack Hays. Sul Ross has been mentioned in connection with the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker. Captain Lee Hall in his own day was as famous as any of them. In recent years Captain Frank Hamer has carried on the Ranger tradition by dealing destruction to outlaws. During the War between the States, Colonel Frank Terry and his Rangers did a notable work.

Perhaps the best known Ranger of all was Captain Bill McDonald. The mention of his name, as one writer stated it, "made the pulses of good Texans beat quicker and the feet of outlaws move faster."

He gained that reputation because of his effective work as a law enforcement officer over a period of about thirty years. During that time he brought law and order to the Panhandle, No-Man's Land, the Cherokee Strip, and other outlaw-infested areas. He broke up desperate bands of criminals, arrested murderers, and disarmed desperados. He came to be known as a man without fear, and he had an uncanny way of getting handcuffs on criminals before they could offer resistance.

In personal appearance he was long, slim, and lean. He was mild of manner and, except when in action, gentle of speech. He killed very few men, and was himself wounded only once, yet he faced death almost daily.

He was noted for his steady nerves, a personal quality which helped make him one of the best rapid-fire marksmen in Texas. He kept those steady nerves by living a temperate life, refusing



TEXAS RANGER CAPTAIN BILL McDONALD

even to drink tea or coffee. "You see I have to be about two-fifths of a second faster than the other fellow," he explained, "and a little quiver then might be fatal."

Like so many other famous Texans, he was born outside the state. In 1866, when he was a lad of fourteen, he came with his family to Rusk County. Those were the dark days of Reconstruction, when Union soldiers occupied the state. It is small wonder that two years later McDonald found himself accused of treason by Union officials. Through the efforts of a then-unknown lawyer named David B. Culberson he was acquitted. It was his first

and last time to be accused of a serious crime. Thereafter he was on the side of the law.

It was some time, however, before he became an officer of the peace, and that step was taken quite accidentally. Living near his home of Mineola was a man who owned several vicious bulldogs. One day in town one of the dogs attacked McDonald's prize pointer. He produced a gun and was about to kill the bulldog, when its owner promised to take the animal home. As the man had a reputation for causing trouble, McDonald applied to the sheriff for a deputy's badge and gun. He barely had it on when a drunk appeared on the streets boasting that nobody could arrest him. McDonald put him in the calaboose.

That was his first arrest, but other arrests followed rapidly. When a crowd of woodcutters came into town on Saturday afternoon and began getting drunk and celebrating, the new deputy again went into action. He filled the jail and began filling a nearby box car with prisoners, when the drunks decided this new deputy meant business. The crowd suddenly became sober.

Living in Mineola in those days was another young man named James Stephen Hogg. It was through Hogg, then a justice of the peace, that McDonald met Miss Rhoda Isabel Carter. They were married in January, 1876. The men became firm friends, and years later McDonald was able to repay Hogg for the early favor.

Hard times came to Mineola, and McDonald's grocery business suffered. He moved to Wichita County in 1883 and engaged in the cattle and lumber business. Although he was not at first an officer of the law there, he showed his ability to handle tough men by arresting the leading saloon keeper and current "bad man" of Wichita Falls. This character, who had drunk too much liquor, was threatening to shoot up the town. The city marshal was getting together a posse to capture him when McDonald offered to get him by himself. He went out armed with a warrant in one hand

and a pair of handcuffs in the other and made the arrest. In a short time the "bad man" was quite good.

Presently McDonald moved over into Hardeman County. At that time there were many cattle thieves and other desperate characters in Hardeman and in the nearby Indian Territory. They operated almost without hindrance, for the officers of the law either worked with them or stayed out of their way. If an effort was made to arrest them, they fled across the border, where Texas officers could not follow them.

McDonald's reputation had gone ahead of him, and soon he was made a deputy sheriff. Later he was appointed a special Ranger, and shortly afterward he was made Deputy United States Marshal. This enabled him to cross the state line at will and arrest criminals wherever he found them.

In that area his most noted achievement was the breaking up of the Brooken Band. This group of outlaws, who were wanted for such crimes as cattle stealing, train robbery, and murder, had grown so strong that they were defying the law.

McDonald paid no attention to their bad reputation; he declared war on them. On one occasion he disarmed and handcuffed a leader of the gang while he was in the act of waving a pistol on the streets of Quanah. On another occasion he waded into a hostile crowd armed only with a scantling and took weapons away from them until all were disarmed. Later he marched into a saloon which was headquarters for the gang and made some arrests. He brought one of the leaders into court and saw him sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. Another of the leaders fled to Mexico but was brought back and was likewise sentenced to a long term in prison.

With Hardeman County finally safe for law abiding people, McDonald now turned his attention to an area to the north

called No-Man's Land. This was a region in the Indian Territory, for the state of Oklahoma had not yet been organized. It was a favorite hiding place for outlaws of all kinds, who committed crimes in Texas and fled there for refuge.

His first trip into No-Man's Land was in pursuit of a horse thief, a criminal whom cattlemen considered worse than a murderer. After traveling seventy-five miles over a lonesome trail, he located his man. He was in a camp with three other men, and all were armed.

Early in the morning, shortly after daybreak, McDonald leisurely drove his buckboard up to the camp and held out a friendly hand to the outlaw. While they were shaking hands he snapped handcuffs on his victim, disarmed him by removing a gun from his belt, and turned with two guns covering the other three men. It was all done so quickly that they were dazed and offered no resistance. He loaded the arrested man in the buckboard and had the other three march ahead. At the state border he turned them loose, but the arrested man was lodged in a Texas jail.

This was the beginning of the "clean up." For the rest of the work he found a capable partner in the person of Lon Burson of Henrietta. In the next year or two the partners rounded up three or four more gangs of criminals. On one occasion the outlaws knew the partners were coming, and eight men were lined up with winchesters to receive them. McDonald attracted their attention at the front of the house, while Burson slipped around and entered the back door. The bandits gave up without firing a shot.

On another occasion the two officers rounded up a bunch of sleepy outlaws, but McDonald was not sure that they were the right ones. He proceeded to "call the roll," while they answered in schoolboy fashion. Five of the wanted men were "present." A sixth, who was twenty miles away, was soon brought in. Other

gangs in the region were captured, and all were taken to Dallas for trial.

In all these raids McDonald followed the same general plan. He approached the dens of the outlaws early in the morning in his buckboard, surprised them, had handcuffs on them before they could be fully awake, and drove them to jail in the buckboard. Nobody was killed, and scarcely a gun was fired. The outlaws became so "discouraged" that those who did not land in prison either fled or reformed and turned farmers.

Meanwhile McDonald's fame had grown so much that the Cattleman's Association put him on their pay roll to hunt cattle thieves. He was still Ranger, deputy sheriff, and deputy marshal, so now he was four officers in one.

His special orders were to clean the entire Cherokee Strip of criminals. The "Strip" was a thinly-settled country, legally inhabited only by Indians. A few white men who had married Indian squaws were allowed there, and others who had committed crimes had fled to the place. There were a few towns along the railroad, but there was little law and order. Stolen livestock were everywhere, and train and express robberies were common. The place was a murderer's paradise.

Before McDonald could end this state of affairs he first had to locate his criminals and get warrants for their arrest. This meant a trip into the country in disguise. He set out on horseback, dressed as a common plainsman, and armed only with a book showing beautifully-colored fruit trees growing wonderful fruit.

He had a pleasant time. No fruit tree salesman had ever been through the country before, and this one was quite ready to gossip and encourage people to talk. He readily admitted that he had committed some crimes himself and seemed eager to exchange information about crimes with his customers. The mouths of these customers fairly watered at the pictures of the luscious peaches and

apples, and as they lingered lovingly over the fruit tree catalogue they told many things about themselves and their neighbors. The sympathetic fruit tree man wrote down orders and encouraged them to talk.

The raid, which took place a month or so later, was a great success. McDonald had trouble getting anyone to go with him, for officers were afraid of the criminals. Finally a driver was secured for an extra large buckboard, on the promise that the vehicle would always be kept out of sight of the uncaptured outlaws. In a short while it was filled, with some of the prisoners walking.

By now the criminals had recognized their captor and were even able to joke about the matter. As one new prisoner was marched up to the captured group a companion greeted him.

"Hello Jim," he said. "You been buying fruit trees too, I see. Was it apples, peaches, or plums?"

"It was sour grapes," was the answer.

Cleaning up the outlaws in this area added to McDonald's fame. He had rendered obsolete the old style of sending out posses and fighting pitched battles. His very name seemed to strike terror into the hearts of outlaws. He had killed no one, and yet he had brought law into a lawless region.

A man with such a record naturally belonged to the Texas Rangers, and Governor Hogg recognized that fact officially. He made McDonald Captain of Company B, Frontier Battalion, in January, 1891. He had been a Ranger while he was deputy marshal, but now he was devoting his whole time to Ranger work.

It was not long before he had a chance to show his gratitude to the Governor. A hot political campaign was being waged in 1892, with Hogg running for re-election against Judge Clark. McDonald attended the so-called "Car Stable" convention at

Houston and kept order. He examined the credentials of everyone who entered and thus frustrated a plan of the Clark forces to control the assembly. Hogg won the election.

After the election, McDonald was stationed in Amarillo with eight men, and with instructions to bring peace and order to the Panhandle. During the next few years he and his men solved the mystery of the Wichita Falls bank robbery, ended a railway strike riot in that city, broke up a murder society at San Saba, settled peaceably the Reece-Townsend feud in Colorado County, and put an end to a race riot at Orange—to mention only a few of their exploits.

Perhaps one of McDonald's most famous exploits was his act of entering Fort Brown, at Brownsville. There were twenty bayonets at the gate to stop him, but he simply said, "I'm Ranger McDonald. A crime has been committed, and the criminal is inside. *Put up them guns.*"

They put them up, and he walked in. The officer reporting the affair later to the War Department wrote, "Give him a bucket of water, and he would charge Hades."

Not all of his work was with criminals. In April, 1905, he was the personal bodyguard of President Theodore Roosevelt while he was on a hunting trip to Texas. The "strenuous President" was so pleased with his Texas Ranger guard that later McDonald was his guest at the White House in Washington.

A later President imitated Roosevelt, for McDonald also served as a bodyguard for President Woodrow Wilson when he visited Texas in 1914. Wilson also was pleased with his guard; so pleased that he appointed him marshal of the northern district of Texas, a position which he held until his death in 1918.

One of his last Ranger exploits was that of shooting his way out of an ambush in Starr County, where he had gone to settle an election disturbance. In 1907, Governor Campbell made him State

Revenue Agent and charged him with the task of enforcing the Full Rendition Law. It was an act requiring property holders to render property for taxes at its "fair market value." The law was unpopular, and McDonald was criticized for enforcing it; but state property valuation increased a billion dollars as a result.

In summing up the work of the Rangers in general and of McDonald in particular, one cannot do better than to quote his own words. They explain the remarkable success of the Rangers in dealing with criminals. Indeed, they might well be the motto of anyone.

McDonald said, "If you wilt or falter, he will kill you, but if you go straight at him and never give him time to get cover, or to think, he will weaken, ninety-nine times in a hundred. No man in the wrong can stand up against a man in the right who keeps on a-coming."

You should know that:

David B. Culberson, later a prominent lawyer, was the father of Charles A. Culberson, who was first Governor, then Senator for Texas.

For a long time the territory north of Texas was occupied by Indians on reservations. The state of Oklahoma was organized there in 1907, although white people lived there earlier.

Do you know:

1. What act of McDonald's might be considered his bravest?
2. What men high in public life were good friends of his?
3. Why he could go into the Indian Territory when ordinary sheriffs could not?
4. Why he was able to arrest so many dangerous criminals without killing them?
5. What his philosophy was in dealing with criminals?

11. CHARLES GOODNIGHT

Ranchman, Trail Driver, and Plainsman

His First Herd

It was in the summer of 1845 that a wagon train from Illinois crept into Northern Texas and started south. For many days it moved along over dusty roads and uninhabited prairies, until finally a cluster of shacks appeared in the distance. Hiram Daugherty, driver of the lead wagon, stopped his team.

"Dallas!" he called out. "Let's camp!"

One of the first persons to leave the wagons was Daugherty's stepson, Charles Goodnight. His feet had barely touched the ground when he began to slip through the mesquite bushes and grass toward a herd of buffaloes nearby. Supper was prepared, but still he was watching them. His stepfather had to yell for him twice.

"It's the first buffaloes he has ever seen," his mother said to excuse him, "but there's no need for him to be so excited about them."

The train broke up the next day, and the Daugherty wagon moved more than a hundred miles south to a spot in Milam County. There the family stopped and built a log house of two rooms, with heavy shutters and thick walls, to protect the owners against any possible enemy. Young Charles swung an axe beside his stepfather, cutting, trimming, and notching trees, and putting them into place.

The house had not been built long when Charles' mother and his stepfather quarreled and separated. We do not know the cause



CHARLES GOODNIGHT

of the separation, but the man took the two youngest children, because he was their father, and left. The woman kept the four older children of her first marriage, for Daugherty was not their father, and stayed. A few months later little Lucinda was born. At once a great fear came to Charles.

"If he comes to get little Lucy I'll—I'll—not let him," he told his mother fiercely.

His mother tried to laugh away his fears, but it was some time before he lost them. Daugherty did not return, and Lucy became the boy's favorite sister.

The family had a struggle for existence. The oldest son, Elijah,

earned a little money working for a neighbor. Charles did chores around the house and cultivated a patch of corn. Part of his time he spent playing with neighbor boys. He never liked to hunt except to get food, but his mother could depend on him always to bring in something to eat. Sometimes he found a bee tree. When one was found, the neighbors were called in to share the honey, for frontier people divided such food with each other. It gave them a chance to eat, visit, and have fun all at the same time.

Once in a great while a preacher came their way, and Charles listened in wonder as the man talked about God and read from the Bible. The boy had little time to go to school, even when there was a school to attend, but before he reached Texas he could read and write.

When he was older and larger, he took a job of work for a neighbor. His wages at first were only four dollars per month. He turned over all of it to his mother, for she needed it to buy food and clothing. As he grew older his wages doubled, then tripled. Before long he was doing a man's work and was receiving twenty-five dollars per month.

An important time in young Charles' life was the day when Adam Sheek moved into the community, for then Charles gained two friends. Sheek was a kindly, elderly widower with several children, one of whom was a boy named Wesley, or Wes. Charles and Wes were about the same age, and soon they became good friends. They were happy when they learned that the mother of Charles and the father of Wes were to be married. Now the boys could be together all the time.

The two were then about eighteen years old, and they were hearing tales about California and other parts of the wonderful West. They bought a wagon, a team of oxen, and three horses and started west. Because the wagon was heavy to pull over muddy

roads, they walked beside the vehicle much of the time. Heavy rains made some of the creeks and rivers hard to cross. Indeed, when they reached the San Saba River, they could not ford it at all; it was too full of water.

"Guess this will stop us, unless we turn into ducks and swim," Charles commented, and they camped. As it kept on raining Wes grew homesick, and Charles himself was not feeling very happy about leaving Texas.

"Let's go back home," Wes said.

"If we did," replied Charles, "the home folks would tease us about turning back. They would say we are babies and not men."

They were silent a while, then Wes proposed, "Let's go to Waco, and then decide later what to do."

Charles agreed, and in a short while they were on their way back. When they were almost in sight of the city, they heard the bawling of cattle, and a few minutes later they saw the herd. Driving them was a worried man on a sweat-stained horse. The cattle were proving hard to handle, and before their driver could talk with the boys two minutes, his herd bolted into the woods in every direction.

"Come on, Charles, let's help!" called out Wes as he mounted a horse, and Charles needed no second invitation. It was the first time the boys had helped drive cattle, and they liked the job so well that they kept it up. Leaving their wagon behind, they started toward Waco with the stranger and his cattle. The man turned in his saddle.

"Clayborne Varner is my name," he said. "I live yonder in that house with the corrals near it. Take your wagon to it and stay there until you can make up your minds what you want to do next."

The boys went back for their wagon, but they were at the Varner

home by sundown. Varner had been buying surplus cattle until he had more than he could handle at his home. Before long he made them an offer.

"I like the way you boys handle cattle," he told them, "and I have more on hand than I can manage. I'll turn this herd over to you. Take them to any range you may choose, and I'll give you every fourth calf and every sixth dollar of beef that is sold. In that way all of us will gain."

They accepted his offer and spent several weeks helping him round up cattle. When four hundred fifty head were collected and branded a CV, the boys were ready to go. They left the Varner place near Waco and went north, Charles driving the cattle and Wes driving the oxen. When they had gone seventy miles, they camped for winter in a timbered country.

While they were camped with their herd, they learned that there was a need for someone to haul goods from Houston and Bryan for the few settlers who lived near them. They turned freighters, one of them staying with the herd and the other making the trip and bringing back food and ammunition. The venture paid so well that they made several trips.

One evening, after Charles had been out watching buffaloes, he came back to find a stranger at camp. The man stayed all night, and before he left he gave Wes and Charles some advice.

"You ought to move up northeast," he said. "The range is better up that way. There is some danger of Indians but not much. Move up to the Keechi Valley, where the grass is good for your cattle."

The partners decided to take the advice. Charles, in particular, was eager to make that herd pay. It was his first herd of cattle, and he was prouder of it than of anything else he had ever owned. It made him feel grown up. He was no longer Charles the boy; he was Goodnight the man.

You should know that:

Since Dallas County was not organized until 1846, the town itself must have been quite small in 1845.

Charles started to school at the age of seven but went only two terms. His only teacher, Jane Hagerman, he revered almost ninety years later.

Gold had been discovered in California in 1849, and several years later people were still going west to find it.

Do you know:

1. Under what conditions Charles Goodnight saw his first buffaloes?
2. What proof there is that he was fond of his sister Lucinda?
3. What his first job of work was, and how well he filled it?
4. How Charles met his friend, Wesley Sheek?
5. Under what conditions he chased his first cattle?
6. How he came to be in charge of his first herd?

Up Palo Pinto Way

The two stopped with their herd when they reached the Keechi Valley in the Palo Pinto country. There, on a little creek where water was bubbling up from black sediment, they built their corrals.

"We'll call it Black Springs," Charles said. "One of the first needs of a ranch is water, and we have it here."

The Indians in the country had long been peaceful, but now they were sullen. But with other families of white people near, Wes and Charles felt safe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheek moved to the community also, and in 1858 a log house with several rooms was built. Mother Sheek not only looked after her menfolk, but she took care of the stranger and

the homeless. When a schoolteacher could be secured, he lived with the Sheeks, for they had the largest house in the neighborhood. In time a mail route was established, and the house was the unofficial post office for the whole outlying area.

There was not much farming in the Keechi Valley, but there was good grass for the cattle. The CV herd grew larger and fatter, and its owner, Clayborne Varner, moved to nearby Weatherford. When the first contract period was ended between him and the two cowmen, it was extended for another five years.

But the little settlement in the Palo Pinto Mountains was not to be at peace much longer. The Kiowa and Comanche Indians began to invade the region. They claimed to be hunting buffaloes, but when they found cattle they stole them. The whites were grazing on their land, they said; therefore they had a right to the cattle. They said they owned the land before the whites came.

The outbreak of the War between the States in 1861 made matters worse; for when it began the soldiers were moved from nearby Fort Belknap, leaving the country unprotected. To protect themselves the settlers organized the Palo Pinto Home Guards, and Goodnight became a member of that group.

By that time the CV herd had outgrown its Keechi Valley home, and as Wes had married and wanted to stay there, Goodnight moved out. He took his herd of three hundred cattle a few miles to the northwest and set up headquarters on Elm Creek.

He was soon to learn that he could not devote all his time to cattle raising. His Home Guard group was changed into full-fledged Rangers with headquarters at Fort Belknap, and Goodnight had to go with them and live at the fort. He disliked the work around the fort, but there was much scouting, which he liked. No doubt while he was scouting he often went by his ranch.

He liked his commanding officer, Sul Ross, who was both capable and kind, and he was glad to learn that the Rangers were



Some Cattle brands that decorate the Museum at West Texas State College, Canyon.

going on an extended trip to the Pease River, in North Texas. They attacked and defeated some Comanche Indians there, and among the captives was a woman. She was weeping on account of the death of her husband, Chief Nocona, but Goodnight managed to get a good look at her.

"She's a white woman," he told his comrades, "for Indians don't have blue eyes, like hers."

Ross decided to keep her and find her people if possible, and to do that he sent her to Fort Belknap. Isaac Parker of Groesbeck heard about her and came to see her. She proved to be his long-lost niece, Cynthia Ann Parker, whom the Indians had captured when she was a little girl. They had spared her life because they wanted to raise her as an Indian.

She had grown so used to Indian ways that she never was happy with the white folk, and she kept longing to go back and live with her adopted people, the Indians. She died a few years later.

Goodnight had no sympathy with the idea of "civilizing" her. "They ought to let her go back to the Indians, where she can be happy," he said.

He still visited his mother's home in the Keechi Valley, and on one visit he met a new schoolteacher. Most of the teachers were men, for they could both teach and guard against the Indians; but this one was a woman. From the front window he watched her ride up to the yard on one horse, help a seven-year-old boy from another horse, and come into the house.

Mary Ann Dyer was her name, and she had come to Black Springs from Fort Belknap. He learned that she had lived in Tennessee and that she was an orphan and had to care for three younger brothers. Two of them, Sam and Leigh, were not with her; but Walter was too young to leave, so she had brought him with her to Keechi Valley.

Goodnight fell in love with her on sight. Fort Belknap, where he was to be on duty until early 1864, was not far away, and frequently he managed to come home. When he was out of the Ranger service and ranching again, he was able to come home even more often. When the school term ended and Miss Dyer moved to Weatherford, he found that he had much business there. The couple did not marry at once, since he had rivals, but in the end he won her.

Meanwhile the Indians were still raiding in the Palo Pinto country. Goodnight learned, when he counted his cattle, that the Indians had stolen some of them. In October of 1864, they made a raid on his Elm Creek home. Some of his cattle had been moved to the Fort Belknap area, and he was gone to Weatherford at the time to see Mary Ann. He escaped with his life and some of his cattle, but other settlers lost more heavily.

He stayed in the cattle business a while longer, but presently he made the acquaintance of Oliver Loving, another cattleman. The two became fast friends and remained friends as long as Loving lived. "God branded Loving well," Goodnight once said of his acquaintance, "and God don't do no maverick work." His second five-year contract with Varner had ended, and Goodnight had bought out the whole herd, but he was tired of fighting the Indians. He was ready for new adventures.

You should know that:

Cynthia Ann Parker had been kidnaped when she was nine years old and had married Chief Nocona. Her son, Quanah Parker, visited Goodnight years later.

Fort Belknap was in present-day Young County.

Do you know:

1. With what cattlemen Goodnight was a partner in the Keechi Valley region?

2. In what respects the location was a good one?
3. How the War between the States affected Indian raids in the region?
4. What dealings Goodnight had with Cynthia Ann Parker?
5. How he met Miss Mary Ann Dyer?
6. What he and Oliver Loving decided to do?

Trail Driving

Shortly after the end of the War between the States, Texas reached a critical stage in its economic life. Thousands of cattle had grown up during the war years of 1861 to 1865, but their owners could sell them for almost nothing in Texas. In northern and eastern states, however, where there were many people and few cattle, beef was bringing high prices. There was also a demand for cattle on Indian reservations and in mining areas such as Denver and Pueblo, Colorado, where there were many people but few cattle.

Getting Texas cattle to these markets was not easy, for there were no connecting railroads. The only way to do it was to make long, overland drives, through regions with no roads, and sometimes with hostile Indians. In some places there were deep rivers to cross, and in others there was no water at all for man or beast.

Some Texas cattlemen started driving herds to Kansas and Nebraska, for railroads were being built into these regions. Goodnight proposed to Loving, in 1866, that they start out with a herd in another direction. "We could take a herd to a government post or an Indian reservation and make a good profit," he said.

Loving considered the matter. "There is such a post at Fort Sumner, in Eastern New Mexico," he said, "but the drive would be a hard one."

"I'm willing to take the risk if you are," was Goodnight's an-

swer, "and as for driving across the Staked Plains, we'll take roundance. We'll follow the old Butterfield Stage Route, across the South Plains at their narrowest place."

Loving was convinced, and plans were made. Each man had a herd of his own, and other cattle were bought. They also bought a wagon that had been used by the government for freighting during the war. They rebuilt it, one of their additions being a chuck box to hold food and camp vessels. It was fastened to the rear end of the wagon, had a door hinged at the bottom and latched at the top, and had a swinging leg. When the door was set down, the leg rested against the ground, making a table on which food was served.

Getting experienced cowboys and assigning them to their various duties was important. It took eighteen men to handle a herd of two thousand cattle, and each man had a place along the side of the herd. The riders changed positions every three days, so that no cowboy would get more than his share of the dust. Goodnight himself rode ahead and searched for water and camping places.

"We're traveling over a route that stagecoaches followed before the War between the States," Loving explained at the start of the journey. "A man named John Butterfield drove big scarlet-and-gold coaches along it for several years, and some of his passengers went on to the gold fields in California."

The start was made from Fort Belknap on June 6, 1866, and the group passed several abandoned forts on the way. When they reached the Middle Concho River, they stopped.

"We have come to the worst part of the trail," Loving said. "Ahead are more than eighty miles of desert known as the Staked Plains. It's as level as a floor."

One of the cowboys, who had made the trip by stagecoach, added, "There won't be any water till we reach Castle Canyon

and the Pecos River. In stagecoach days they had cisterns filled with water, but they're dry now. It'll take several days, and some of the cattle may not make it."

The men made every preparation they could think of. They filled all the canteens and two water barrels to carry in the wagon. They watered the herd in the Concho River till they would drink no more, and one June afternoon they started west.

They stopped early for night and started out early the next morning. Loving, who had been on a number of other trail drives, was in general charge. He called all the men out for duty the first night, for the thirsty cattle were too restless to lie down.

The second day was worse, if possible, than the first. The thirst-crazed cattle fought with each other and bawled. The cowboys themselves were feeling the heat, their canteens were running low, and their clothes were caked with alkali dust. Goodnight again rode ahead, keeping a sharp lookout for ponds of alkali water, or "gyp" water.

"We must not let them come near any 'gyp,' " Loving warned. "If they do, they'll drink it in spite of everything we can do, and it'll kill them."

The third day of travel was even more terrible than the first two days had been, for by that time the cattle were dying. Several cows gave birth to calves, and these the cowboys had no choice but to kill, for they could not keep up with the herd. Goodnight took an ox bell from the wagon and put it on the horse of the cowboy who was riding near the head of the herd.

"If the bell gets so far ahead of you folks at the rear end of the herd that you can't hear it, yell, and we'll wait," he told them.

At two o'clock on the morning of the fourth day the weary herd and its weary drivers reached Castle Canyon and felt the gentle, damp breeze blowing up the valley from the Pecos River.

"It's twelve miles to the Horsehead crossing of the river," Loving cautioned. "We must try to hold the cattle back."

But the thirst-maddened cattle thought they smelled water. They lifted their heads and bawled, and some of them broke into a wobbly trot. Goodnight gathered up all the canteens in the crowd and rode ahead to fill them "before they muddy up the water too much."

When the herd was two miles from the river, they broke into a run, brushing aside cowboys who were trying to hold them. Straight for the river they plunged, falling over the steep bluff into water. Some of them drowned, and others bogged down in quicksand. The men dug a road through the bank and rescued most of them, but a hundred or more dead were left behind.

It took two or three days to round up the cattle and get them on the trail once more, for it seemed as if they would never drink enough. When this task was finally completed, the men and the cattle moved up the Pecos River until they reached Fort Summer, New Mexico. There the government had 8,500 Indians on a reservation and was badly in need of beeves for food.

The commanding officer looked them over and said, "I'll give you eight cents a pound for all those cows and yearlings."

As that was a high price for cattle in those days, Goodnight and Loving traded quickly. "But what will we do with the seven hundred left?" asked Goodnight.

"I'll take them and most of the men, and we'll drive them to Colorado," Loving suggested. "The miners there should pay for milk cows."

"That suits me," Goodnight replied. "I'll take two or three men and go back and get another herd ready to move west. We made good money on this trip."

So Goodnight and three cowboys started back to Texas. The

trip was not without excitement. One night in a storm the pack mule ran off, carrying with him about \$12,000 in gold that the men had received for the cattle, and all the food that they had. Goodnight groped frantically after the scared animal, finally catching the end of the dragging rope dangling from his neck.

"We tore up enough ground for a circus," Goodnight said later in telling the story. "We recovered the money, but the food was gone. All we could find in the way of food the next day was one little piece of bacon about six inches square. We could not even find the sacks of tobacco that had been on the mule. Guess the coyotes ate the food, but I can't figure what they did with the tobacco."

For several days the travelers went almost without food; then they overtook a man with a wagonload of watermelons. He was hauling them to Texas to sell, but he agreed to sell some to the hungry men. They were "filling but not fattening," as Goodnight put it. The watermelon man also divided his store of other food with the travelers, and with this aid they reached Weatherford. It had taken them seventeen days to make the return trip.

Collecting another herd was quick work, for cattle raisers eagerly drove the animals to a central place, where Goodnight bought them. It was not long before he and another group of cowboys were going back over the route of their first drive, which came to be called the Goodnight Trail, because he first used it for cattle driving. He knew the way now, and he knew better how to get across that eighty-odd miles of desert than he had known the first time. When the second herd reached Fort Summer, only five head of cattle had been lost.

There were other drives. On the third one, in 1867, the Indians attacked. Loving was wounded and was cut off from help, and though Goodnight finally rescued him, he died. His partner sorrowfully carried his body all the way back to Weatherford



Chuck wagon and bedding used by cowboys on the roundup.

for burial. There were several other drives into Colorado, and for a while Goodnight had a ranch there.

Altogether he followed trail driving about nine years, taking to market an average of eight to ten thousand cattle yearly. Usually his trips were peaceful, but on one trip some natives killed two of his cowboys. On another trip he fired three of his cowboys for gambling on the trail. He allowed no gambling or drinking on the trail, for they caused the cowboys to neglect their work and to quarrel, he said. He had to drive the herd some miles by himself, until he could hire other helpers.

On another occasion he refused to pay toll to a Colorado man, who finally let him go by free. On his return he simply blazed another trail. Much feeling arose over the cattle tick, which made Texas cattle sick, and Colorado stockmen tried to keep Texas animals out of their state. Goodnight claimed that his cattle did not have ticks, and on one drive he crossed into Colorado with a gun on his saddle to defend himself.

Goodnight was a trail blazer, and he made money buying cattle and driving them to market. But the work was hard, and he was away from home much of the time. He began to long for a ranch of his own. He decided to quit driving cattle.

You should know that:

If the cattle had not been driven straight across the Plains the Indian danger would have been greater, and there would have been several hundred miles of "waterless" driving.

The chuck box later became a common feature of drives and roundups, but before 1866 few people had used it.

The outbreak of the War between the States (1861) had stopped the Butterfield stagecoaches.

On later drives the herds traveled night and day across the eighty-odd miles of desert, thereby shortening the time.

The Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River was so named because in early days the Indians had marked it with the skulls of horses.

Do you know:

1. Why there was a heavy demand for Texas cattle after the War between the States?
2. Why it was hard to supply that demand?
3. What Goodnight and Loving decided to do about it?

4. Why they had so much trouble in Castle Canyon?
5. Why the buyer did not take all of their stock?
6. What they did with the unsold stock?
7. How Goodnight fared on later drives?

In the Panhandle

For some time after he quit trail driving, Goodnight was a rancher and farmer in Colorado. But beginning in 1873 there were several years of hard times in the United States. Cattle prices went very low, and Goodnight lost heavily. He was ready to go back to Texas. One of his men, Martínez, told him about an ideal place for a ranch.

"I trapped wild horses there," he said. "It's a deep canyon, large enough for a big ranch. It has water, grass, and trees; and its walls are so high that no fence will be needed."

"Just what I want!" Goodnight exclaimed, and he rounded up a herd of cattle and started them toward the Panhandle of Texas. While others drove the livestock, he and Martínez went ahead to find the place. The Panhandle was almost uninhabited then, and there were many canyons in it. Martínez became confused, then was almost in despair. Finally the two men rode up to the head of Palo Duro Canyon, and Martínez shouted with joy, "At last I have found it!"

So it was that during the spring of 1876 Goodnight drove a herd into Palo Duro Canyon. It was the Prairie Dog Town Fork or headwaters of the Red River, and it cut a gash in the northern Staked Plains some sixty miles long. It was almost a thousand feet deep and was a hundred yards to fifteen miles wide. With its shelter, water, grass, trees, and bluffs for protection against the cold, it was a natural place for a ranch.

Goodnight for some time was busy ending his Colorado affairs

and bringing in supplies but he took time for a visit. Hearing of a man named Dutch Henry who might give trouble, he hired a guide and went into the northern Panhandle to see him.

"I want an understanding with you, peaceable if possible," he told the man, after he had explained where he was locating. "You leave my part of the country alone, and I'll leave yours alone."

"That's fair enough," Dutch Henry answered, and they parted as friends. Both kept the agreement, and there was no trouble between them.

In the new location one of Goodnight's first tasks was to build a headquarters which he called the Old Home Ranch. He was over two hundred miles from the nearest railroad and center of supplies, and it was eighty miles to the nearest neighbor on the Canadian River, where T. S. Bugbee lived. It was a lonely life for Mrs. Goodnight, but she refused to stay anywhere else. When he sent her to California for the winter, she notified him shortly that she was coming home, and he had no choice but to meet her at the nearest station.

Before long he formed a partnership with John Adair, the owner of a large estate in Ireland, and a man who had become wealthy in the brokerage business in New York and Denver. As he was eager to get into the cattle business and Goodnight needed the money for large-scale operations, they became partners in 1877. Adair invested several hundred thousand dollars. Goodnight furnished his herd, was to be active manager, and was to have a third interest.

Getting control of enough land proved to be a problem. The state of Texas owned the land, but the firm of Gunter and Munson had secured from the state permits entitling them to locate anywhere in the Panhandle. They were thus ahead of Goodnight, who had to deal with them for leases. He paid a dollar an acre for 12,000 acres to be located where he chose, and he selected



Bunkhouse of a cowboy.

small patches of land in scattered holdings. No other large-scale ranchmen could then locate near him. He bought control of other land, either joining the canyon or elsewhere, until he had a large holding.

Gradually a first-class ranch grew up. It was called the JA Ranch, the brand being the initials of Adair. The new headquarters were in a different place from the Old Home Ranch headquarters, and there was room for the cowboys, a blacksmith shop, a house for the cook and his wife, and another for Goodnight and his wife. Later, other ranch houses were built on different ranch locations. Mrs. Goodnight was the guardian angel of the ranch. She patched clothes, sewed on buttons, doctored sick cowboys, and kept her high-tempered husband in good spirits. At first her nearest neighbor was Mrs. Bugbee, eighty miles away, but before long people were settling nearer Palo Duro Canyon. One group, led by Rev. L. H. Carhart, established a town which he named Clarendon after his wife.

There were visitors also, in those early days. Mrs. Adair was especially welcome, and the two women liked each other very much. The Comanche Chief, Quanah Parker, came with a large number of braves and squaws, in 1878.

"Out hunting for buffaloes, but beeves might do," he told his unwilling host, and the group stayed for several weeks, eating two beeves a day.

Some soldiers "happened" by about that time to see that peace was kept, and they too had to be fed. Others came and went, and always they were welcome—if they did not stay too long.

Meanwhile the JA Ranch was growing. Goodnight brought in registered stock to build up the herd, and every fall he took out the poorer quality of cattle and sent them to market with the fat beeves. One of the first wire fences on the Plains was a short one across the canyon to separate the purebred cows from the

others. At the end of eleven years the JA Ranch had many blooded Durhams and Herefords.

The partnership continued till 1888, more than two years after the death of Adair. Goodnight then ended the arrangement, leaving the JA Ranch to Mrs. Adair and taking for himself the Quitaque Ranch of 140,000 acres and 20,000 cattle. At first he and L. R. Moore were partners, but later he sold his interest. He then moved to a place sixteen miles north of the JA Ranch, near a station on the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad called "Goodnight."

There he raised a herd of buffaloes, some years after those animals had become scarce. Around his pasture was an eight-wire fence, which held deer and elk as well as buffaloes. It was Mrs. Goodnight who wanted to preserve the buffaloes. To please her, Goodnight roped two buffalo calves, and a few weeks later her brother, Leigh Dyer, roped two more.

The captives were turned over to milk cows, which nursed their strange looking babies until they were large enough to wean. They became so tame that they were afraid of no one, and they ran with the other livestock. They made the Goodnight ranch famous, and in time they proved profitable. Goodnight had no trouble in getting a hundred dollars for a buffalo hide, and he sold the meat for fancy prices. Once in a while he had an old-fashioned buffalo hunt, with Indians doing the hunting and hundreds of whites looking on.

Railroads came to the Panhandle, and with them came settlers. Although some old-time cattlemen despised the "nesters," as they called them, Goodnight knew they were in the country to stay and helped them. With his aid they secured grain, seeds, machinery, and water; and he was active in building schools and churches. He gave large sums to Goodnight College, which served the Panhandle in its day.

Law and order had the wholehearted support of Goodnight, too, as it came to the Plains. One county after another was organized in the region, and always he helped in the beginning work. While he refused to hold any office except that of County Commissioner, he spent many hours serving on grand juries.

Mrs. Goodnight passed away and left him all alone. He sold his last ranch in 1916, but stayed on as life manager. A young lady named Corinne Goodnight came by to see him, thinking they might be related. She found him sick, nursed him back to health, and married him, when he was ninety-one years old and she twenty-six. Shortly afterward he joined the church and quit using tobacco "at nine o'clock last night," as he put it. During the last two years of his life he spent his summers in Clarendon and his winters in Phoenix, Arizona. It was from Phoenix that he answered the call for the last roundup.

His philosophy of life is summed up in his words to a friend. "Man's nothing but a speck," he said. "Haven't you camped out alone, fifty miles from anybody you knew, and looked up at the stars, and thought what a little thing man is?"

Perhaps he was correct, but if so, he was larger than the usual "speck." As a pioneer settler, trail driver, cattleman, and plainsman he did much to develop the state. Indeed, his influence extends beyond Texas; it includes the Great Southwest.

You should know that:

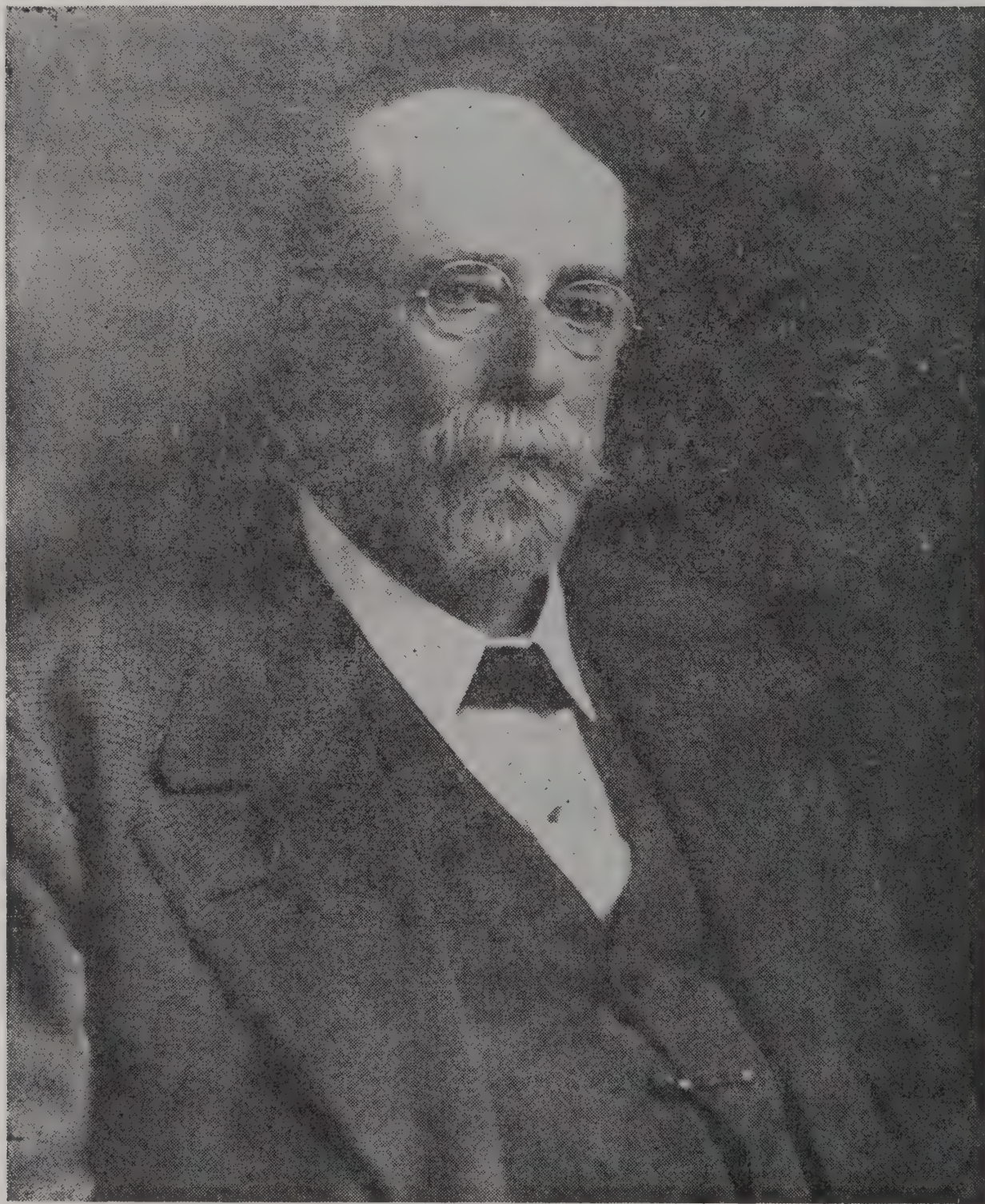
Palo Duro Canyon is now a state park.

Upon the death of Adair on May 14, 1885, Mrs. Adair fell heir to her husband's part of the JA Ranch.

Do you know:

1. Why Palo Duro Canyon was a good place for a ranch?

2. How Goodnight gained control of the ranch land there?
3. What the terms of his partnership with Adair were?
4. What other ranching ventures Goodnight made after leaving the JA Ranch?
5. For what services he deserves to be remembered?



MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD

12. MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD

An All-Around Texan

Farmer, Warrior, and Trail Driver

The storm of the War between the States had burst in full fury, and young George Washington Littlefield decided to enlist. Like the dutiful son that he was, he sought his mother. She was busy running the family plantation in Gonzales County, but she stopped to talk with him.

"I expected you to get the notion," she told him, "even though you are only nineteen, and I need you to help on the farm."

"But you have been running it successfully since Father died, eight years ago, Mother. And others my age are joining the Confederate Army."

"Yes, I know," she sighed, "and I won't stand in your way. If your father were alive he would want you to go."

He waved good-bye to his mother and rode to Gonzales where he joined a company of volunteers that was being formed there. Isham G. Jones was the Captain, and George Littlefield was the Second Sergeant.

They went into camp at Gonzales, where presently they heard that B. Terry, Tom Lubbock, and John A. Wharton were organizing a cavalry division in Houston. The Gonzales group joined them.

The new division became famous as Terry's Texas Rangers. They were under the command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was a Texan himself and was holding an important part of the Confederate lines in Kentucky and Tennessee. Terry's Rangers,

including Littlefield, at first did picket duty, but later they were in the thick of the heavy fighting.

Littlefield, who showed himself brave in action, was soon made Second Lieutenant. A few days later he was made Captain, and still later he was given the rank of Major. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, and Chickamauga. Unscratched for some time, he was finally wounded severely by a shrapnel shell and had to be discharged from service.

Carrying his crutches on his saddle, he returned to Gonzales, reaching home in late September, 1864. He had married almost two years earlier, and both his wife and his mother welcomed him home. To his own surprise, he made a success of farming and running the plantation.

But times were hard. Within a few months after he had reached home the South was defeated and helpless, and all the Southern states were in the grip of an economic and a moral depression. Texas was better off than some of the other Southern states, for cattle were plentiful, and cotton was bringing a good price. The former Negro slaves of the Littlefields remained, for the most part, with their former masters and worked for wages.

During the first year or two after the war, therefore, "Marse George" was a large-scale farmer. He continued the plans and policies of his mother, who was glad to place him in charge after twelve or more years of managing things herself. He knew how to manage Negroes, and he planted and sowed at the right seasons to make good crops.

In 1868, he had his first serious trouble, when the army worm ruined most of his cotton crop. Then for the next two years his rich river bottom lands were flooded and the crops destroyed. He called the former Negro slaves together.

"You will have to go to work for yourselves," he told them.

Some of them left, but others stayed on. One of those who stayed was Old Nath. This faithful servant stayed with "Marse George" from early manhood to the end of his life. He outlived Littlefield by several years and, when the latter died, he provided for the Negro in his will. In the end the two were buried side by side.

The young Major now turned to cattle. There was a great demand for beef in the North and East, and there were thousands of head of cattle in Texas. There were not many railroads in the state, however, and the problem of getting the cattle to market was a big one. About the only way to do it was to drive them overland to Kansas, the nearest railroad center with eastern connections.

Littlefield had been raising cattle as a side line for some time before he quit farming. In 1866, he had started a mercantile business on the road between Gonzales and San Antonio, sometimes taking cows in pay for goods or debts. When farm losses occurred, he decided to get together a large herd of cattle and take them up the trail.

There is some evidence to support the idea that he had already driven horses toward Louisiana, and he may have driven his first herd of cattle in that direction. However, by 1871, railroad shipping pens had been built in Kansas, and it is known that he headed the herd that year in that direction.

It was a mixed herd of different kinds of cattle. Six hundred of them he already owned, and another five hundred he bought on credit. There were ten cowboys and a cook, including three Negroes, in the outfit. Each man furnished his own mount and was paid seventy-five dollars per month. An old-time wagon drawn by yokes of oxen carried their camping supplies and beds.

The route they took led them from Gonzales through Seguin, Austin, Waco, and Fort Worth, and across the Red River and

Indian Territory to Abilene, Kansas. The Red River was so swollen from rains that they had to swim it, at least until one of the horses hit quicksand and sank out of sight. After that experience, the group decided to cross the other animals on a ferry.

As the herd made its way through the Indian Territory, the Indians along the route made their usual demands for beeves. They were not on the warpath, though, and with plenty of meat to eat they gave no trouble.

When the herd and its drivers were twenty miles from Abilene, Littlefield left the herd and went on to town to find a buyer for his cattle. Camped all around were other herds, for the cattle drives were in full swing. It must have been a problem to keep the different herds from mixing, but with ten cowboys at work, the job was done. After four days Littlefield brought out "a sporty looking man," who bought the entire herd at from forty to fifty dollars per head.

This was such a good profit that their former owner was happy. He bought a small wagon, put a man named Ferguson in the driver's seat, loaded it with such goods as were wanted back home, and told him to drive it back to Gonzales. Then he and some of those with him took the train for Houston, and from there went to Gonzales by stagecoach. He had learned that good money was to be made in trail driving and was eager to devote his whole time to it.

This trip over the trail was the only one that Littlefield actually made himself; thereafter he sent others. He went into partnership with J. C. Dilworth of Gonzales, secured a group of hired helpers upon whom he could rely, and continued in the trail driving business on a large scale.

The partnership with Dilworth soon ended, but the trail driving

continued. In five years Littlefield had sent herds into Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and the Dakotas. He kept up his trail driving until 1884, when he began shipping by rail.

A depression occurred in 1873, and with it came hard times and low cattle prices. Many lost money, but Littlefield made it, for he was prepared. His plan is explained in his own words, "When everybody is wanting to sell, I buy; and when everybody is wanting to buy, I sell." He bought cattle in 1873 and several years later, when prosperity had returned, he sold them.

Holding, and sometimes feeding, as many as thirty thousand head of cattle at one time, was a task to which he devoted his whole attention. He had moved to the town of Gonzales, but much of the time he was away from home. As he was buying stock most of the time, and as there were few banks, he carried large sums of money on his buying expeditions.

One day he drove a buggy up to a store in Gonzales and had two large sacks of gold and silver coins loaded into it. The money was so heavy that it took three large men to load it and two horses to pull the loaded vehicle. The buggy springs were weighted down to the axles, but he kept moving along. When he reached the place, about twenty miles from town, where the cattle were for sale, he spread the money out on a large blanket on the ground. As he bought cattle he counted out the pay to those who were selling.

He had other experiences perhaps more exciting, in those days of cattle buying and trail driving. Once a herd was within sight of Dodge City, its Kansas destination, when a norther struck. It was so cold that some of the cowboys left the herd and went to town to keep warm. When Littlefield, who was in Dodge City looking for a buyer, heard what was happening, he grabbed a horse and did cowboy work himself for a while in zero weather.

Sometimes Mrs. Littlefield went along and shared in the excitement. She liked staying in hotels while her husband was doing business, and she liked some of the hotel services. "Why we had as many as three glasses of soda in a day sometimes," she told friends.

You should know that:

George Littlefield's father moved from South Carolina to Mississippi; then, about 1850, came to Texas. His family followed a year or two later, and all settled in the Guadalupe River bottom, fifteen miles from Gonzales.

The so-called "Reconstruction Period," just after the War between the States, was one of hard times in all the Southern states. Union armies were stationed in the South, and Southern whites were not allowed to vote or hold office—so there was much bad government.

It was common for trail drivers to let Indians have a few beeves to eat as they passed through their reservations.

Do you know:

1. What part George Littlefield played in the War between the States?
2. Why he turned from farming to cattle driving?
3. What proof there is that the former slaves of the Littlefields were well treated?
4. What happened during Littlefield's first cattle drive?
5. How he made money during hard times when others were losing money?
6. What exciting experiences he had while he was buying or driving cattle?

Cowman and Ranch Owner

Littlefield kept up his trail driving until 1884, but several years before then he was a ranch owner. He learned that it paid to buy South Texas cattle, keep them on pastures a year or two farther north, and then sell them. To do that, he needed a ranch in the Panhandle. Wire fences had not yet come into general use, and most of the ranches were "open range." On such ranges the ranchmen seldom owned very much of the land; they just leased or grazed it without enclosing the stock in pastures.

When Littlefield decided he needed such a ranch he went to Phelps White, his nephew.

"I'm establishing a ranch in the Panhandle," he said, "and it looks like I'm going to make a pretty fair profit. I wonder if you would like to go ranching with me."

"Surely, I'll go anywhere with you."

So Littlefield sent him and some other trusted cowboys up the trail with 3,300 head of cattle. Their headquarters was near the town of Tascosa, which was then a new town with only two or three store buildings. They lived in a dugout and secured their water by hauling it from the nearby river. The ranch was called the LIT, from the brand used.

Life was hard, and the LIT cowboys grew lonesome. There were few women in the country, but there were dances to pass the time. When a dance did occur, the cowboys stayed until the early hours of the morning, dancing to such tunes as "Good-by Old Paint," and "Cotton-Eye Joe."

Once there was a sick child on a pallet near the dancing. Nobody thought much about it till the child stirred and fretted. A cowboy stooped over and looked. He arose with a white face.

"It's smallpox!" he half whispered. "He's rotten with it!"

It was smallpox indeed, as the others soon saw. No one there

had had the dread disease, but the cowboys refused to moan or groan.

"There's no use to go home now," one of them said. "We might as well stay till morning."

They stayed, and the entire outfit had the smallpox, seven of them having it at the same time. They recovered, but the disease spread. A young doctor moved into town and went to work. He had almost no medicine, but he felt that he had to do something to relieve the terrible itching of the sufferers. He made a paste of gunpowder and water and applied it to the sores, and it was soothing.

Meanwhile the owner of the LIT was back in Gonzales at work. He figured that he had some good men on the ranch, and that they would take care of things in his absence.

They did, although it meant hard labor at times. Their work was different from later ranch work, for there were no fences to keep repaired or windmills to keep running. Some of the cattle failed to live through the winter, and others drifted so far south as to get off the range. This made necessary a spring roundup, extending as far west as New Mexico and as far south as the Pecos River.

To head off some of the drifting stock, LIT riders made winter camps in the form of dugouts along Palo Duro Canyon, near the present city of Canyon. Equipped with food for themselves and feed for their horses, they stopped many LIT cattle on their journey south and made easier the later roundup.

At Tascosa they had some famous visitors. One day five men rode into town and offered to sell some horses. Their leader, a smooth-faced young man, had a familiar look. Finally a cowboy spoke up.

"You're Billy the Kid," he announced.

The newcomer's face tightened a bit, but he replied, "That's so. But we're not up to any tricks. We only want to sell some horses."

They compromised by having a horse race, and a Tascosa cowboy's horse beat the Kid's horse by fifty feet. The losing rider was inclined to argue, but his leader ordered him hush. The Kid and his men came through Tascosa once or twice a year and behaved nicely. The leader himself even dropped into the LIT camp and spent part of one winter working for his board.

At the LIT headquarters the men stayed in their dugout through the first winter. The next year they bought the adobe house of an old man who had been living near. It had thick walls, a sod roof, and an adjoining lean-to which served as a shed for horses. The house itself was divided into a kitchen, a living-and-bed-room, and a storage room.

In the center of the living room, where the men rolled out their beds for the night, was a pole supporting the roof, with nails or pegs in the upper reaches where clothes were hung. If a cowboy found a better shirt or other articles of clothing than the one he had hung up, he sometimes took it. For that reason it was called "The Donation Post."

People began to build fences in the Tascosa country in the early eighties, and that meant buying land. Rather than go to that expense Littlefield sold his LIT Ranch in 1881 for \$253,000 and moved to a new location on the Pecos River in New Mexico. There he had plenty of free range, for as yet few people were living in that area. He called it the LFD ranch.

A few years later he established another ranch, the Four Lakes Ranch, on the Staked Plains east of Roswell. It was fed by fresh spring water, but when a drouth hit the country in 1886, there was not enough water for all. The Littlefield men placed windmills ten miles apart on all parts of the ranch, so that cattle

would not have to walk more than five miles from any place to get water. The Four Lakes Ranch was one of the first ranches to make extensive use of windmills.

Littlefield, who never lived on any of these ranches himself, owned several ranches. He owned the Foster Ranch, twelve miles up the San Marcos River from Gonzales. He also owned the Dinner Bell Ranch, near Kyle, the Mill Creek Ranch in Mason County, and the Little Elm Creek Ranch in Kimble County.

One of his most famous purchases was the Yellowhouse Ranch in Lamb, Hockley, Bailey, and Cochran counties. It contained about 250,000 acres, and he gave 32,000 acres of that to a railroad to build through his holdings. He was rewarded by seeing the town of Littlefield grow up in the center of his pasture. Not only has it developed into a thriving city, but the whole region has become a leading agricultural area.

You should know that:

Old Tascosa was near the Canadian River, in present-day Oldham County. It is now a ghost town. A newer Tascosa is on the railroad a few miles away.

The horses which Billy the Kid and his men were trying to sell probably were stolen in New Mexico. He was a notorious bandit who killed several men before he himself was finally killed.

When Littlefield sold the LIT Ranch he also sold the brand. Later he offered \$1000 for the brand, but the owners refused to sell.

Do you know:

1. Why Littlefield decided to have a ranch in the Panhandle?
2. How open range ranches differed from later ranches?
3. Why the owner sold the LIT Ranch?
4. Where and why he established the LFD Ranch?

5. What other ranches he owned?
6. What experiences his men had with Billy the Kid?
7. Why the brands LIT and LFD were chosen?
8. What "The Donation Post" was?

Banking, Politics, and Educational Interests

It was natural that Littlefield should enter the banking business, because of the large sums of money he handled. Too, when he started his large-scale operations, money was bringing as much as 2 per cent interest monthly, so banking was profitable.

He began by cashing checks in his store that were presented by people with money in distant banks, a service for which he charged 1 per cent. In time he added a rail to cut off one corner of his store, and by that time he was doing other kinds of banking operations. In 1883, he moved to Austin to be closer to the center of his business enterprises.

There, after one or two other ventures, he organized the American National Bank and was its president until his death in 1920. It had a beginning capital stock of \$100,000, but that was soon doubled, then tripled. Sometimes he had a personal account of as much as \$1,000,000 in it, and the foremen of his ranches wrote checks directly on him. Often they came to Austin and went over the checks with him, explaining them and answering questions.

He also built the nine-story Littlefield building on Sixth Street and Congress Avenue in Austin, but the bank was his pride and joy. The bronze doors at its main entrance pictured actual scenes on one or more of his ranches, and the door handles were small metal steer heads. A New York magazine called them "The most famous bronze doors in America." It went on to say, "Other doors represent carnage and destruction, but these represent a great industry."



Doors of the American National Bank in Austin

That a man as busy as Littlefield should take an interest in politics was a tribute to his many-sided nature. He was an old-time Democrat and a strong believer in state's rights. He thought the convention system of nominating candidates was better than the primary, and he was opposed to Woman Suffrage and Prohibition. He was a strong supporter of such famous Texans as Sul Ross, John H. Reagan, and James Stephen Hogg.

He was also a great believer in law enforcement and asked no favors for himself. Once, when he was traveling a little too fast to work, a policeman stopped him.

"You ought not to be going so fast," the man told him. "We might have to fine you."

"I don't have time to see you now," Littlefield replied. "Come around tomorrow, and we'll talk it over."

The record is silent as to whether the policeman "came around." If he did, Littlefield probably paid his fine without a word of protest.

When Jim Ferguson ran for Governor, Littlefield supported him with his time and money. After Ferguson was elected, he became involved in a fight with the University of Texas, and especially with the then Acting President W. J. Battle. Ferguson accused the University of carrying "dead men" on the payroll and demanded that Battle and several University professors be discharged.

When the Board of Regents of the University refused to follow the Governor's recommendations, the fight was carried to the Legislature. Ferguson finally vetoed the appropriation bill for the University, and he tried to get men on the Board of Regents who were friendly to him. He also removed a large sum of money from Littlefield's bank and put it in his own bank at Temple.

All this was too much for Littlefield, who was a member of



Littlefield home in Austin

the Board of Regents. He started out as Ferguson's supporter, but later he changed his allegiance to the University.

In many other ways he showed his high regard for that institution. Perhaps he loved it because he himself had not been able to complete his college education. Perhaps his affection for it grew

as he watched the University campus from his red brick home or passed it daily to and from work. Whatever the causes, he became its friend.

The first of his many gifts to the University was a check for \$4000 to get the Young Men's Christian Association out of debt. Another was for \$225,000 to help purchase the Wrenn Library, a collection of valuable rare books. Yet another half a million dollars went to make improvements in the main building. To erect the Alice Littlefield Dormitory for girls he donated \$300,000, and at his death his home was given to the University.

His best known gift was for the teaching of Southern History and for erecting statues in honor of leading Southerners. He made his first gift to that cause after Dr. E. C. Barker of the History Department wrote him a letter suggesting that a collection of source materials be made for the University, and that a professorship in Southern History be provided.

Littlefield was interested at once and, after due consideration, he turned over to the Board of Regents a sum from which only the available income could be spent. The first \$25,000 was in the form of land notes bearing six per cent interest. The fund was to be handled by three trustees, under the guidance of the Board of Regents of the University. For twenty-five years only the interest was to be spent, but after that time the principal might be used if it was deemed wise.

Work was started at once on the collection of historical materials, but soon it was seen that more money was needed. Littlefield added more than \$30,000 to the fund, and in his will he left another hundred thousand. By the time of his death in 1920 the collection contained thousands of books, pamphlets, old newspapers, and other valuable source materials. Because of these gifts the University of Texas became a leading center for the study of Southern History.



Littlefield Dormitory at the University of Texas

Some mention must be made of Littlefield's services to his relatives and friends. Only two children were born to the family, and both died when they were young. However, he had many nephews, almost all of whom he aided in one way or another. One nephew, Will White, was put on the Dinner Bell Ranch near Kyle. Another, Shelton Dowell, was made manager of the Foster Ranch near Gonzales. Still another, Edgar Harrel, was put on the LFD Ranch. Once, in 1883, he got together a group of his

foremen and range bosses, organized them into a company, and practically gave them the stock or shares of the organization.

These are only a few of the instances of good deeds done to friends and employees. He allowed his hired men to run their own brands on his range, and he helped some of them become ranch owners. Thanks in part to his generosity, several of them died rich. He sent relatives to school when they were young, helped them succeed in business, gave them fatherly advice, and sometimes paid their debts.

That he was remarkably successful in his undertakings cannot be doubted. And while this success may have been due in part to farsighted planning, it was also due to the fact that he knew how to select good men to operate his ranches. To the end of his life he loved the South, but he wasted no tears over her defeat. He showed his devotion to the Southern cause by making provisions for the teaching of the truth about that cause to future generations.

As farmer, Confederate veteran, trail driver, banker, business man, and philanthropist, he wrote his name high on the roll of famous Texans.

You should know that:

The American National Bank is still a leading bank of Austin.

The Financier was the name of the magazine printing the article about the bank doors.

Nominating primaries came into general use in Texas in 1906. Before then, nominations were made by conventions. Nominations are made by conventions now only if the party polled less than 200,000 votes in the last general election in the state.

Ferguson was finally impeached and turned out of office, but his wife later was elected Governor.

Do you know:

1. Why Littlefield first went into the banking business?
2. What some of Littlefield's political beliefs or interests were?
3. Why Ferguson and the University engaged in a dispute?
4. What part Littlefield took in it?
5. What he did to promote the study of history?
6. What qualities of the man helped make him successful?



Many Texas pioneers lived in log houses similar to this one. Chimneys were sometimes made of rocks. Some homes were made of sod, while others were dug-outs.

13. CHARLES SCHREINER *General Storekeeper*

Early Years in the Hill Country

Charles Schreiner was a lad of fourteen when his father brought the family to Texas. It was no light decision that the head of the house took in making that move. Europe was old and settled, and Texas was new and unsettled. The United States itself was not old as nations go, and Texas was then one of its newest and least developed states.

But Gustav Adolph Schreiner was sick and tired of Old World wars, and the spirit of adventure had hold of him. Accordingly, he and his family of six left their beautiful ancestral home in the Vosges Mountains of Alsace, France, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 1852. They first landed at New Orleans and followed with a voyage across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston. From there they went to Indianola and traveled overland by mule team to San Antonio, reaching that sprawling town in September.

The trip proved too much for the father of the household, for he died shortly after arriving in San Antonio. To be left a widow with five children in a strange land was a heavy responsibility, but Mrs. Schreiner met it for more than four years. Then the shadow of death fell across the household once more, and she went to join her husband.

Charles, who had already been in a company of Rangers for two years, now returned home for a short while. His service as a Ranger had taken him into the beautiful Hill Country, now called the Edwards Plateau, in the Guadalupe River valley, and his mind was made up. He was going to that region to live. He moved to Kerr County and set up a small ranch on Turkey Creek, a tributary of the Guadalupe River.

**CHARLES SCHREINER**

His brother-in-law, Casper Real, was in the venture with him, and one of their early tasks was to build a modest log cabin by hand. Not long afterward he persuaded Miss Lena M. Enderle to be his wife. He brought her to the Turkey Creek Ranch, and without benefit of honeymoon they started life together.

He liked his new home in America so well that in 1860 he took out his first citizenship papers. Already the quarrel over secession and slavery was growing bitter in the United States, and the next year the War between the States began. Young Charles became involved in it, for, although he had no slaves, he loved his newly adopted state. He left his bride a short while after their marriage and enlisted in the Confederate Army.

He fought for three and a half years, his service ending only

when the Confederate General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House. He was in a number of hard-fought battles. There is no record of anything unusual that he did, but his commanding officer said that he was "the best forager in my outfit."

When the war was over, the young soldier-rancher landed in San Antonio and asked about the cost of a ride to Kerrville. When he was told, he shook his head. He had only five dollars of discharge pay.

"I'll walk," he said half to himself. "It would take my last dollar to ride. And Lena and the boy will need the money."

He did walk the sixty-odd miles and found his wife and child waiting for him. They had suffered during his absence, for times were hard and money was scarce. Outlaws and cattle thieves had almost wiped out their little herd, but being true frontiersmen, they had stayed on.

Meanwhile the country around them was settling up. Kerr County had been organized in 1856 by being cut off from Bexar County. The first settlement of sturdy Germans was at Fredericksburg, and another one was at Comfort, both in the Hill Country not far from Kerrville. Kerrville was given a city charter in 1856, but it remained a mere village until after the war.

When Schreiner was elected county and district clerk, he began riding back and forth from his home to Kerrville. He kept up this practice for a year or two after he opened his store in 1869; then the family moved to town. There is no evidence that he was tired of ranching, but a general store was needed to supply the growing country.

There was one need in the new business that he did not have—money. He went to an older merchant named August Faltin.

"If you'll supply the money, I'll supply the time and energy," he said.

Faltin studied the matter a while and replied, "I'll furnish ten thousand dollars, and you do all the work. We'll divide the profits equally."

Schreiner agreed, and Faltin remained at his home and business in Comfort. Schreiner used the money to erect a building about thirty by sixty feet and stock it with goods. Later both building and stock were enlarged.

Because the old building has long since been replaced by a more modern one, it is difficult to describe accurately the store which opened its doors to the public on Christmas Eve Day, 1869. We know that it was a cypress slab structure, with three-inch planks on the outside to cover the seams between slabs. Either at the beginning or later, a picket fence was built around it to keep out stray animals. The fence was a good place to hitch horses while their owners traded.

The other features of the store, as it appeared later, were gradually added. There were double doors, opening to the inside and barred at night. The building faced almost south, with a lean-to on one side and two windows and a door on the other side.

At the rear of the store was a cellar holding barrels of coal oil (kerosene), whiskey, molasses, and other "groceries." Inside, the walls were neatly whitewashed. A wood-burning stove was in the center of the building, its pipe making an L before going out through the west side.

On the right of the building, as one entered from the front, and running from front to back, was a counter made of rough board. When it reached the rear it made an L to provide space for a small office. In that office space, besides a few office fixtures, were kept barrels of coffee, rice, sugar, lard, and dried fruit.

Along the rear wall was a stock of groceries on shelves. The dry goods were behind the long counter. On the opposite side and chiefly hanging on hooks were harness, saddles, buckets, tubs,

kegs, and other wooden ware. There was a shelf for patent medicines such as Hostetter's Bitters, Peruna, Janes' Tonic, Ayers' Pills, Vermifuge, and several other kinds of pain killers for man or beast.

In the early days of its existence the firm of Faltin and Schreiner did a small business. The first credit purchase was a dollar's worth of coffee. At the end of the first month Schreiner looked at his books and was satisfied.

"Cash sales averaged \$2.50 a day, and total sales were about fifteen dollars a day," he announced to his wife.

The business really began to grow about 1870-71, at which time the country was recovering from the shock of the war, and the cattle drives were in progress from Texas to Kansas and Nebraska. Kerrville, on an important cattle trail, profited from them. Schreiner was indeed happy when he counted his total sales at the end of 1870.

"They amount to five thousand dollars," he announced proudly. It was indeed a good start, but it was quite a contrast to the million dollars' worth of business that the store was doing yearly by 1945.

During the first year, the store had no safe for the keeping of valuables. There was a loose board in the floor and, after dark, Schreiner simply raised it. There he deposited the money taken in during the day, replaced the board, and rolled a barrel over it.

Because much of the business was done on credit, an accurate daily account had to be kept of all credit sales. These account books have been preserved, and they show not only the goods sold but also the cash withdrawals of the owners. In the partnership contract it was agreed that Schreiner was to draw out enough money to live on, and Faltin was to receive an equal amount of cash. At the end of the ten-year partnership period Schreiner became the sole owner.

You should know that:

Although Alsace was once a part of the Holy Roman Empire,

it belonged to France from 1648 to 1871. Germany took it then and held it until 1918. It belongs to France now, but many of its inhabitants are of German blood.

Charles became a Ranger at the age of sixteen, for he was born in 1838. His mother gave her consent for him to join the organization.

Charles probably met his future wife in San Antonio. She was from a province in Germany.

Do you know:

1. Why the Schreiners came to Texas?
2. How Charles learned to know and like the Hill Country?
3. How he showed his love for the country of his adoption?
4. How the old Schreiner store looked, inside and out?
5. What each man contributed to the partnership of Faltin and Schreiner?



Growing Up With the Country

Almost from the first the firm had to do a banking business. There were few banks in the country near enough for people to reach them easily, and those with money needed a place to keep it.

"You take it," a farmer or rancher would say as he threw a bag of coins on the counter. "It'll be safe here."

Schreiner took it and, when a large amount had accumulated, of his own and others, he sent it to a bank in San Antonio. His trusted messenger on such dangerous trips was Simón Ayala, a peg-legged Latin-American cowboy who never failed to get safely through. Ayala's descendants a few years ago were still herding cattle for present-day Schreiners and were buying goods at the store.

For almost thirty years Schreiner handled money as an accommodation to his customers, but in 1898 he organized a bank with his son, L. A. Schreiner, as cashier. The bank was unincorporated and had no capital stock. Its only safeguard was the honesty and ability of its owners, but most people considered that enough. Logically it was called the Charles Schreiner Bank.

Present-day readers would be interested in some of the articles sold in the store during its early days. One of them was candy, of which there were three kinds; rock candy, stick candy, and mixed candy. The rock candy was clear or pink. It was in hard, small, crystal lumps, on cotton strings, and was a favorite candy.

The second kind of candy was the old-fashioned stick. It came in small, striped sticks and was chiefly of the XXX brand. A third type was a sugar candy, which came in a variety of shapes and colors, with the pieces round on one side and perhaps half an inch in diameter. The favorite brand at the Schreiner store was the "Lone Star Mix," made in San Antonio by D. A. Duerler.

Much of the candy was given away and not sold, for it was the practice to give a customer candy when he bought a large cash bill or paid an account or debt. "Help yourself, and take some to the children," Schreiner would say to his customer. Very often the children were on hand to share the candy on the spot.

Fully as important as candy was another staple, sugar. It was usually unrefined; that is, it was a light brown in color and was not so white and grainy as is modern sugar. It was a bit more moist than present-day white sugar, but some oldtimers declare it would not form lumps so quickly as the refined sugar.

It came in barrels and was dipped out with scoops. "I want ten pounds of sugar," the customer would say, and Schreiner would set the scales for that weight. He would dip the sugar out and pour it into a paper sack on the scales until it was almost ten pounds. Then carefully, a few grains at a time, he would keep on dropping sugar from the scoop until the scales stood level. When it reached that point both Schreiner and the watching buyer were satisfied. Each one knew he had been treated fairly.

Coffee, another article much in demand, came in large bags, weighing 160 pounds, and it was in three grades. The customer bought it by the pound and roasted it in his oven till it was brown. Then it was ready to be put into a hand-turned coffee mill and ground. Some coffee mills hung on kitchen walls, and others could be placed in one's lap. The sound of the coffee mill and the welcome smell of coffee was a warning to children. It meant, "Get up! Breakfast is almost ready!"

Near the end of the century the Schreiner store began to handle Arbuckle Coffee. It came in boxes containing many sacks, each sack weighing one pound. Usually it was already roasted, but it was not ground.

A never-to-be-forgotten part of the Arbuckle Coffee was the picture of an angel on the outside of the sack. Sometimes, and even more important to the children, was the presence of a stick of candy inside. There were prizes, too, which might be secured if the customer saved up enough of the coupons coming with each package. That it took a hundred or more coupons to get anything of importance was only an inducement toward more coffee buying

and coupon saving. Neighbors pooled their coupons and ordered the "prizes."

Not to be overlooked at the Schreiner store, and at other frontier stores, was whiskey. It came in barrels, and the customer was supposed to bring along his container, usually a jug. It was sold at from fifty to seventy-five cents per quart, or the best grade of Kentucky whiskey could be bought for a dollar. Whiskey and tobacco were two leading articles of sale, as many a credit entry on the Schreiner books can testify.

Salt bacon was a favorite meat, and nobody thought of cutting it into slices until it was ready to be cooked. It came in large slabs, or sides, four or five hundred pounds being packed in one crate.

Salt, another favorite purchase, was returned as ballast on ships from Liverpool, to complete their return load. It was much in demand for stock as well as for people. Freight wagons drawn by ox teams hauled it to Kerrville from the Texas ports of Powder Horn and Indianola. The freighters themselves left it at ranches on the way, but they always arrived at Schreiner's with a good supply.

It came in heavy sacks which, when washed, made good saddle blankets. "Give me a Schreiner saddle blanket," one cowboy said. "It'll hold more horse sweat and cause fewer sore backs than any other kind."

And other cowboys usually agreed with him.

The store made a special effort to satisfy the needs of its customers for bread. Corn meal was the principal offering at first, but as time passed more and more wheat was raised. Sometimes people had their own wheat ground into flour and took it home; at other times they brought their wheat and exchanged it for flour. Many who did not raise any wheat bought the flour when they could get it.

To satisfy the growing demand for flour, Schreiner built a flour mill, where he ground and sacked three grades of flour: "Golden Crown," "Guadalupe," and "Challenge." It was put into sacks, usually forty-eight pounds to a sack, and sold. When the sacks were empty and clean, they were made into clothing. Many a Hill Country pioneer had "Golden Crown" underwear or "Guadalupe" shirts. No customers asked Schreiner to sell them bread already baked; the baking was done in the homes.

Matches were rare in the early years at the Schreiner store, but fires were needed regularly in cold weather. The big wood-burning heater in the store did not merely drive off cold; it also gave out spiritual warmth. When men baked their shins around its cherry red sides they forgot their petty dislikes and came to regard each other with more friendliness. The stove was a social, almost a moral, necessity.

Until matches came into common use, and even afterward, Schreiner went through quite a ceremony at the end of the day. He "banked" the fire, covering the coals with ashes to be sure of some live coals the next morning.

When Schreiner or his customers had to build fires without matches, they used flint and steel. To make this fire-producing process easier they used a tow-like substance which came in long, soft cord form and was sold by the yard. It was placed close to the flint and steel, and it caught fire so easily that a single spark often ignited it. The substance was called *mecha*, (may'-chah) the Spanish word for "wick." Schreiner kept a good supply of it, along with flint and steel, for his customers.

When matches came into general use, he kept a variety advertised as "white, soft, cork pine, all even length," and sold them in boxes. For smoking customers he had free matches. A solemn cast-iron eagle delivered them one at a time through his bill.

There were other articles in common demand. Almost every-

one bought bars of lead, powder flasks, and empty cartridges and made their own loads for breech-loading or muzzle-loading guns. Beginning in the 1870's, buggies were sold to the more prosperous. Saddles, horseshoes, and various parts of harness were in steady demand.

Then, of course, there was tobacco. The cigar and its "poor relative," the cheroot, (shê-rōōt') were for the prosperous, or for the poor who wanted to feel prosperous. For the common man there were slabs of chewing tobacco, mixed sometimes with molasses or other sweetening. People who "rolled their own" could buy tobacco for cigarettes, but no one asked for ready-rolled cigarettes. Men smoked cut tobacco in pipes, or they shaved up wads of chewing tobacco for their corn-cob pipes, unless they had some real tobacco leaves. Men, and sometimes women on the sly, bought boxes of snuff along with the "groceries," and twists of home-raised Virginia or Tennessee tobacco were not unknown.

Other articles may be mentioned only briefly. Apple vinegar was in steady demand, as was lard, or hog fat. Onions, potatoes, pecans in season, and honey were bought and sold regularly over the Schreiner counter. There were some canned goods, especially peaches; and there were currants, raisins, and jams. In the dry goods department, besides calicoes and jeans, Fish Brand slickers were sold regularly.

In return for these, and other articles which Schreiner sold, he received money and other items in exchange. Money was always highly acceptable, although usually it was scarce; and coins were more popular than paper money. New national bank notes, which first appeared during the War between the States, came to the store sometimes, but people were afraid of them. They recalled that during the war the Confederate paper money had become worthless, and even the "Northern" money had declined till it was worth only half its face value in coins.

Of the coins, or currency, gold pieces were the more common for a while after the war. At that time the silver bullion in a dollar had a higher market value than the gold in a dollar, so people kept their silver coins and traded off their gold ones.

The year after Schreiner went into business Congress dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins being made, because it was not being used. A few years later silver mines were discovered in several mid-western states, and silver coins came back into common use.

Since there were few banks, people carried their money in grass bags which were closed by draw strings. A customer would purchase a list of goods, and when the last item was supplied he would throw his money bag on the counter.

"Count it out," he would say to Schreiner or one of his clerks. They counted it out, after figuring carefully the total amount, with no help from unheard-of adding machines. The customer seldom inquired as to the amount of the bill, and he seldom watched while the money was being counted. Honesty was expected, and the expectation was met.

The customers did not always pay money. Often they brought articles to pay bills or to exchange for goods. Schreiner accepted anything that he could sell, at home or elsewhere. Dried buffalo meat was a common purchase in the early days, before the buffaloes were all killed.

Bear oil was in demand also. It was excellent for keeping leather soft and pliable, and a few drops made a man's hair stay in place when it was combed. A well oiled saddle and a head of shiny hair were necessities for the young man who went a-courting.

Other "home-raised" products included buckets of honey and beeswax, both of which Schreiner regularly bought and sold. He also took in the hides of cattle, goats, deer, wolves, and other animals, tame and wild. These he piled in one of his little ware-

houses behind the store, at intervals sending them to buyers in St. Louis or points nearer home.

One of the most common articles which our country storekeeper bought and sold was cypress shingles. The cypress tree grew well on the banks of the nearby Guadalupe River, and from that wood a high grade of shingle was made. Indeed, Kerrville owed its beginnings to a group of Tennessee and Mississippi immigrants to the Guadalupe Country. They came to the region before the War between the States, discovered the trees, and set up a shingle mill. It was first called Brownsborough; then its name was changed to Kerrville.

The first step in producing the cypress shingles was to cut the trees into blocks the proper length. These blocks were then turned into shingles at mills, if mills were available; if not, they were cut by handsaws. Before Schreiner's day the bundled shingles were sent to San Antonio, or to points more distant, and sold. Schreiner accepted them in trade, selling a few to customers and sending the others to the market himself.

You should know that:

There were salt deposits in the far western part of Texas at that time, but the Indians were so unfriendly that it would have been hazardous to get salt from them. Most of the Kerrville salt came from Europe.

The buffaloes disappeared from the country in the eighties of the last century.

Kerrville and Kerr County were named after James W. Kerr, business manager for De Witt's colony, one of the leading colonies in Texas under Mexican rule.

Do you know:

1. Why Schreiner went into the banking business?

2. How the Schreiner bank differed from many other banks?
3. What kinds of candy could be bought in the Schreiner store?
4. How sugar eighty years ago differed from sugar today?
5. How coffee in those days differed from coffee now?
6. How bread then compares with bread nowadays?
7. How people started fires in the days before matches?
8. What kinds of money were most valuable, and why?
9. What the uses of bear oil were?
10. How cypress shingles were made and used?

Maturity and Later Years

Schreiner's willingness to take "in trade" anything that he could sell led him into other types of business besides storekeeping. Since there were many ranchers in the Hill Country, some of his best customers were ranchmen. He probably had a natural liking for cattle. Therefore, when cattlemen bought heavily on credit and wanted to pay their debts with cattle, he usually accepted them. Sometimes he paid cash for other cattle to make up a herd.

But Schreiner's cattle had to go to market. In the early days the storekeeper and his partner, Faltin, drove them, selling a total of about 150,000 head of cows to Kansas buyers. Cattle buying led to land owning, for there had to be a place to keep cattle while the herd was being built up. At one time the firm owned about one-half million acres of land in ranches. Some of Schreiner's descendants are still ranchers.

Mention has been made of the credit business of the firm. It was necessary that goods be sold on credit, for people in those days did not receive weekly or monthly pay checks. Indeed, the practice of extending credit was so common that many good customers would have taken it almost as an insult not to be allowed to have a credit account. They bought goods "on time" and paid when

they sold their cows, or wool, or mohair, or whatever they had to sell. The exact amount of money lost on credit operations is not known, but it was not enough to keep the store from prospering.

Indeed, people on the whole must have been honest in those days. Of course there were times when honest men could not pay their bills, and often Schreiner "carried" them for long periods of time. He was a good judge of people and had an unusual ability in knowing an honest man when he saw him.

He had great faith in sheep, and sometimes he made the granting of credit dependent on a willingness to grow sheep. He had confidence in the land also, and if he could get an honest man to stay on the land and grow sheep, he credited him to the limit.

The case of Ed Sawyer is an example. Ed was a sick man who came to the Hill Country from Maine looking for health. He was first a shepherd then the owner of a sheep ranch. In the late eighties of the last century sheep and wool declined greatly in price. Ed came into the store one day.

"I'm leaving the country," he told his merchant friend. "You can have my outfit for the debt I owe you."

"No, Ed, you mustn't do that," Schreiner objected. "Go back to the ranch and stay with those sheep. No matter what happens, stay with those sheep."

Ed stayed, and eventually he came out all right.

Besides banking, flour milling, and ranching, Schreiner presently found himself in the wool and mohair business. He had encouraged sheep growing, which almost compelled him to buy and sell raw wool, and he soon saw the value of goats.

For some time goat hair, or mohair, would not compare with wool in price, but President Theodore Roosevelt changed that. When he became President, the "Teddy Bear" craze struck the country, and those bears were made of mohair. Other uses for

mohair were discovered, and the price of the product increased to a dollar a pound. Schreiner bought and shipped it in such huge amounts that Kerrville came to be known as "the mohair center of the world." The trade is still important there, although Kerrville now handles only a small part of the total mohair output in Texas.

One interesting part of Schreiner's life has been overlooked: how he gained the title of Captain. When he first went into business at Kerrville, there was still some danger from Indians and more from white outlaws. One outlaw band stole a number of army horses near San Antonio, robbed a store at Leon Springs, and rode into Kerrville.

A company of "Minute Men" had already been organized there, with Schreiner as Captain. They pursued the outlaws, killed one of them, and chased the others out of the country. Thereafter people called him "Captain."

He remained in business over fifty years, including a later period of inactivity. Part of his success was due to his sons and employees, but much of it was due to him. He had the rare ability to retain the respect and loyalty of those who worked with him. They had to work hard, but usually he worked harder. At times he was gruff and blunt, but they discovered that beneath a crusty exterior beat a warm heart. Because of that discovery they were loyal.

One of the most loyal of all was Nathon Herzog, a Jewish immigrant to the Hill Country. Once he tried to operate a business of his own but failed. He ended by working more than fifty years for the Schreiners and retiring on a pension.

He took as much interest in the store as if he owned it. He knew everyone and, in spite of his peculiar appearance and accent, everyone liked him. Ladies who could not come to town for pur-



Nathan Herzog

Faithful employee of the Schreiner store. Reproduced from Haley, CHARLES SCHREINER, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, T. S. Bugbee Artist. Courtesy Texas State Historical Association.

chases sent word to Herzog to select their dress goods, hats, or shoes.

Of the many stories told about him, perhaps the most famous is one which the Captain himself often told. One night Herzog worked so late at the store that he did the last-minute chores in a hurry.

The next morning Captain Schreiner discovered that someone had made a mistake. He summoned Herzog.

"Nathon," he said sternly, "find out what idiot poured coffee in the candy barrel last night."

Nathon obediently made the rounds, asking each clerk and employee the same question. No one was willing to take the blame, and Nathon so reported to his boss.

The Captain thanked him, then his face darkened.

"Nathon!" he shouted. "Did you pour that coffee into the candy?"

"Y-yes, Captain. In the dark last night I did it."

Schreiner did not have the heart to scold his faithful employee further. He did keep from smiling at the time, but took great delight afterward in telling the story.

Part of the Schreiner success is due to certain habits of the man. Although at times he seemed quiet and solemn, he was always interested in others. While he was wrapping a bundle for a customer, he was asking about the family. He always tipped his hat to the ladies, and sometimes he walked entirely across the street to greet a friend.

Schreiner was interested in the welfare of his clerks, too. He had a habit of going from his store to his home in mid-afternoon for some cakes or cookies and a cup of coffee or tea. After his return, his clerks also went for the same refreshments from the hands of the kindly Mrs. Schreiner. Long before modern experts were telling about the value of the mid-afternoon rest for workers, Schreiner was making use of it.

He hated waste in any form. When he lost a quarter of a million dollars in buying a mine, he refused to worry because that could not be helped. At the same time he scolded his helpers about a leaky hydrant, because that was waste which could be stopped. He would tell his clerks not to use too much paper and strings in wrapping bundles for customers, but before the end of

the day he would give a hundred thousand dollars for some worthy cause.

He hated ugly stories too. Neighbors and friends soon learned this dislike, but a traveling salesman learned it the hard way. He told one to the Captain and some friends, following it with the usual loud laugh and thigh slapping. Schreiner never said a word or cracked a smile; he just *looked* at the man. The laugh was wiped off the talker's face rather quickly, and the smile wrinkles were changed to furrows of concern. The salesman muttered something as he left the store. It is safe to say that he never came back for another sale.

That Captain Schreiner could find time to hold public office while operating his store is hard to understand, but somehow he did. In 1866, he was elected county and district clerk, and two years later he was made county treasurer. He held the job for thirty years. Certainly he did not neglect his store. If he neglected his courthouse duties, the voters were a long time in finding out about it.

The family was of French descent. Originally they lived in Sweden, where some of the early ancestors fought under Gustavus Adolphus. In time they moved to Alsace, which was then a part of France. The family name has a German sound, and many Germans lived in the Hill Country. Captain Schreiner spoke both German and French, but he had to use the German often to talk with some of his customers. For these reasons many people assumed that Schreiner was German, but he considered himself French.

Schreiner is the best known for his gifts to charity and education. A complete list of these contributions could not be made, for some of them were not made public. For instance, the world did not know for some time that he had provided electric power for a little church at his birthplace in Alsace. The fact might never

have been known if some friends had not seen a bronze tablet at the church telling of the gift.

Altogether his gifts total close to a million dollars. At least half of that sum went to Schreiner Institute, a junior college at Kerrville at which military science is taught. It opened its doors in September, 1923, and has been in regular operation since.

Other gifts include seven acres of land, as the site of a hospital for tubercular service men, and \$150,000 to maintain Kerr County highways and help build the Old Spanish Trail through that area.

He retired from active management of the store in 1917. There were eight children in the family, and some of them took charge of the business which he had founded. His descendants are operating it today.



Charles Schreiner Store as it is today.

In some ways there is a great difference between the business that was established in 1869 and the one that exists now. The present structure occupying almost a city block is quite a contrast to the old cypress building, and business methods of today differ from those of long ago.

But the establishment still boasts the name of Charles Schreiner and still tries to serve the needs of its customers as in days of old. Among these customers are descendants of many who traded at the old store long ago, and present-day managers humbly acknowledge their debt to the founder.

And they do well to acknowledge that debt, for Charles Schreiner built on solid foundations. He made a fortune but gave much of it away. He became wealthy, but he also increased the wealth of his neighbors. He was a key figure in the development of the Hill Country, and every person in it owes him a debt of gratitude.

You should know that:

Trail driving of cattle from Texas to points north, especially to Kansas and Nebraska, began shortly after the War between the States, and lasted for a decade or two. It ended when people fenced their lands and the railroads came to Texas.

Schreiner retired from the active management of the store in 1917 but lived another ten years. Mrs. Schreiner died in 1910.

The number of Schreiners named Gustav or Adolph shows their pride in their Swedish background, as well as their French ancestry.

Do you know:

1. Under what conditions Schreiner entered the cattle business?
2. Why so many people did business on credit?

3. In what ways Schreiner showed his confidence in sheep?
In goats?
4. How he gained the title of Captain?
5. What proof there is that he hated waste?
6. How he felt toward smutty stories?
7. What public offices he held?
8. What some of his most important gifts were?
9. How the Schreiner store in its early days looked in comparison
with the Schreiner store today?

14. ELISABET NEY *A Great Texas Artist*

Newcomer to Austin

The Capitol Building Committee looked doubtful, but Governor Roberts insisted.

"This woman could give us valuable advice about the new Capitol building," he told them. "She is one of the outstanding sculptors of the world."

"Then why is she in Texas?" one of the Committee wanted to know.

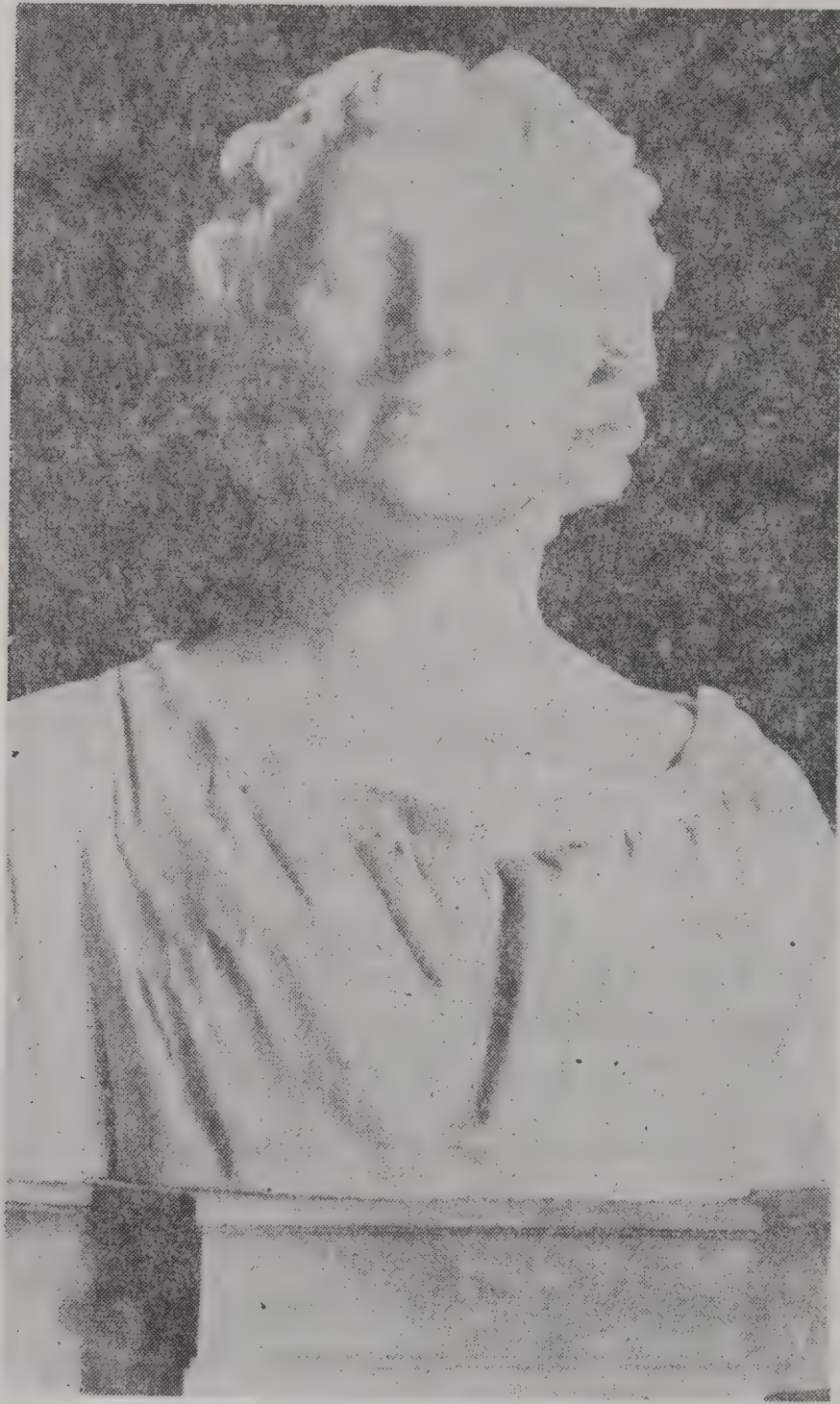
"That question I cannot answer. Perhaps to practice her profession; perhaps to have a home and raise a family. There are opportunities of all kinds here, you know."

"Maybe so, but there are wild stories about her. She doesn't even use her husband's name—if she *has* a husband."

"She does have. He is Dr. Edward Montgomery, and he was trained for medicine in some of Europe's leading universities. She keeps her own name because it is a famous one. She is a descendant of Marshal Ney, one of Napoleon's greatest generals. I have been in their plantation home near Hempstead, and I know they are cultured and charming people."

So Elisabet Ney was asked to advise with Texas planners about the building of the new state Capitol. She went to Austin for the conferences. The first plan called for a limestone structure, with sculpture for adornment. The granite was decided on later, with the statuary left out, but even so her advice proved valuable. She knew something about building stone as well as sculpture.

She went back to Liendo, her plantation home three miles from



Self sculpture of Elisabet Ney

Hempstead, but the Austin trips proved to be a turning point in her life. In her native Germany she had been one of the world's great sculptors, doing work for kings, statesmen, and scholars. But when she had come to America in 1870, she had dropped her art work. She had become the mother of two sons, one of them



Home of Elisabet Ney and Dr. Montgomery
(Courtesy of Mrs. J. W. Rutland, curator of the
Ney Museum, Austin)

now dead, and she had the duty of overseeing a large plantation.

This new life had left little time for art. "I was busy with a more important art," she told a friend later, "the art of molding flesh and blood."

But the conferences at Austin revived her old interest in sculpture. She continued to live at Liendo for some time, but now she was spending part of her waking hours with her beloved art. She had never met the martyred President Garfield, whom an assassin shot in 1881, but his death aroused her interest and sympathy. From such pictures as she could get she made a bust of him, and from that beginning she looked for other opportunities.

Her big chance came in 1892. The World's Columbian Exposition was being planned for the next year in Chicago. It was to be the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the new world by Columbus, and each state of the Union was to have exhibit space. O. M. Roberts, formerly Governor of Texas but at that time Professor of Law at the University of Texas, was eager for his own state to have a fitting exhibit, but what should it be?

He thought that at least a part of the exhibit should consist of marble statues of two Texas heroes, Austin and Houston. Quite naturally, too, he thought of Elisabet Ney as the person to make the statues.

Some of his friends agreed with him. "Miss Ney herself would be a good exhibit," they reasoned. "Certainly no other state can boast of so eminent an artist as she."

Already a commission of women was at work raising funds for a Texas building at the Exposition. Roberts brought the leaders of the group and Elisabet Ney together.

"We want you to make the statues, but we cannot pay you very much," they told her.

"All I ask is the actual expenses for the materials," she replied. "I will donate my work."

With this agreement she set up her studio in the basement of the Capitol building and began her labor. One of the first questions she had to answer was, "What kind of costumes should Austin and Houston wear?"

"It will not do to put on them the usual Greek or Roman costumes that often are put on statues, for they are Texans and should be dressed as such," she said.

She dressed them in buckskin, with leather fringes on their collars, along the bottoms of their coats, and down the sides of their trousers. Houston was shown with boots and a sword; Austin with a gun in the hollow of his arm.

She could not work so rapidly in Austin as she could in a regular studio and, when the Exposition opened, she had only the statue of Houston completed. It was sent to Chicago. When she reached that city, she learned that the figure of Houston was attracting much attention. In fact, the Art Commission of the

Exposition was wanting to move it to the Main Arts Building, where more people could see it.

But the Texas Woman's Commission refused to let it be moved; it was kept in the Texas Building. Thus did visitors to the Exposition learn that a real artist was in their midst.

"But how did she come to America, all unknown to us? And why did she come to Texas?" they were asking.

Elisabet did not answer these questions, which probably were not asked her directly, but she was happy.

She resolved to move to Austin. She would build a studio in that new city with its newer university, and in time perhaps it would develop into a great art school. In Austin she would meet the public, associate with others who loved art, and get other work to do.

But how could she get the money for the studio? Her husband, Dr. Montgomery, had a small annual income from his father and another from a grateful patient whom he had cured, but it took both of them for living expenses. However, by careful planning and economizing, they raised the funds to erect a building in a new addition of the city, Hyde Park. She supervised its erection herself, and both the woman and the building attracted much public attention.

"I will call it Formosa, in memory of the studio I had on the Island of Madeira, off the coast of Morocco," she decided.

It was built along Greek lines, with most of the emphasis on the studio and little on its housekeeping and living features. Her bed was a hammock swung on the balcony, with a stairway leading up to it from the studio room, the space under the stairway being used for clothes. The balcony was curtained for privacy. There was a ladder-like stairway built to the roof, where she had a couch for sleeping when the weather was warm. There

were two basement rooms where she kept her clay supplies and some food. There was a basement dining room and kitchen.

In the yard was a small frame house; and maybe some of her cooking was done there. Certainly she did not give much time or thought to cooking or eating. Cencie, her devoted servant at Liendo, sent up food from the plantation, and often Elisabet cooked eggs or soups on an alcohol lamp.

In providing for her work, however, she was extravagant. She took every care to have the studio properly lighted. Outside, niches were built for statues by the doors, although none were put in them. West of the studio was a reception room where she received friends in private. By the time it was completed Elisabet had a number of devoted friends who were glad to have a real artist in their midst.

Shortly after occupying her studio, Elisabet made a clay model of Stephen F. Austin. From it she made a mold, and from the mold she made a permanent plaster. Her friends were busy trying to get a legislative grant, so that the statues of Houston and Austin could be made in marble. They wanted a statue of each man to go in the National Capitol at Washington.

In their efforts to get such a grant they ran into opposition. Many of the lawmakers were not interested; to them art was literature, music, and painting. Moreover state funds were low, and times were too hard to attempt to raise taxes. For these reasons the legislature failed to vote the funds for Elisabet's statues.

You should know that:

Francisca Bernardina Wilhemina Elisabet Ney was born in Germany on January 26, 1833, in the town of Westphalia.

Elisabet and Dr. Montgomery came to America in 1870, settling first in a colony project in Georgia. When it failed, they moved to Texas, largely because Dr. Montgomery's health de-

manded a mild climate. He had only one active lung, the other being collapsed and therefore inactive.

The first owner of Liendo, José Justo Liendo, secured the land from Mexico. In 1841 Leonard Groce bought it. The house, a two-story colonial one, was begun in 1853.

Do you know:

1. Why Elisabet was called "Miss Ney," even though she was married?
2. What proof there is that she and her husband were unskilled in money affairs?
3. In what ways Governor Roberts befriended Elisabet?
4. How the Daughters of the Republic of Texas aided her?

Busy Years and Fame

Elisabet was disappointed at the failure of the legislature to provide the money for her statues, but she kept on working, and more and more people visited her studio. They saw a woman in her sixties, dressed in a smock or blouse, with a trouser-like garment or knee skirts and leggings.

"What a scandalous way to dress!" some of them said.

"Oh, but artists are peculiar!" others replied.

Yet others understood that such a garb was needed for the work she was doing. They could see that she might have an accident if she attempted to climb ladders or scaffolds with two hands full of clay, while wearing a broad skirt.

Elisabet herself paid little attention to the critics as she went about her work. She did a number of bust figures of notable Texans. One of these was of General W. P. Hardeman, a pioneer Texas Ranger. Another bust was of ex-lieutenant Governor Francis R. Lubbock, who had refused to ask for re-election so that he could join the staff of the Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

She also made a bust figure of John H. Reagan, who resigned a seat in the Senate to become the chairman of the first Texas Railroad Commission. Yet another bust was of Lawrence S. Ross, youngest Brigadier General in the Confederate army, Governor of Texas, and rescuer of Cynthia Ann Parker.

Although the Texas state legislature had not yet voted money for the Houston and Austin statues, Elisabet wanted the busts of other friends made into marble. Perhaps she was "homesick" for a sight of her native Germany. Certainly the best marble for her work was found in Italy. In 1895, therefore, she decided to go back to Europe for a visit.

But where would she get the money to pay for the trip? That was a hard question to answer, for the plantation, Liendo, was producing barely enough to support the family. And Elisabet was not yet making very much money at her work in Austin, certainly not enough to pay for an expensive trip to Germany.

Again Dr. Montgomery came to her rescue. "I have mortgaged Liendo for enough cash to enable you to make the journey," he told her. She protested, but he insisted, and in September, 1895, she sailed for her old home.

Her return to Germany created a sensation. She had been gone twenty-five years, long enough to have faded from the memories of most Germans. Even though she had once been famous, now she was scarcely remembered.

German newspapers dug up old information about her, and in a short time she was again the center of public attention and honor. She found life so interesting that it was a year before she returned to Texas. She visited the site of her old studio in Munich and located some of the statues on which once she had labored. She visited the Ney family home at Munster and saw her brother Friedrich. She also visited the graves of her parents in Westphalia.

When she set her face toward Texas once more, she had enough

money to meet her needs for some time. It was with "a true feeling of joy" that she saw her ship cast anchor in a Texas port, and she took the train for Austin in a happy frame of mind.

In Texas, public opinion had grown more friendly toward her in her absence. Leading newspapers carried long articles about Elisabet Ney and her work. The studio became a favorite visiting place for art lovers. Teachers of art, University students, state officials, and members of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas said kind things about her. When she returned, they made her feel that they were glad she was back.

Nor were Texans the only ones who recognized her. World renowned artists from other countries, when in America, went out of their way to see her. Caruso, the great Italian tenor, spoke highly of her. Madame Schumann-Heinck, another great singer, was her good friend. The Polish pianist, Jan Paderewski, called on her.

With these evidences of Elisabet's greatness before them, the Daughters of the Republic of Texas redoubled their efforts to get the statues of Austin and Houston completed. They tried raising funds by private donations, but when this method proved difficult, they centered their efforts on the legislature.

The chairman of the committee in charge of the work was Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell of Seguin. Her husband, who was first a state Senator and later an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas, helped her. With his aid, and with the full approval of Governor Sayers, the needed money was appropriated late in 1901 to complete the work on the statues. Before long a law was passed providing funds to erect a memorial tower over the grave of Albert Sidney Johnston, hero of the War between the States, in the State Cemetery at Austin. The Robert E. Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Houston helped get this memorial.

Of course Elisabet Ney was the artist chosen to do all this work. She went at it with a will. On January 19, 1903, the statues of Austin and Houston were unveiled with proper ceremonies in the State Capitol. In that same year similar statues were unveiled in Washington. The statue of General Johnston appeared soon afterward.

Other statues of note were also produced. At the unveiling of the statues of Austin and Houston one of the orators said that there should be in the Capitol a bust of the "art Governor," as Governor Sayers was called. Elisabet took the orator seriously and worked out the figure.

At an earlier time she had made a beautiful bust which she called "The Young Violinist." A friend of the family took one look at it and exclaimed, "Why that's Lorne!"

Elisabet did not admit or deny it. Her son, Lorne, was then living at Liendo with his father. Another of Elisabet's works of art was a statue of Lady Macbeth, a leading character in Shakespeare's play of that name.

Elisabet's husband, Dr. Montgomery, was happy because of her successes. They wrote long letters to each other, now and then he went to Austin to see her, and she visited at the plantation. He was seldom well, and sometimes when she heard that he was sicker than usual, she dropped everything and rushed home to see him. In his own field he was as prominent as she. He published a number of papers and books on scientific subjects, especially on bacteria, and he made laboratory experiments which advanced the cause of medicine. Before his death he was made President of the Texas Academy of Science.

Elisabet made up her mind about one matter—to send Dr. Montgomery back to Europe on a visit. When she received \$32,000 from the state of Texas for her statues, she set aside

some of it for him. He left in the spring of 1902, and in October she followed, arriving in Berlin at the end of the month.

During all her years in America Elisabet and her family had another friend in the person of her servant, Crescentia Simath, or Cencie. Attaching herself to Elisabet while she was spending a summer near Innsbruck in the Tyrolean Alps of Austria, she came with the family to America. For over fifty years she was friend, companion, servant, housekeeper, and nurse. With a devotion seldom seen in the New World she literally spent her whole life in the service of Elisabet and her family. She outlived them all. Elisabet died in 1907, Dr. Montgomery a few years later, Lorne in 1913, and Cencie in 1915.

It was only natural that Elisabet's studio should be made into a museum. She wanted it left to the University of Texas. After her death Dr. Montgomery tried to carry out her wishes, but neither he nor the University could provide the money needed to care for so large a collection.

Then Mrs. Dibrell came forward with a plan. She had bought the studio from Dr. Montgomery, hoping that in some way it might be kept as a memorial to Elisabet. Dr. Montgomery gave the collection of art in the studio to the University, the Regents accepting it on the condition that it remain in the studio without charge to the University for rental or care.

In April, 1911, Mrs. Dibrell and some of Elisabet's other friends organized the Texas Fine Arts Association, "to preserve the memory and the art collection of Elisabet Ney, and to develop art in the truest sense in Texas." They took over the management of the studio and the art collection and arranged for the works of Elisabet which the University owned to be under the joint control of the Regents of the University and officials of the Association.

The Association also began the practice of having occasional

meetings at the studio, at which addresses were made on the life and work of Elisabet, and at which plans were made to further the cause of art in Texas.

It was some time after the death of Elisabet before the studio was open to the public, with a regularly employed custodian in charge. But one morning the custodian, Mrs. J. W. Rutland, was greatly surprised at the arrival of a distinguished visitor, Madame Schumann-Heinck.

"I refused an invitation to speak to the legislature," the visitor said, "for I had the time and the strength for one trip only, and I wanted that to be to the studio of my old friend. Miss Ney would tolerate nothing but the highest and best. She must have been very lonely thinking always of the world as it should be, but at the same time it must have been splendid to feel that she was lighting the way for those coming after her."

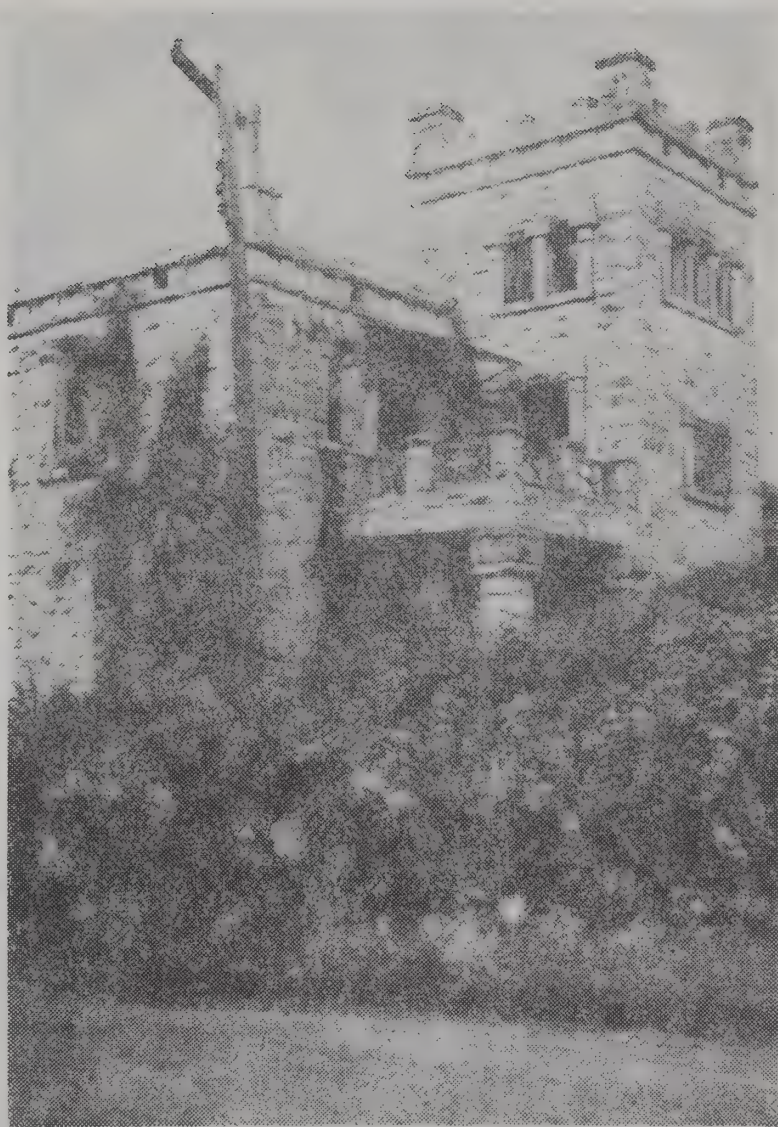
You should know that:

The old Capitol building at Austin burned in 1881. The Texas Constitution of 1876 had set aside three million acres of public land for a new Capitol. Work on it was begun in 1885, and it was finished three years later.

Elisabet wore her hair "bobbed," or cut short, at a time when short hair had not become popular.

Dr. Montgomery was probably better known as a scientist than as a doctor of medicine.

There was much criticism of Elisabet and Dr. Montgomery when they cremated the body of one of their children who had died at Liendo.



**Elisabet Ney Museum in Austin,
where many of her famous statues may be seen.**



"BIG-FOOT WALLACE"

15. WILLIAM A. A. ("Big-Foot") WALLACE

A Texas Daniel Boone

Early Years in Texas

That tragic news had come to the Wallace family was evident from the strained faces in the family circle. The father, Andrew, held the paper in his hand; and the mother, five sons, and three daughters were listening intently as he read.

"It says here," he went on, "that Colonel Fannin and his men surrendered as prisoners of war, then were deliberately shot."

One of the sons, William, spoke up. "And that means they killed brother Sam and maybe a cousin or two."

Some of the group began to weep, but William stood up. "I'm going to Texas," he announced, "and help the Texans win independence."

News of the Texas victory at San Jacinto reached the Virginia home of the Wallaces before William could start, but he went on anyhow. Perhaps he thought there would be other battles, or perhaps the spirit of adventure in him was too strong to be resisted. Maybe Rockbridge County was beginning to be a bit too crowded for him, or maybe he wanted to be a pioneer as some of his ancestors had been.

Certainly William Alexander Anderson Wallace, now only nineteen, was descended from a line of adventurers and fighters. His great namesake, William Wallace, had led Scottish forces in the Thirteenth Century as they fought for independence against England. It was to men like him that Robert Burns was referring when he wrote the stirring poem which begins, "Scots wha hae

wi' Wallace bled . . ." Two other ancestors had given their lives for the United States in the War of American Independence, and William's own grandfather had fought in that war.

William, therefore, went to Texas. It is recorded that he landed at Galveston on October 5, 1836, shortly after a severe Gulf storm had struck the island. He saw less than a dozen stores and the stranded hulk of a steamboat which was being used for a hotel. He paid three dollars for a night's lodging in the "hotel," and perhaps bought a few articles in the stores.

Naturally he did not linger long in Galveston. He looked for work, but the only kind of work he could find was with a party going out to survey lands along the frontier of Texas.

"I don't know anything about surveying," he told the man who offered him a job.

"That makes no difference," was the reply. "The rest of us are experienced surveyors. It's all right to have one 'greenhorn' along."

It may have been that the surveyor had taken one look at the newcomer and decided that he was large enough to make up for his lack of experience. He must have impressed the man with his size, for he was six feet two inches tall and weighed 240 pounds. Moreover, he had curly black hair on a well-shaped head, and his eyes were so keen that he never wore glasses in his life—such a man was Wallace.

It was said that his arms were so long that they measured six feet six inches from tip to tip when his fingers were stretched out. And his feet were so large that he required a size twelve shoe.

Indeed his feet seemed to be so noticeable that his common name was Big Foot Wallace. There are several stories as to how he received that name. The one which he told his biographer, John Duval, was that while he was a captive in Mexico City

some American friends there bought shoes to replace the worn-out ones, which Wallace and his comrades were then wearing. They had no trouble in fitting the other prisoners, but they could find no shoe large enough for Wallace. A pair had to be made for him.

Another story is that while Wallace was living near Austin an Indian thief with huge feet stole some goods and made mud tracks near Wallace's shack. When the owner traced the steps to the place, he accused Wallace of the theft. Wallace denied the accusation and proved his innocence by showing that his feet were larger than those which made the track. His friends then laughingly called him "Big Foot." Whatever may be the truth as to the origin of the name, everybody came to know him by it.

He stayed with the surveying party for some months, rapidly learning the ways of the frontier. When he killed his first deer, his fellow workers smeared his hands and face with deer blood to "initiate" him. When he killed his first bear, he had a choice cut of bear meat. He also killed a buffalo, an animal which he had not seen until he came to Texas. He called at a frontier home guarded only by a mother, who mistook him for an Indian and almost shot him before he could explain that he was white. Once she was convinced, she made amends by giving Big Foot and his friends all the "cowcumpers and mushmillions" they could eat.

His work with the surveying party having ended, Big Foot did several frontier tasks over a number of years. He acted as a guide for families or other groups to places in Texas and was a Texas Ranger. In this varied work he had some thrilling experiences. On one occasion he came across a half-starved dog, which he fed and nursed back to health. He named the dog "Comanche," and it remained his devoted friend until it died.

On another occasion, while he was out in the woods by himself, he sprained his ankle so badly that he could go no farther. He thought he would be unable to walk for weeks, he had no food,

and he was many miles from any other human being. Moreover, unless he hid, the Indians might kill him. What could he do?

He solved the problem in part by crawling to a nearby cave, in the shadow of some large pecan trees. When a noise woke him early the next morning, he looked out and saw a flock of wild turkeys. He propped himself up on his elbows and shot some of them, and his faithful "Comanche" brought them to him in his mouth. A fire was soon burning, and the man and the dog were eating roast turkey. The ankle responded so well to applications of hot water that before long he was on his way again.

At another time he found himself completely surrounded by Indians, who captured him and carried him to their camp, several miles away. As he lay in a tent, with hands and feet tied, an old squaw brought him some buffalo meat and water. The next morning she brought him more food. She looked at him a long time, took one of his big hands in her withered ones, and mumbled something to him in a friendly way.

He really needed friends, for the next morning some warriors entered the tent where he was tied and blacked his face. They led him outside and tied him to a stake. The chief made the warriors a speech, during which he pointed several times toward Big Foot. When the speech was ended, some of the warriors began heaping dry leaves around Big Foot, while others seized their tomahawks and started a death song and dance.

Big Foot must have thought that his time had come to die, and he must have been glad to see the old squaw rush up. She and other women scattered the leaves far and wide, while she quarreled with the warriors. The chief motioned toward the captive, the warriors untied him, and the squaw led him away.

He learned that she had lost a son a few months earlier, and she wanted Big Foot to take his place. She had a living son named Black Wolf, and both son and mother proved to be good friends

to the captive. He stayed with the tribe three months, made the acquaintance of the chief, and learned to speak the Comanche language. When he finally became lonesome for his own white friends, his adopted Indian mother sorrowfully bade him good-by and helped him to escape.

Such, at least, is the story that Big Foot is supposed to have told to his friend, Duval. Both men were fond of telling "tall tales" now and then, but the yarn is good enough to be true.

You should know that:

Two of Big Foot's ancestors were killed in the battle of Guilford Court House, in the War of the American Revolution.

Some biographers say Big Foot reached Texas in 1837. Some also give the date of his release from the Mexican prison as 1843.

Do you know:

1. Why Big Foot Wallace came to Texas?
2. Why he took a job of surveying?
3. How he got the name, "Big Foot"?
4. How he became a hunter?
5. What experiences he and his dog "Comanche" had?
6. What dealings he had with the Comanche Indians?

Experiences in Texas

As was the case with some other frontiersmen, Big Foot did not stay long in one place, especially during his early years in Texas. For some months he made La Grange his headquarters, then hearing that work was plentiful at Austin, he went there in 1840. For a year or more he was busy, cutting cedar logs in the wild country west of that new town and floating them down the Colorado River to be used in government buildings. It was work

which required a strong man and a good Indian fighter, and he was both.

The only known romance of his life occurred in Austin. There he fell in love with a pretty girl, and as she seemed fond of him, they were engaged to be married. Before the time arrived for the wedding he fell sick, and such a great amount of his beautiful, black hair came out that he was almost bald. He could never marry looking like that! Ashamed, he retired to a cave and doctored his head with bear oil every day to make the hair grow back. In the course of time it grew back, but when he looked for his girl he learned that she had grown tired of waiting and had married another man.

He did his part toward making Austin into a city. Aside from the logs that he furnished, he drove through the town the last herd of buffaloes that ever tramped its streets. He dug the first well, at a spot where Pine Street (now Fifth Street) crossed Congress Avenue.

But city ways did not suit him so well as the open spaces, and he joined the Ranger Company of Captain Jack Hays. Shortly afterward, the Texas President sent the group to San Antonio to protect the frontier against outlaws, Indians, and Mexicans. In 1842, while he and Nathan Mallon were on a trip to Austin to get more ammunition, a Mexican army under General Woll captured San Antonio.

Big Foot and Mallon, on their way back from Austin, met Colonel Caldwell. He told them about the invasion and said, "I am organizing a force to oppose them."

"Then we'll join it," Big Foot and Mallon said almost in the same breath. They were in the Battle of Salado, in which the enemy was defeated.

General Woll left San Antonio and went back to Mexico, and a hastily-gathered Texas army followed. President Houston or-

dered the Texans to invade Mexico only if the prospects of success were good, and the Texas leader, General Somervell, did not think they were good. He and about two hundred men returned. Another three hundred, led by Colonel William S. Fisher, went on into Mexico and engaged the enemy at Mier. The Mexican commander, General Ampudia, persuaded the Texans that since they were greatly outnumbered, it would be best for them to surrender.

As soon as they were in Mexican hands the prisoners, among whom was Big Foot, were started on a long dreary march to Mexico City. On the way almost two hundred of them overcame their guards and escaped. In their efforts to return to Texas they became lost in the hot sands of the desert. They endured such agonizing hunger and thirst that they slew their horses for food and drink. Some became delirious and crazed, others died, and yet others wandered about, utterly and hopelessly lost.

While they were in this condition, a searching party of Mexicans recaptured 170 of them. As a punishment for their actions, President Santa Anna ordered that every tenth man be shot. One Mexican officer refused to carry out the order, but another was found who did.

A large jar was filled with 153 white beans and seventeen black ones, and each blindfolded prisoner was required to put in his hand and draw out a bean. The one that Big Foot drew was white, but the seventeen holders of black beans were separated from their companions.

Big Foot and the others heard the beating of drums as the doomed men marched away, then they heard the firing of rifles and the groans of the dying. Finally there was only silence. The next morning as the surviving prisoners started for Mexico City, they saw the bodies of their friends, still unburied.

Near Mexico City was a gloomy, vermin-infested old prison

called Perote, and in it Big Foot and the other prisoners were placed. A number of them sickened and died, and Big Foot himself became so ill with jail fever that he was delirious. His captors tied him in bed to hold him there, until a humane Mexican doctor discovered him and had him untied. To the end of his life he carried on his wrists, ankles, and back the scars of the ropes that had been used to tie him.

It was August, 1844, when the last of the Texas prisoners were released, and Big Foot was one of them. The release came on the day that Santa Anna's wife died, and some believe that he was complying with her request that the Texans be freed. Be that as it may, Big Foot finally saw San Antonio once more after an absence of about two years.

He was happy to be back in his little home near the Medina River with his dogs Ring, Rock, Speck, and Blas. They were as ready as ever to go hunting with him and to guard his little home at night.

"I'm tolerably well satisfied over yonder on the Medina by myself," he told some friends in San Antonio. "My rifle and my traps furnish me all the meat I want; and the pelts supply my other wants such as powder, coffee, and salt. What more does a man require to make him happy?"

But his days of excitement and action were not over. The annexation of Texas to the United States was near when he reached home, and that action was followed by the war with Mexico in 1846. Big Foot enlisted in the regiment of his old Ranger commander, now Colonel Hays, and he was in some of the hottest battles of the conflict.

After the war was ended, there were other stirring events in which he had a part. He was given the contract for carrying the mail from San Antonio to El Paso, a region infested by Indians, desperadoes, and other dangerous characters. He had many narrow

escapes from death, and sometimes he had to detour many miles to avoid an enemy trap; but he always brought in the mail.

He served yet another term with the Rangers. When Governor Bell called on him to raise a Ranger company and protect the frontier, he complied with the order willingly. His Ranger and mail carrying activities went hand in hand, the one making possible the other.

One day, some years after these events occurred, a stranger stopped at his home and brought him a letter from the post office in San Antonio. It was from a relative in Virginia asking him to return to his old home to help in a division of the property. He decided to go.

He had quite a bit of trouble in determining what to wear, for he realized that his leather leggings and hunting shirt would be out of place. He had a buckskin suit, with copper bells on the bottoms of the pants legs which jingled as he moved, but he feared that it too might not be suitable.

He went to San Antonio and bought a new hat, coat, trousers, and shiny, patent-leather shoes. He also bought a pair of gloves, but these he wore only once, because they "choked" his hands. When he had purchased such other items as combs, brushes, and a shaving outfit, plus a "two-story" trunk in which to put them, he felt ready for the journey.

He decided to try on his new clothes at home, just to see how they fitted. At the moment when he had managed to squeeze into them, a man came whom Big Foot had met several years before. Big Foot invited him in, but he seemed ill at ease.

"I am looking for a man named Wallace—Big Foot Wallace," he finally said.

Big Foot burst out laughing, and eventually the other man joined him. In the end he did not wear all the new clothes to

Virginia, if we are to believe the whole story. At least he threw away the hat and put on his old broad-brimmed one.

It might be well to skip lightly over his experiences in New Orleans with an organ grinder and a fortune teller, nor is there much need to dwell on his visit to a theatre, where he saw some fancy dancers. It should be enough to say that he finally reached Virginia. There he was the center of attention, for everybody wanted to see the "wild man" from Texas.

It was not long before he was ready to go back to Texas. "Everywhere I turned they had looking glasses on the wall," he told a friend later. "I got tired of looking in them. I got tired of their fancy cooking, too, so I built me a fire in the back yard and cooked me something to eat . . . Their feather beds, tight rooms, and three meals a day were too much for me, and I never got entirely to rights again until I returned to Texas . . ."

His main trouble was that he had lived the life of a frontiersman so long that he was not happy living any other way. Like Daniel Boone of old, he was a frontiersman by preference.

Yet he was not ignorant. He wrote a number of letters which are quite readable and, when a newspaper fell into his hands, he read every word in it.

He had a keen sense of humor, too, and some of this shows in the stories he told to his biographer. He was quite talkative, perhaps too talkative at times, and he liked to make his listeners laugh. Once, when he was a prisoner of the Mexicans, his guards ordered him to pull a heavy cart. He took over the job and pretended to be a skittish horse that was kicking, shying, and running away. His fellow prisoners laughed so much that the guards in disgust relieved him of the task.

And he liked to play jokes on his friends. Once when a friend named A. J. Sowell was visiting him, Big Foot placed some rattlesnake rattles near his bed, and after the two had gone to bed

he reached over and shook them. Sowell stirred uneasily at the dread sound, for he knew that rattlesnakes sometimes entered houses. For a while all was quiet, then the sound was heard again. Big Foot spoke in a low tone.

"There's a snake in the house," he warned, "but if you'll be right quiet maybe he won't bite you."

When a third rattling occurred, his friend could stand it no longer. He got out of that bed and out of the house in a hurry.

His cabin on the Medina River was little more than a shack, and it had a dirt floor. He made his bed by setting forked mesquite poles into the ground for bed posts. In these forks he laid other poles for rails, and over them he stretched a cowhide to serve as a mattress. When blankets and buffalo robes were placed on this, he had a typical frontier bed that was more comfortable than people today might believe possible. He cooked outside on an open fire, and his main kitchen utensils were a coffee pot and a skillet.

Such was his life at home. Much of the time his only abode was the saddle, the army or scout camp, or the prairie, where he guarded homes from Indians or patrolled the frontier. He had a genuine love for the woods, the streams, and the open spaces of Texas. When the War between the States began, he enlisted on the Confederate side, but he managed to get into a company which was protecting the frontier.

He killed some Indians during his life, but he befriended others. Once, so the story goes, he took charge of a drunk Indian in a saloon. When the sheriff started to put him in jail, Big Foot objected.

"If you want an Indian, go out and catch one," he told the officer. "This one is mine, and you can't have him."

Unlike some frontiersmen, he was fond of company. He especially liked to visit San Antonio, where usually he could be found

sitting in front of the Menger or the Southern Hotel, talking with old friends.

He liked to attend reunions of Texas Veterans or Rangers, and seldom in his later years did he miss a session of either organization. His name is found regularly on the records of these meetings, and more than one oldtimer has recorded that Big Foot was always welcomed at them.

Several years before his death he built a house about three miles from the post office of Bigfoot, Texas, and lived there with a family named Cochran. He died among friends whom he loved, and the last services for him were held in the outdoors which he also loved.

Texans were not slow in recognizing his great services to the state. On February 20, 1899, the Texas Legislature passed a bill providing that his body be moved to the State Cemetery at Austin.

There it rests today. The grave is marked by a suitable headstone which reads:

BIG FOOT WALLACE

Here lies the man who spent his
Manhood defending
Homes of Texas
Brave, honest, and faithful
Born April 3, 1817
Died January 7, 1899

You should know that:

There is a story that he exchanged his white bean for a black one, threw it away, and drew another white bean. Big Foot denied this. With the men blindfolded and Mexican officers watching, this would hardly have been possible.

Again the reader should be cautious about believing some of the tales of Big Foot's adventures. Some of them may be "tall."

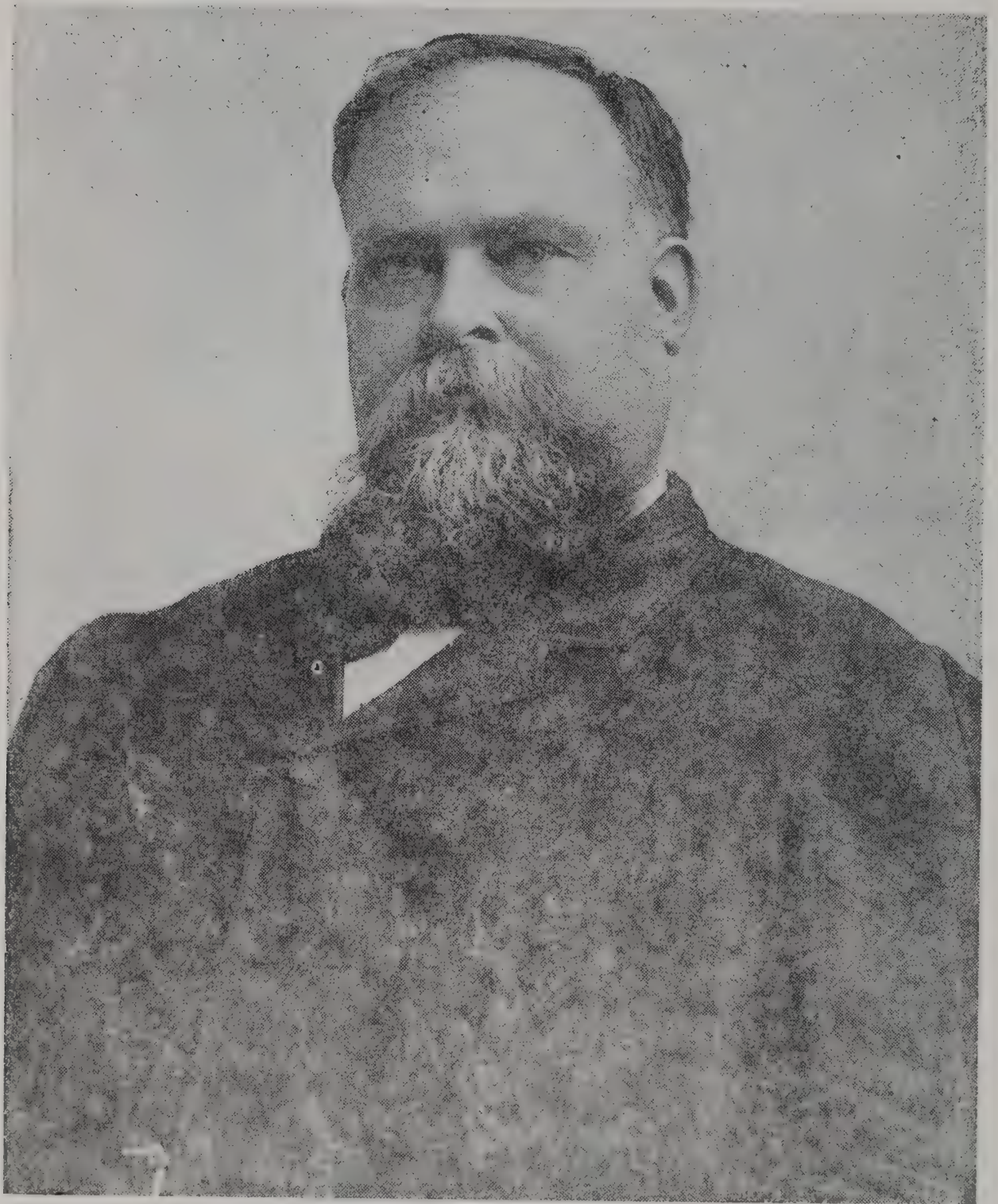


This old house is the last home built by Big Foot Wallace. It is located in Frio County.

Do you know:

1. What may be considered Big Foot's greatest service to Texas?
2. What proofs we have that Big Foot liked people?
3. Why he grew tired of Virginia so quickly, on his visit?
4. What his home and life were like on the Medina River?





JAMES STEPHEN HOGG
(Courtesy Ellison, Austin)

16. JAMES STEPHEN HOGG

The First Native-Born Governor

Early Years

One day in the fall of 1867, people in the town of Quitman saw a strange-appearing figure walking up main street. He had the general appearance of a boy of sixteen, but he was larger than most of the men in Quitman. He was barefoot, evidently to save his one pair of precious shoes, for they were tied together by their strings and slung across his left shoulder. Hanging over his right shoulder was a tightly-stuffed bundle of clothing.

He stopped and looked about uncertainly, then started up hopefully again as he saw the sign, *Quitman Clipper*, in front of a building. He made his way to the front door.

"I'd like to have a job on your newspaper, sir," he told the man with ink-stained hands who answered his call.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I might use an apprentice. Ever done any newspaper work?"

"Yes, sir. I worked a while on the *Rusk Observer*. And until a week ago I was working on the *Cleburne Chronicle*."

"The *Chronicle*, yes. I believe their plant burned recently."

"Yes, sir. I walked here from Cleburne, and I'm willing to serve as an apprentice."

The editor scratched his head and did not speak for some time. "I really don't have full-time work," he finally said. "You might have to milk cows, and chop wood, and set type—"

"That's all right sir. I can do all those chores."

"And I can't pay you any money. As an apprentice your only pay will be your board and clothes."

"That's all right, too, sir, for I want to learn the trade. But I'll need to eat before long. I didn't have but fifteen cents when I started from Cleburne, and I-I haven't eaten much on the way."

"We'll attend to that in short order. By the way, I'm Dock Shuford. And you—"

"James Stephen Hogg, sir. But you can call me Jim for short."

So Jim Hogg went to work. He stayed with the job more than a year, gaining "experience."

On one occasion he gained quite a bit of it rather quickly. The editor went to New Orleans just before Christmas, but he was not at home on the day he had promised to return. It was time to print the weekly paper, and only young Jim was on hand to print it.

"I was puzzled for copy," he confessed later, "but I finally concluded to print the entire issue in poetry selected from an old scrap book. It was one of the most remarkable papers you ever saw."

He did not say how his employer or the public liked the unusual edition, but they must have liked him. At any rate he continued to live in Quitman. He also learned the newspaper business rapidly, and before long he was an owner and publisher himself. He took over the *Longview News* and became the publisher of the *Quitman News*. His apprenticeship was ended.

He secured much of his education doing newspaper work. It was really valuable, for in the setting of type he learned to spell, and in the writing of news items he learned to express his thoughts.

Otherwise his chances of getting an education were slim indeed. His father, a Brigadier General in the Confederate army, had died at Corinth, Mississippi, during the War between the States. His mother had passed away about that time also, leaving young Jim in the care of a widowed older sister, Martha Frances Davis.

The family fortune had disappeared during and after that conflict, so that no money was left to pay for an education.

Before the War he attended a school on his father's plantation near Rusk, Cherokee County, a school taught by tutors who came there. For a short time, also, Jim and his older sister lived at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he had a good teacher named Thomas McAdory. This teacher taught him to like public speaking and to declaim aloud as he walked to and from school.

In Texas, Jim's older brother, Thomas, helped send him to the Peyton Irving School at Rusk. One day, as he was rehearsing alone in the woods an oration that he was to deliver the next Friday afternoon, a classmate slipped up unobserved and heard him.

The classmate decided to play a trick on his friend. He hurriedly memorized the speech Jim was saying, and he even practiced Jim's gestures and tone of voice. When Friday afternoon came, the friend managed to say his oration first. He said it so nearly the way Jim would say it that the other pupils caught the joke and laughed.

Poor Jim! His speech had already been said, and unless he made one up, he had none! We are not told exactly what he said when his time came, but then and there he decided that all later speeches would be impromptu and not memorized. In time he became famous for his impromptu speeches.

Another story of his school days may give some comfort to those who do not learn arithmetic easily. Jim was especially slow in that subject. While he was attending his last school, his teacher gave him a problem. It read, "If a lady buys nine yards of calico at seven cents per yard, how much does she owe?"

Jim studied and figured a while without getting an answer. His teacher grew impatient.

Finally she said, "Well, hurry up, Jim. The lady is waiting to pay. How much does she owe?"

Jim left off his figuring and looked up. "I don't know exactly, but the amount is small. I'd just give her the goods rather than bother about it."

All too soon his school days were over, and he had to go to work. For several years he was a "devil," or printer's helper, as we have seen in connection with his work in Quitman. Finally he was earning good wages and had saved enough money to buy a printing press. He began to publish the *Quitman News*. It was a Democratic paper; that is, it favored putting Democrats into office instead of Republicans, some of whom had been in power since the War.

Evidently the people of Quitman liked him and he liked them, for they elected him justice of the peace. He held the office for three years and, during that time, he tried a number of cases involving disputes among people of the town.

One of the most noted of these was the "ditch measuring" case. Some neighbors had a dispute about a property line along which a ditch was running. The exact location of the line involved the width of a ditch, about which they could not agree. Hogg heard the arguments for a while; then he arose from his seat.

"The court is adjourned until afternoon," he announced. He went out and measured the ditch himself; then he returned and rendered his verdict.

This experience in legal matters as justice of the peace may have aroused in him a desire to know more about the law. At any rate he began studying law at night or whenever he could find the time. A lawyer friend, W. M. Giles, lent him books and otherwise helped him. He also made several trips to the neighboring town of Gilmer to talk with O. M. Roberts—then a learned lawyer and later Governor of Texas—about questions of law.



MRS. JAMES STEPHEN HOGG
Reproduced from **PROMINENT WOMEN OF TEXAS,**
by Elizabeth Brooks

After about four years of preparatory study he was "admitted to the bar," or was given the right to practice law, in 1875.

His trips to Gilmer were not altogether legal in nature; for he became acquainted with a beautiful lady there named Miss Sallie Stinson. She was the daughter of Colonel James Stinson,

a prominent Wood County farmer, and she was a student in the Looney School of Gilmer. She and Jim Hogg were married on April 22, 1875. Three sons and a daughter were born to that union. The sons were Will, Mike, and Thomas; and the daughter was Ima. The marriage was a happy one till the death of Mrs. Hogg in 1895, and the children proved to be a credit to their illustrious parents.

Meanwhile, Hogg's interest in public affairs and in law was increasing. In 1878, he was elected county attorney of Wood County, and so well did he fill that position that two years later he was elected district attorney of the Seventh Judicial District, which included a number of counties besides his own.

It was an area which contained many able lawyers, and it was a tribute to Hogg's ability that he was chosen the chief prosecutor in it. As a law enforcement officer he prosecuted criminals vigorously and without fear or favor. He helped rid Northeast Texas of criminals, and he made a reputation for his economical handling of public funds.

During all this time his political influence was growing. As a delegate to the State Democratic Convention in 1878 he helped nominate his friend, O. M. Roberts, for Governor. Later he was happy to see that same friend join the law school of the University of Texas.

After serving as district attorney he was urged to run for Congress, but he declined and instead became a lawyer in Tyler. He found the Democrats there divided and the Republicans in control. He was made Democratic leader, and presently had the quarreling Democratic factions united. He was able to win the Negro voters to his side, because he had a record of being fair to members of that race as prosecuting attorney. With their aid and with a united party, he defeated the Republicans in the next county elections.

You should know that:

An apprentice is a learner. It was a fairly common practice for such a person to receive little pay while he was learning a trade.

The free public school system, as we know it, had not developed very much when Hogg was a boy.

"Admission to the bar" was, and still is, by examination.

Party nominations nowadays are made in primaries, but in those days they were made in conventions.

Do you know:

1. The nature of young Jim Hogg's first job in Quitman?
2. What proof we have that he "made good" at this job?
3. How he became educated?
4. How he settled a dispute about the width of a ditch?
5. What public offices he held before he became Attorney General?

Hogg the Statesman

It is not surprising that a man with such a good political record as Hogg was making should be called to higher service. When the call came, he answered it by becoming a candidate for the Democratic nomination to the office of Attorney General of Texas. There were other candidates at first, but he was so popular that they withdrew from the race, and the Democratic State convention nominated him by acclamation. At the regular election in November he won over his Republican opponent by a large majority.

In his new office he went to work at once, prosecuting law-breakers vigorously. The first groups that he prosecuted were the "wildcat" fire and life insurance companies, which were operating

in violation of the laws. He compelled more than forty of them to stop doing business in Texas.

Another concern which felt the weight of his legal wrath was the Texas Traffic Association, an organization formed to end competition among Texas railroads. He broke up the group and forced it out of business. He also brought suits against certain railroads and compelled them to establish main offices and shops in the state, as the law required.

He brought other suits through which Texas recovered more than a million acres of land that had been given to groups who had not earned it. He also took court action against sheriffs and tax collectors who had failed to send the state all the delinquent tax money they had collected for it. A number of delinquent taxpayers were compelled through district attorneys to pay past-due taxes to the state. Indeed, his record as Attorney General was a notable one. He compelled rich and poor alike to obey the law and allowed no one to ignore or evade it.

By the time his second term as Attorney General was ending, there was a demand that he become Governor. He wanted his friend Sawnie Robertson to have that position, but finally he yielded to the popular clamor and announced as a candidate for the nomination.

He began his part of the campaign with an opening speech on April 9, 1890, at his home town of Rusk. A determined fight was made in the Democratic Convention to keep him from being nominated, but his opponents failed in their efforts. The Convention, meeting in San Antonio in August, chose him as its nominee. He still had to face the Republican nominee, Webster Flanagan, but that victory proved easy. In the November election he was the overwhelming choice of the voters.

Opposition to him was growing, however, and much of it came from those who believed he wanted to destroy big business enter-



Statue of James Stephen Hogg on the campus of the University of Texas

prises. He was Governor at a time when there was a rapid growth of railroads and other large corporations, and Hogg believed that they should be regulated for the protection of the public. He did not oppose the growth of commerce and industry; indeed, he favored it. In Philadelphia, Boston, and other northern cities he made speeches telling about the great natural resources of his state and inviting investors to come to Texas. However, he wanted large business concerns controlled by law.

Of all the organizations then operating, he believed that the ones needing control the most were the railroads. Although they were not violating existing state laws, they were arousing much opposition by some of their acts. Sometimes they were accused of selling too many of their stocks and bonds to the public for higher prices; and often they were charged with charging higher freight rates to some people than to others. As Attorney

General, Hogg had stopped some of these practices, but he felt that new laws were needed to stop others.

In the campaign of 1890, he carried his fight to the people. He wanted a state railroad commission composed of the best men to be found, to keep a continuous watch on the railroads. The idea was not original with him, for the United States Congress had created such a body in 1887 to control railroad operations between states. Hogg wanted one for Texas alone.

As soon as he became Governor, he persuaded the legislature to propose an amendment to the state constitution authorizing the appointment of such a commission. The voters of Texas adopted the amendment, and the commission was organized in 1891. Hogg's old friend, John H. Reagan, resigned a seat in the United States Senate to become chairman of the new group. The selection of two other capable men, Judge William P. McLean and L. L. Foster, insured that the newly-created body would do its work well.

The new Texas Railroad Commission went to work at once and secured reasonable and uniform freight rates, which in most cases were lower than those then in force. Beneficial results followed in the form of increased shipping, the construction of more mills and factories, and the increase in prices paid for farm products.

But many people disliked the Hogg reforms and, when his two-year term as Governor was nearing an end, a supreme effort was made to defeat him. The candidate of the "conservative" elements of the state was Judge George Clark, who waged an active campaign for the governorship.

When the Democratic Convention met at Houston in 1892 and it was seen that the friends of Hogg were in control, the Clark supporters withdrew. They had a convention of their own and nominated Clark, while the other one was nominating Hogg.

The Populist Party also had a strong candidate in the race, but Hogg defeated both of his opponents. Although almost every newspaper in the state was against him, the farmers and other common people were for him. With their support he polled more votes than both of his opponents combined, as he had done in his first campaign.

His second administration was a continued fight against corporations. He induced the legislature to enact laws forbidding trusts and monopolies to operate in the state, and it amended the criminal laws to include certain offenses by corporations. He also led in the establishment of a home for old and disabled Confederate Veterans of Texas, and in the enlarging of the endowment of the University of Texas.

He was ready to retire from public life at the end of his second term as Governor. He had spent eight years in public life in Austin and was a poor man financially.

In that connection the story is told that while he was talking to a friend at the Capitol building he said, "It's time to eat, and I'm hungry." Then he pulled a silver dollar out of his pocket and said, "After eight years of officeholding and battling for the policies I believe some day will make Texas the imperial state of the Union, this is all I have left."

His friend bought the meal.

He did not die poor, however. Late in life he invested in some East Texas land on which oil was discovered. He also established a prosperous law practice, first in Austin, and then in Houston. When he died in 1906, he was able to leave a comfortable fortune to his children, much of which they gave to provide loan funds for poor students in Texas colleges.

Shortly before his death he told his daughter that he wanted trees planted near his grave, "so that the children of Texas can gather the nuts and plant them." His wish was granted. Today

pecan trees mark the site of his last resting place in the State Cemetery at Austin.

He was a giant physically, mentally, and morally. It was no discredit to others before him to say that they were not born in the state. However, Texans are proud of Hogg because, as the first native-born Governor, he made such a notable record.

As long as the state can grow men of the caliber of James Stephen Hogg, her people need have no fears about the future.

You should know that:

The regular election date for all Texas elective officials is Tuesday after the first Monday in November of the even-numbered years.

The term, "wildcat," is commonly applied to an enterprise which is unsound or unreliable. Some of the "wildcat" insurance companies evidently did not offer very much protection to those who had policies with them.

A constitutional amendment is proposed by the legislature and adopted or rejected by the people in a regular election.

Do you know:

1. How the War Between the States affected the boy, James Stephen Hogg?
2. Why he made so many trips to Gilmer?
3. How he showed his ability to lead and persuade others?
4. How he felt toward big business in general and the railroads in particular?
5. Why he was so popular with the poor people?

17. TWO INDIAN CHIEFS

Satanta, Chief of the Kiowas

It was mid-morning of August, 1886. Mule teams were pulling heavily-loaded wagons along the old military road leading from Fredericksburg to Fort Concho. On each wagon was a driver and one extra guard, and escorting the caravan were seven soldiers. Since they were in Indian country, all were armed with rifles.

When the wagons with their thirty-five men reached the crossing of the Llano River, they halted for noon. The sudden cessation of rumbling wagons and cracking whips brought a strange quiet, which was broken only by the low talking of the men or the snorting of mules let loose from their harness. A circle was made of the wagons, with the animals in the center, to prevent them from being stampeded if the Kiowas should come.

With the serving of the noon meal some of the tenseness left the men. They stood about in small groups, talking less guardedly now. A few lighted their pipes, and others managed occasional laughs. Maybe they would get their loads of building materials to Fort Concho, after all.

Suddenly driver Johnny Jenkins stood on a wagon tongue and shaded his eyes as he looked into the distance. He turned to his companion.

"Frank, do you see that?" he asked, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, as he pointed toward some scrub timber a mile away.

Frank did see, and so did the others. They saw about a hundred mounted figures crossing a glade in single file and moving toward the wagons. They were Indians! An attack was coming!

The teamsters crawled under their wagons, with faces close



Satanta, principal war chief of the Kiowas

to the ground and rifles between the spokes. The Indians circled the camp again and again, each circle bringing them closer to the caravan. Some had guns, and all had bows and arrows, and they were firing and shooting as they drew closer.

Their head chief had a bugle, which he blew often as he directed the attack. The Indians settled down to a siege, which was enlivened by frequent exchanges of firing between the opposing forces. A young chief, who was a very skillful rider, was leading the actual fighting. He was brave to the point of being reckless, and he exposed himself to the white man's fire many times before one marksman finally toppled him.

The Indians held a council when this occurred, and out of the group rode the older chief. The slain chief lay within easy range of the white man's guns, but on came the old chief on his horse. He galloped up, deliberately dismounted, picked up the body of his friend, and rode away.

The death of the young leader seemed to discourage the Indians, however. With one parting shower of arrows they left.

"That leader was Satanta," one veteran Indian fighter spoke up. "I've seen him before and heard his bugle. And we may see him again."

He was mistaken, for that was the last of the Indians. The caravan reached Fort Concho without further mishap.

The Indians had attacked because the white men were entering territory which they claimed as their own. This part of Texas had not always been their homes or hunting grounds, however. Originally the Kiowas had lived beyond the Yellowstone River and the headwaters of the Missouri River.

According to legends, the first Kiowa was a son of the Sun-Creator. One day that god tapped on a hollow tree, and out of an owl hole came warriors and squaws. One fat squaw jammed the hole, so that others could not come out. Thereafter the Kiowa tribe was small in numbers.

Again—said the legend—the Sun-Creator tapped on another tree, and out of a hole came buffaloes. Having thus provided food for his people, the Sun God took himself back to the sky.

Years later a quarrel arose between two of the chiefs over the proper dividing of the meat of an antelope. The quarrel spread to their followers, and a war was about to start. To prevent this the Sun-Creator left the sky once more, this time separating the tribe into two groups. The one group he sent south, and the other group he sent to the mountains. The mountain group met the Crow Indians in the Black Hills, and the two became friends.

In the Seventeenth Century, the Kiowas came down the river into Kansas and Colorado, from the mountains, and there they met the Comanches. The Comanches outnumbered the Kiowas, but as the Kiowas were good fighters they held their ground.

They were still in the region north of the Red River between the Washita Mountains and the Rockies when Satanta was born, about 1807. He may have been part Spanish; certainly he spoke the Spanish language well. The Kiowas were on friendly terms with the Spaniards of New Mexico, who may have permitted them to go far to the south in search of horses and mules.

When white people from the United States opened the Santa Fe Trail in the early Nineteenth Century, the Kiowas went on the warpath. They made many raids on white settlers and travelers, killing some and capturing many wagon cargoes.

Brigadier General Leavenworth was sent to the area to restore peace and protect the traders. He did so, but his soldiers killed many buffaloes for the mere sport of the shooting. The Kiowas did not like this, and they showed their anger when a band of Kiowas and Comanches made a raid in the Groesbeck country of Texas. They captured Fort Parker, killed some of its inmates, and carried Cynthia Ann Parker off in captivity.

Sam Houston, who became President of the Republic of Texas late in 1836, was an adopted Cherokee and a friend of the Indians, in general. Early in that year he had been among the Indians, talking peace and advising them to stop fighting the white people.

Through his influence also the Congress of the Republic of Texas made promises to the Indians to keep them friendly, promises that were later broken.

The Kiowas followed the advice of friends and made a treaty with the United States officials in 1837, in which they promised to let white people travel through their country. They also promised not to molest Texans and Mexicans, neither of whom then were citizens of the United States.

When Texas entered the Union in 1845, it retained control of its public lands, much of which the Comanches and the Kiowas occupied. Although the Indians had been on these lands for more than a hundred years, the Governor of Texas now demanded that the United States remove the Indians from "our lands." The state wanted to sell them to pay the public debt, he said.

The Mexicans, after Santa Anna's defeat, had already been trying to get the Indians to attack the Texans, but most of them had remained neutral. However, when the war between the United States and Mexico began in 1846, many American soldiers went through the Indian Country, mistreating the Indians and killing the buffaloes. Naturally the Indians took to the warpath again.

They made many raids into northern Mexico, killing, stealing, and plundering. Satanta was the leader in some of these raids. On one occasion a Mexican roped him, dragged him some distance, and might have killed him if another Indian had not cut the rope. Satanta believed that his escape was due to the magic influence of his shield. He wore it the rest of his life and gave it to his son to wear after his death.

At the end of the war with Mexico the United States gained a large territory and agreed to protect Mexico from Indian raids along its boundary. A string of forts was built extending from Fort Ringgold at Rio Grande City to Montana. About that time gold was discovered in California, and thousands of whites crossed



Lone Wolf, Chief of the Kiowas

Indian country, killing the precious game on which the Indians depended for food.

It seemed now as if the relations between the whites and the Indians were growing worse than ever, but they had not always been so bad. General Leavenworth had managed to get along

very well with the Indians, and his son Jesse was a good friend of Satanta. Indeed, while a boy, Jesse had spent one or more of his summers among the Indians.

Thirty years later that early friendship stood him in good stead. He was a passenger on an overland stage coach between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

When he heard that the Indians were on the warpath, he asked, "Is Satanta among them?"

On being told that he was, Jesse Leavenworth went on foot to the Indian camp. He found Satanta, who embraced him with joy, and the two men talked the rest of the night. The people in the stagecoach entered the village as the honored guests of Satanta and, when the coaches moved on, ten Kiowa warriors escorted it to safety.

Satanta became known to other leaders of the United States army, and for some time there was peace. Bands of his warriors sometimes stole horses and mules, but they visited army posts and were kindly received. Satanta himself often rode by Fort Chadbourne, astride a fine horse and carrying his favorite shield.

The Indians, who were great lovers of sports, often staged foot races and horse races with the soldiers at the forts. One time the soldiers secured a fine horse secretly and challenged the Indians to a race. They accepted the challenge and turned out in large numbers to watch—only to see their pony beaten by fifty feet.

This was too much for Satanta, who made a long trip to Texas and brought back a fast race horse. There was another race, and this time the Indians won. The soldiers paid Satanta two thousand dollars for his horse, which more than repaid him for his trip.

But the trouble between the Indians and the whites was not ended. Rascally Indian agents of the government defrauded the Indians, keeping or selling goods intended for the Red men.

They also made the Indians drunk with liquor and brought smallpox and other diseases which killed many of them. It is small wonder that Satanta and his braves came to hate the whites.

However, the whites were not entirely and solely to blame. Various tribes of Indians were raiding Mexico, even after they had promised in the Treaty of Fort Atkinson(1853) to stop their raids. They were still attacking the Santa Fe traders also.

In 1865 Colonel Jesse Leavenworth met Indian chiefs on the spot where the city of Wichita, Kansas, now stands. There, in the Treaty of the Little Arkansas, the chiefs agreed to stay on certain reservations that would be provided south of the Arkansas River—about four thousand square miles on the upper plains of Texas and Oklahoma. The Indians promised to make no more raids in Texas.

The government did little to carry out its part of the treaty, and Satanta and his warriors broke their part of the agreement with the attack on the wagon train moving over the Fredericksburg Road toward Fort Concho. A week later these marauders were in Cooke County with more than a hundred stolen horses. After killing some of the members of the James Box family, they took the mother and son and some of the children as prisoners.

They crossed the Red River into their home territory, indicating their coming with smoke signals. They were given a grand welcome, and young warriors retold to admiring home folk the tale of Satanta's rescue of the young chief's body.

Satanta held the captured members of the Box family for ransom. A year after their capture he took them to Fort Dodge and released them for two thousand dollars. When he was blamed for this act, he replied that his people had never given up their claims to Texas land. He was a man of peace, he said, but when there was war he had to lead his tribe.

He also accused the whites of selling goods that the govern-

ment intended for the use of the Indians. He also complained at the white man's killing of the buffalo.

"We kill to eat," he told General Hancock. "You slaughter for fun and leave the carcasses to rot."

General Hancock was so impressed with the chief's defense that he gave Satanta a new uniform, that of a major general. Satanta was so proud of it that he had his picture made in it. He also wore it on a horse-stealing raid on the fort's corral, a few days after he received it.

Finally another effort was made to end the trouble. There was a meeting of representatives of the United States and of Indian chiefs at Medicine Lodge in October, 1867. After much ceremony a treaty was made, in which the Indians promised to give up claims to land from the Red River to the Rio Grande, and in return they were promised more government food and other aid.

An agent was sent to conduct the Kiowas and Comanches to reservations, but the Senate had not ratified the treaty, and the Indians had nowhere to go. The Cheyennes started a war, and the Comanches, Kiowas, and others followed their lead. General Philip Sheridan was sent to launch a winter campaign against the rebelling Indians in 1868.

He captured Satanta and Lone Wolf and put them in prison, but they were freed when they promised to live on their reservations. Sheridan then left the Indian Territory thinking the Indians had been pacified, but Satanta and his Kiowas continued their trouble making. In 1871, they destroyed a wagon train, killing seven white people in the Salt Creek massacre.

Satanta and two other chiefs were arrested and taken to Jacksboro, Texas, for trial. They were found guilty of murder and were given the death sentence, but Governor Davis changed it to life imprisonment. After they had been in the Huntsville prison a

short while, Governor Davis freed them on parole, upon advice from Washington.

There are conflicting reports as to what happened afterward. Satanta retired from active leadership of his tribe and advised his people to remain at peace with the white men. Some of the Kiowas wanted to fight the whites again, though, and other Indian raids were staged. Satanta was again sent to the penitentiary.

This was too much. To be confined closely in prison after spending a life in the open was worse than death. Satanta opened some arteries in his legs, but attendants rushed him to the hospital and stopped the blood. At a moment when he was not closely guarded, he jumped out of the two-story hospital window and landed head-first on a brick wall below.

His long fight with the white man was over. His bugle was silenced forever.

You should know that:

The Comanches and the Kiowas were not always at war. In the later days of Satanta's life they sometimes helped each other in raids on the whites.

There was a legend that Satanta's mother was Spanish.

The Santa Fe trail was from Missouri to Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was opened after Mexico gained her independence in 1821.

Lone Wolf, the main chief of the Kiowas, did not go to prison. He escaped from the white captors.

Do you know:

1. Why the Indians attacked the wagon caravan on the Fredericksburg road?
2. Why Satanta and Jesse Leavenworth were such good friends?
3. Why the Indians broke their treaty promises so often to stage raids?



Quanah Parker, Chief of the Comanches and son of Cynthia Ann Parker

4. What grievances the Indians had against the whites?
5. Why Satanta was sent to the penitentiary?
6. Why he preferred death to imprisonment?

Quanah Parker, Chief of the Comanches

Cynthia Ann Parker was a mere child when the Comanches and the Kiowas captured her. They took such good care of her that in time she almost forgot her white parents and came to like Indian life. She married Peta Nocona, the Chief of his tribe, and became the mother of a son who was called Quanah.

When Colonel Sul Ross and his Rangers attacked the tribe of which Nocona was chief, they killed him and captured Cynthia Ann. This left Quanah an orphan not more than fourteen years old, and perhaps even younger.

He grew to manhood with his people, following the buffalo and living as Indians lived. In time he fell in love with a beautiful young Indian maiden named Weckeah, according to one story. They planned to be married as soon as Quanah could get enough ponies to give an acceptable gift to Yellow Bear, Weckeah's father. It was customary for the young man to "buy" his bride with some such a gift.

One day Weckeah hunted Quanah, and her face was long and sorrowful.

"My father is about to give me in marriage to Tanaap," she told her lover. "He has offered ten ponies for me."

Quanah was silent for a full minute. He had only one pony. Finally he straightened up.

"I will call on my friends for aid," he said. "They will help me get the other nine ponies."

"And my friends will help," Weckeah said softly.

Their friends did come to their aid, and three days later Quanah had enough ponies promised to match the offer of his rival. But Weckeah again came to him, and this time her face was longer than ever.

"Tanaap's father, Eckitoacup, has offered Father twenty ponies," she told Quanah. "And Father has already set the day. I am to be married to Tanaap at the end of three days."

Quanah and Weckeah talked a long time and finally decided to elope. They hesitated, because death was the penalty for any couple that ran away and married without the consent of the parents. They decided to risk even death rather than be forever separated.

When it was dark and all the Indian camp was still, they mounted their ponies and left. For ten hours they rode as hard as they could go, stopping only for water.

After several days of hard riding, they came to the banks of the Concho River, and there they made their home. In time little papooses arrived, and other Comanches joined them. They followed the buffalo for food and rejoined some of their old friends of earlier days on the Staked Plains. Refusing to accept the Treaty of Medicine Lodge of 1867, they made raids on settlements east of the line of Texas forts that had been established to protect the whites from the Indians.

This warfare continued for some time. In one battle near the Red River, Chief Bear's Ear was killed, and Quanah was made chief in his place. In August of 1871, Ronald S. McKenzie set out with some soldiers to punish the Indians, but a group of braves stampeded all the horses which he had captured earlier! Quanah led his warriors in the desperate Battle of the Adobe Walls in 1874.

In spite of Indian bravery, the whites won that battle, and within a year Quanah and his people had surrendered and were sent to a reservation in the Indian Territory.

After his people were settled, Quanah made a trip to Texas to visit his mother's family. He went on to Mexico to visit his uncle, John Parker. He could have been adopted and lived among his kinfolk as a white man, but he preferred the life of an Indian chief.

And he made a good chief to his people. He became known as a man with a keen business judgment. He leased the pasture lands of the Comanches for a hundred thousand dollars, and on a number of occasions he prevented whites from defrauding his tribesmen. Sometimes he donned the clothes of a white man and made trips to Washington on tribal business.

He was popular, both with government officials and with his own people. About 1877 he was chosen the grand chief of his tribe. The Indians were allowed to hunt buffaloes in the Texas Panhandle during the summer and, besides going on these hunts, he also made many trips to Fort Worth and other places in Texas. He and President Theodore Roosevelt were good friends, and at one time the President considered appointing Quanah to a federal office.

That this appointment was not made was probably due to the fact that Quanah had several wives. He did not think it was wrong for a Comanche chief to have more than one wife, for that practice was customary among his people. He and his several wives and many children lived in a fourteen-room house in the Wichita Mountains, where often they entertained both whites and Indians.

When courts were established near his home, he was made a judge in one of them. He also held several other local or county offices. In turn, he persuaded his tribesmen to settle down, become farmers, and raise some of their own food. He frowned upon laziness among them and persuaded the braves to do a little work. It had been the custom for the squaw to do almost all of the



**General Philip H. Sheridan, who dealt with the Indians of Texas
and Oklahoma**

work. He taught the Indians to be thrifty, and some of them even had bank accounts.

He died in 1911. It was said that he was the first Comanche Chief to die in a house and in his own bed.

You should know that:

The marker on his grave said Quanah was born in 1852, but some writers place his birth as early as 1845.

The writer cannot guarantee the complete truth of the story about Quanah's marriage and elopement. The best one can say is that it *may* have happened.

Do you know:

1. What crisis confronted Quanah and his sweetheart?
2. How they solved their problem?
3. What proof we have that the tribe later forgave the elopers?
4. What evidence there is that Quanah was liked by the whites?

18. JOHN NANCE GARNER

Mr. Vice President

Early Years

The blazing log fire was furnishing both heat and light for the family circle of eight. At the center of the circle was the mother, and sitting on the floor near her was her youngest son. In her hand was a "blue-back" spelling book.

"Now spell it with your eyes closed," she told him.

He shut his eyes tightly and spelled, slowly but firmly, "c-a-t."

The father looked up from the book he had been reading.

"Hm! That means it's time for him to start to school."

The very next day John Nance Garner IV did begin his school work. He had to walk three miles, morning and afternoon, to and from an unpainted one-room schoolhouse called Antioch, and the term of the school was only four months. McGuffey's *Reader* and the *American Spelling Book* were about the only books he studied for the first two years that he attended.

He learned his lessons well, though, for he had two good teachers at home. His mother had taught him the alphabet, and his Aunt Kitty had a shelf full of wonderful books of history and literature. Little John first looked at the pictures in them, but before long he was reading them.

Aunt Kitty was the family historian. She told John that his great ancestor was Hugh Walpole, the first real English Prime Minister. She told how his grandmother, Rebecca Walpole Garner, had driven a covered wagon containing six children across the river on a ferry at Fulton, Arkansas, in 1842 and entered Texas. She had driven the whole six hundred miles from Rutherford County, Tennessee, for John's grandfather was dead. She had traveled



JOHN NANCE GARNER

another hundred miles into Texas, Aunt Kitty went on to say, stopping finally at Blossom Prairie, Red River County, where the family now lived.

There she had settled on some land, built a house, and begun

to farm. Relatives and friends were already there, and they helped her. The children all worked too.

"I know," John would interrupt Aunt Kitty at that part of the story. "And Daddy was the youngest of the children, and he grew up and was a Confederate soldier. And when the war was over he came back and married Mother and built this house, and I was born, and . . ."

"Not so fast," laughed his mother, "but you *were* born, and your birthday was November 21, 1869. And now you are a big boy and ready to go to school."

John made such progress in his school that before long he was sent to another school, several miles south of the Garner home. It was too far for him to walk back and forth every day; he had to board nearby and go home on week-ends. By now he was studying such subjects as history, mathematics, and literature. At the age of fifteen he went away from home to Blossom, Lamar County, to the finest school in that region.

He was not going to school all the time. During the long summer vacations and over the week-ends he was at home. He helped with the farm work; and when he was not working he was fishing, hunting, swimming, and playing with a bob-tailed dog named Rover.

He learned to work hard. On his eighth birthday a hired man working for his father gave him five dollars. His father, who believed that people should earn what they received, said, "I'll give you five dollars if you will pick a hundred pounds of cotton tomorrow."

John was in the cotton patch before daylight the next day, while the stalks were still heavy with dew. He picked 108 pounds of cotton before sundown. With the ten dollars he bought a motherless mule colt, which he raised till it was grown and sold it for

\$150. That money was his first bank account, and thereafter he was seldom without a bank account which was at least that large.

Not all of his early life was work. He liked games, and the main game played by boys in those days around his home was baseball. Every community had its own baseball team, and sometimes there was fierce rivalry between the teams. This was especially true of the Blossom, Possum Trot, and Coonskin Hollow communities, and John was shortstop on the Blossom team.

The other teams had been beating Blossom, but their pitcher, Jeff Dickey, heard that it was possible to throw curve balls. The boys raised a sum of money and employed a man who claimed he could teach Jeff to throw curves.

In the game Jeff threw the curves all right, but he could not control the ball, so in the ninth inning the score was tied. A player went to the bat, and the umpire called him out on a strike that he thought was higher than his head! Eighteen boys and a number of spectators were soon arguing and using their fists over the matter. Nobody will ever know the score of that game, for it was never played to the end.

When John was eighteen years of age, he thought he was ready for college, where he intended to study law. He selected Vanderbilt University in Tennessee as the college to attend, and boarded a train for Nashville. He had worked at odd jobs during summers till he had enough money to pay his way, without asking for any help from his parents.

There are conflicting stories as to why he left Vanderbilt. Perhaps he discovered that he was not so well prepared for college work as he should have been. Perhaps his eyes were bothering him, or he was beginning to have lung trouble. Whatever the cause, he remained in school only a short time. Later the officials of the University offered him an honorary degree. He refused it

with thanks, saying it would be unfair to get without work that which others had to work hard to receive.

He had not given up his desire to be a lawyer, and he took a common method of studying law in those days. He went to Clarksville, county seat of Red River County, and studied in the office of Captain M. L. Sims, a lawyer friend of the family. In due time he passed the bar examinations and started practicing in Clarksville.

He used his first fee to buy an iron safe, but for a long time he had no other clients. There was no money to put in his safe. He ran for city attorney, hoping in doing that work to increase his funds, but he was beaten by a small majority.

Then it was that he decided to go to another place to live. His health had been growing worse, and the doctor had told him he had better go to a dry climate. He heard of an opening in a law firm at Uvalde.

He packed his trunk, withdrew his money from the bank, and bought a ticket. His father's parting advice was, "John, tell the truth and be a gentleman."

Years afterward he said, "I don't know whether I lived up to the gentleman part or not, but I never told an untruth to any person. . . . It doesn't pay, even temporarily. Seldom is there utility in a lie, just futility."

You should know that:

Miss Kitty Garner made her home with the family of John's father, who was her brother, or John Nance III.

Do you know:

1. How young John Garner proved that he was ready to start to school?
2. What he studied in his first school?
3. Why he learned so fast?

4. How his studies in the Blossom school compared with studies in schools today;
5. Why his father insisted that John earn his money?
6. What happened in a ball game in which he played?
7. Why he left Clarksville and went to Uvalde?
8. How he earned the right to practice law?
9. How his father's advice influenced his later life?

"The Gentleman from Texas"

One winter night in 1893 young Garner stepped off the train at Uvalde, paid twenty-five cents for a ride to the hotel, and took a room there. The next morning he was up by daybreak and was out looking at the town. It looked to be a place of two thousand-odd people, with a thinly-settled country all around. He was not much impressed with it at first sight, but he stayed long enough to change his opinion about it. When the bank was opened, he deposited all but a small amount of his money in it, using the signature, "Jno. N. Garner," a name which he signed many times afterward.

This chore done, he hunted up the law firm that had advertised for a junior partner, and in a short while he was a member of the firm of Clark, Fuller, and Garner. As its youngest member it was his duty to travel to little county seat towns in nine counties of the area and represent the firm in legal actions.

This duty kept him on the road quite a bit of the time. Sometimes he stayed all night between towns at the homes of friendly ranchers, where strangers were always welcome. If no ranch house was in sight at nightfall, he rolled up in a blanket and slept on the ground.

Most of the cases in which he was involved dealt with thefts of horses or cattle, or with disputes over the ownership of land. He learned that it paid to settle as many cases out of court as

possible, and for that reason he came to be known as a "good compromiser." Not all his fees were in cash; sometimes he was paid with goats, hogs, cattle, wool, bank stock, or land. As he was a good trader, this did not matter. Indeed, sometimes he doubled the value of his fee by making a good trade.

Because he was a good trader and was becoming a good lawyer, Garner in a year or two increased his annual earnings from five or six hundred dollars to almost two thousand dollars. He branched out in business, founding an abstract company which at the last account was still doing business.

He entered politics, also. In 1895, there was a vacancy in the office of County Judge, which the Commissioners Court was to fill, and Garner applied for the job. Opposing his appointment was a sincere young lady in town named Mariette Rheiner. She was the daughter of a Swiss immigrant who had owned a ranch near Uvalde before his death. After attending a college in Tennessee and taking a business course in San Antonio, she had come back to Uvalde to live.

She had heard tales about Garner's poker playing, and she did not think a man of that kind should be County Judge. In spite of her objections, however, he was appointed to serve out the rest of the term of two years.

One day, as she was returning by train to her home from San Antonio, a friend stopped by her seat.

"Miss Rheiner," he said. "I want you to become acquainted with Judge Garner, the new County Judge."

That was the end of Miss Rheiner's opposition. Five months later she and Garner were married. They spent most of their honeymoon in a hotel at Uvalde, watching the carpenters erect a modest, four-room home in which they were to live. She became Garner's secretary, a position which she held throughout his public career. A year or more after the marriage a son was born.

He was named Tully Fuller, in honor of one of Garner's law partners, and he was the only child of the family.

Garner was elected to the full term as County Judge when the appointed term had ended, but when he ran for a second term he was defeated. The defeat happened because of unfair opponents and because he was trying to save his county some money. He had been granting funds to a few of the poor people around Uvalde, to help them pay doctor bills when they were sick.

Feeling that some of them were being "sick" too much, he bought a box of pills. The next man who asked for "sick relief" received three pills instead of money.

A few days later he heard shocking news: the man had died! As the election was only a few days away he feared that the rapidly spreading news would cause him to be defeated. It did just that, but a short time after the election was over he saw the "sick" man on the streets, alive and well! His political foes had played a trick on him.

The defeat did not cause Garner to abandon politics, for shortly afterward he announced as a candidate for the state legislature as a Democrat. He was nominated and elected.

When he walked into the newly-built Capitol building at Austin on January 4, 1899, he was dressed for the occasion. Among other articles of wearing apparel was a derby hat which rested almost on his ears. A day or so later his wife brought in a new soft felt hat.

"I believe this looks better on you, John," she told him. He agreed with her, and thereafter he stuck to soft hats. When he went to Austin, he knew almost no one there. He was two weeks early, however, and spent the time in getting acquainted.

As a member of the important Appropriations Committee of the Texas House of Representatives he helped kill so many bills to benefit local groups that his committee was called the "Blue-

beard" committee. This was but the beginning of a forty-eight-year fight for economy in government. It was a fight that he started in Austin and ended in Washington.

In the Texas legislature he also fought for a law to compel out-of-state life insurance companies to invest in Texas a part of the money they collected from Texas people. He likewise favored a stricter regulation of railroads, although in that matter he did not go so far as Governor Hogg had gone at an earlier time.

Before the end of his first legislature Garner was recognized as one of the leaders there, and he had little trouble in being re-elected. He had decided that he wanted to go to Congress, and once he had made that decision, began to make his plans. When the census of 1900 showed that Texas was entitled to a new Congressman, Garner resolved that he should come from the Uvalde country.

Accordingly he prepared a map dividing the Lower Rio Grande region into two Congressional districts. One of them included his home county and all the nine counties which he had visited as a traveling lawyer a few years earlier.

Garner showed this map to his legislative friends, frankly telling them, "I want it adopted so I can go home and be elected to Congress." Perhaps they liked his frankness, or perhaps the division was a fair one. At any rate they voted to draw the new district as he had planned it.

As soon as the legislature ended, Garner went home and began his campaign to get the Democratic nomination for Congress. He got the nomination and in the November general election he was elected.

On November 9, 1903, Garner walked into the National House of Representatives and took a seat in the back of the room. Congress was not supposed to meet until the First Monday in December, but President Theodore Roosevelt had called it into special

session to pass a law about trade with Cuba. Cuba was producing much sugar, which was being shipped to the United States to be refined. The President wanted to abolish import tariffs on this raw sugar. Congress passed the law, but Garner voted against it. He thought it would benefit only the sugar manufacturers and not the public.

Meanwhile the new Congressman from Texas was meeting great men and was learning that they were about like other people. As President Roosevelt was fond of hunting, Garner invited him to visit Texas to go hunting. The Secretary of War was a big friendly man named William Howard Taft. When Garner heard that Taft was planning to remove federal troops from Brownsville, he protested.

"But why do you want the troops to stay in Brownsville?" Taft asked.

"We are producing a surplus of hay," Garner replied, "and as long as the army is there we can sell hay to the cavalry for their horses."

Taft laughed, and the armed forces remained in Brownsville. Perhaps they were really needed there.

The Republicans were in control of Congress, and their Speaker, Joseph Cannon, appointed Garner to the Committee on Railways and Canals. It was one of the least important of the committees, but Garner used it to get an appropriation for deepening the waterway at Corpus Christi.

It was this ability to be useful to the people in his district which made him popular. In one matter, however, he could not satisfy his home folk. In those days Congressmen sent free packages of garden seed to people through the Department of Agriculture. The call for seed from Garner's district was so great that he could not supply everyone. He was granted only 210 packages. As he

had twenty-one counties in his district, he sent ten packages to each county.

In Washington, he was rapidly learning how to manage. During his first term or two he made no speeches, but he watched and listened. He was always punctual in attending his committee meetings, and he rarely missed a session of the House of Representatives. Speaker Joseph Cannon took a liking to the young Texan, and one day he made public that preference.

The occasion was the unveiling of statues of two Texas heroes, Austin and Houston. The Speaker banged his gavel.

"The Gentleman from Texas, Mr. Garner, will take the chair," he announced. So, while other Texas Congressmen were making speeches praising the two heroes, Garner was presiding.

Perhaps then and there he decided that some day *he* would be Speaker; who knows?

You should know that:

An abstract company is one that examines and prepares legal papers about the ownership of land.

"Bluebeard" was a criminal in the long ago who brutally killed a large number of people.

Hogg ended his second term as Governor in 1895, several years before Garner went to the legislature, but some of Hogg's program was still being considered in 1899 and later.

Do you know:

1. What kind of work Garner did in his new home, Uvalde?
2. Why his annual earnings increased?
3. Who opposed his appointment as County Judge, and with what success?
4. What trick was used to defeat him for County Judge?
5. How his habits of thrift made him a better legislator?

6. Why his colleagues gave him the Congressional district that he wanted?
7. What habits of his attracted favorable attention at Washington?

A Leader of the Nation

As the people of Garner's district were satisfied with the work he was doing in Congress, they kept returning him at the end of each two-year term. He had opponents almost every time, but none of them could defeat him. He never said harsh words about his opponents, and it was his boast that most of them afterward supported him against some other opponent.

There finally came a time when his party, the Democratic, was in control of Congress. A Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson, was elected in 1912. A year before that time Garner's friend, Champ Clark of Missouri, was elected Speaker. When that occurred, Garner became a member of the important Ways and Means Committee, the one that prepares money-raising measures.

When the United States Congress declared war on Germany in 1917, Garner voted for war. Shortly afterward he had a talk with his son, Tully.

"What are you going to do, son?" he asked.

"I am going to get into the armed forces."

"That's good. I wouldn't want to vote to send other sons to war unless my own went."

President Wilson soon felt the need of a man in the House of Representatives who could act as a connecting link between President and Congress, and he chose Garner for that work. There were many dark days during the struggle. Sometimes the President was despondent, but the steady cheerfulness and unfailing good sense of his Texas friend helped him along.

At the close of the war, 1918, Garner was recognized as one of the ten most important men in Congress. He was not so well known in the country at large as some others, for he did not make many speeches; but other Congressmen relied on him.

In 1920, he was elected for the tenth term to Congress. He was now in his early fifties, and his hair was almost white. The Republicans had just elected Harding as President and won control of Congress by a landslide. Garner and his Democratic friends were in a hopeless minority, but Garner could sometimes influence Republican votes in Congress.

One character trait Garner showed both in private and in public life was thrift. He disliked extravagance with public money, and he made his own wealth by hard work and wise investments. One of his colleagues, Sam Rayburn, declared that Garner had "seventy-five cents of every dollar he had ever made."

One day, so the story goes, a man asked Garner to write his name on a ten dollar bill.

"What are you going to do with it?" Garner asked.

"I am going to give it to my grandson, as a lesson in thrift," was the answer.

It was said that on another occasion he gave a hotel boy a tip of twenty-five cents and asked for ten cents in change.

Whether these stories are true or false, it is a fact that he was thrifty, but not stingy. Many times when bank examiners would not allow his bank to make loans to people in whom Garner had confidence, he let them have money from his own private funds. Almost always they repaid the loan; he seldom lost money.

Through the decade of the 1920's he continued to sit in Congress, while the Republicans were in control in Washington. When the Democrats came into power in the House of Representatives late in 1931, Garner was elected Speaker by a majority of three votes.

The country was in the midst of a depression, and the voters were inclined to blame the Republicans for it. Most political leaders recognized that the Democratic nominee would stand a good chance to be elected President.

There were several candidates. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the leading one, but Al Smith of New York had a strong following also. Garner himself had the support of the Texas and California delegations in the Democratic Convention, but it took a total vote of two-thirds to nominate. When Garner saw that Roosevelt had a majority, and that he himself could not win, he withdrew and asked his friends to vote for Roosevelt.

As a result of Garner's support Roosevelt was nominated, and Roosevelt in turn asked the Convention to make Garner the nominee for Vice President. The Democrats won the election, and Garner became the Vice President of the United States.

He did not like the new work so well as he had liked the old. As Speaker he had presided over the House of Representatives, and as Vice President he presided over the Senate. He believed in obeying the call of duty, however, and in his new position he had an important part in enacting the Roosevelt program into law. He attended Cabinet meetings regularly and kept things running smoothly in Congress. The President called him "Mr. Common Sense," and the term described him well.

His public successes did not make him forget old friends. He was now representing the whole country, and not just one district in Texas, but he had many old friends in that district. There was one man, the father of seventeen children, who had supported Garner the first time he ran for Congress, and had voted for him every time since. Each Christmas Garner sent every member of the family a gold piece worth \$2.50.

Many men in public life have yielded to the temptation to enrich themselves while they were in public office. Garner was tempted,

when a radio sponsor offered him \$100,000 to appear on a program, but his reply was "no."

"I am not worth it as John Garner," was his answer, "and any value I have attained as Vice President is not for sale."

In the social life of Washington the Garners played almost no part. Mrs. Garner was too busy being secretary for her husband even to keep house very much, let alone to attend parties. The couple accepted almost no invitations for dinners or other social events. Once a year they entertained in honor of the President and his wife, and each year they also attended a dinner given by the President for his Cabinet. Mrs. Garner likewise entertained wives of the Senators, and occasionally Garner went to Jackson Day dinners or similar functions. That was the extent of their "partying."

Nor would the Vice President have any secret service men guarding him. He told those "constables" to find other work. "There's not anybody crazy enough to shoot a Vice President," he said.

The other daily habits of the Garners were simple. Mrs. Garner liked to read Zane Gray westerns or historical romances, and her husband liked histories of Rome or Modern Europe. They were up every morning by 5:30 and in their office two hours later, answering the hundreds of letters they received daily. Garner was so fond of his afternoon nap that he had a cot in the Vice President's office, where he sometimes snatched a few winks, even on busy days.

When Congress adjourned, the Garners were among the first to start home, and usually they waited until the last moment before starting back to Washington. In time a large new mansion arose in front of the old four-roomed cottage in Uvalde. It was set back among the trees of an eight-acre lawn, and there the couple continued to live after they left Washington permanently.



Home of John Nance Garner in Uvalde

Garner was Vice President for eight years. During most of that time he and President Roosevelt were good friends, but gradually they grew farther apart in their beliefs.

One cause of their disagreement was the "sit-down" strike, a practice in which some workers were engaging of stopping work but staying in the factories so that no one else could work. Garner thought such strikes were illegal and wanted Roosevelt to end them. He also opposed the President's plan to "liberalize" the Supreme Court by appointing six more judges to it. Garner advised the President not to "purge," or oppose the re-election, of Senators who were against parts of the Roosevelt legislative program. The soundness of this advice is proved by the fact that almost every one of the "purged" Senators was re-elected.

Above all, Garner was opposed to having the President serve a third term. He did not want to be President himself; in fact, he did not want to be Vice President any longer.

After serving his second term, therefore, he went back to his own people. There he continued to live, proud of his state, his

party, and his country. He was still interested in affairs at the nation's capital, but he was happy to be viewing them from a distance.

After all, he had done more than his part in the service of his country. Certainly few men in public life have done so much as John Nance Garner, "The Sage of Uvalde."

You should know that:

Seniority is important in Congress. The longer a man is there the more important he becomes.

The Ways and Means Committee is concerned mainly with the preparation and consideration of tariff and internal revenue bills.

All bills introduced into Congress go first to committees before the whole house considers them.

It is now against the Twenty-Second Amendment of the Constitution for a President to serve more than two elected terms.

Do you know:

1. What character traits of Garner may have helped him to succeed in life?

2. How many other people in American history have been both Speaker and Vice President?

3. The main reasons for the popularity of Garner in his home Congressional district?

4. Why Garner and Roosevelt parted company after being such good friends?

5. What nicknames were given Garner, and why?

19. GLIMPSES OF CITY FOUNDERS

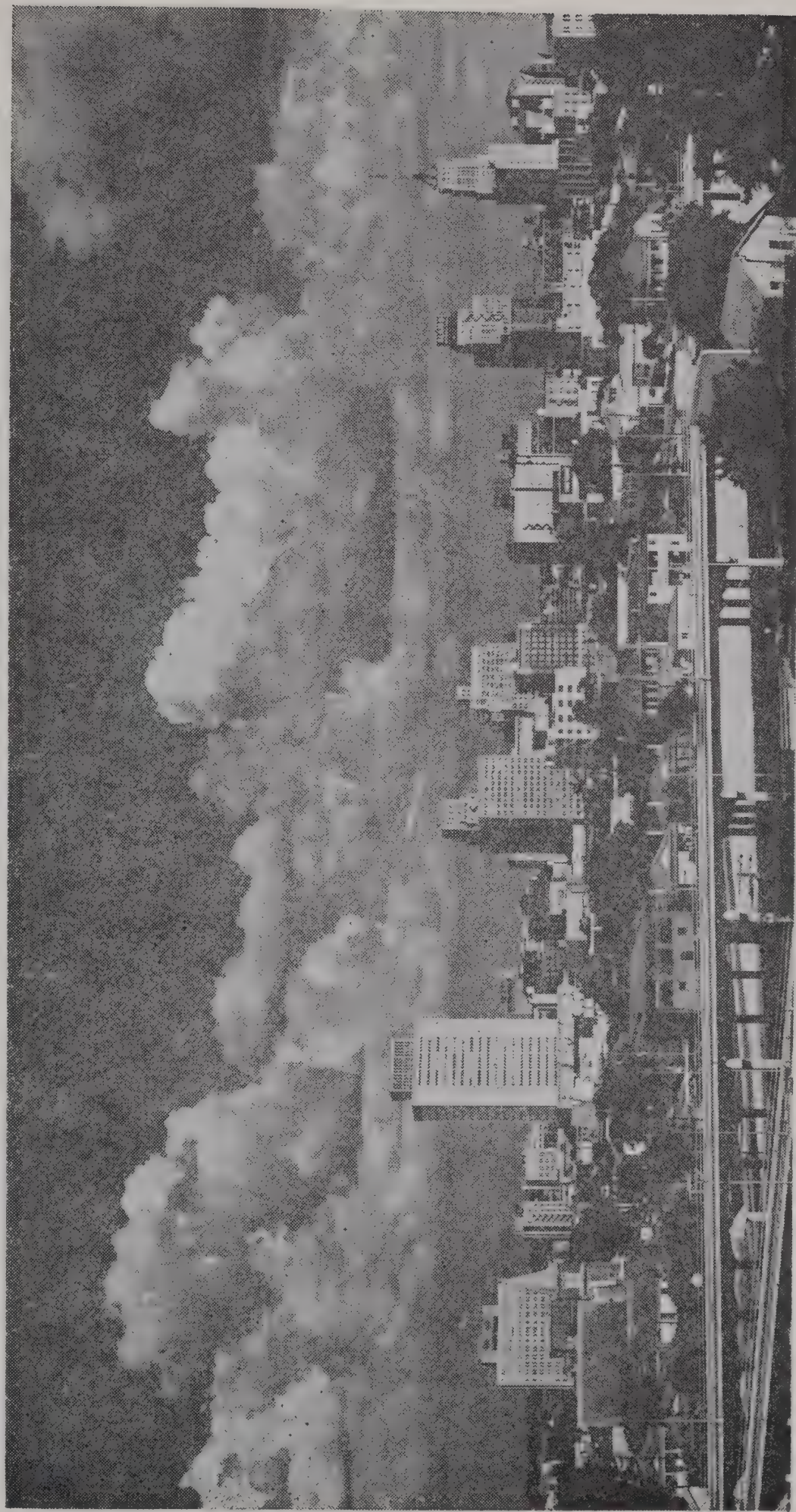
A century ago almost all Texans lived in the country. Today about two-thirds of them live in cities of 2500 population or more. There are so many of these urban areas that most of them cannot even be named here, and to tell about all of their founders would be an impossible task. Our list of "Famous Texans" would be very incomplete, however, without the names of some of these people.

Founders of Older Cities

San Antonio, one of the oldest cities in Texas, has been the scene of many stirring events. Our first glimpse, then, will be of it and its founders.

The Indians lived at the spot before the whites came. In 1536 Cabeza de Vaca, while on his way from the Gulf Coast to Mexico, stopped there. It was a long time before other white men saw the place, but in 1691 some Spaniards viewed it. In that year Don Domingo Terán de los Ríos and Father Damian Massanet, with fifty soldiers, founded a village there. Father Massanet named it San Antonio, in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, Italy.

The Spanish abandoned San Antonio after staying there two years, but a Frenchman named Louis Juchereau de St. Denis saw the location in 1714 and liked it. This French interest in turn aroused the Spanish of Mexico. In 1718 the Spanish Viceroy of that country decided that a post halfway between Mexico and the Spanish forts on the Texas coast was needed. He sent Don Martín de Alarcón and Fray Antonio Benaventura Olivares to establish such a post. They set out with seventy-two settlers, some monks, a few soldiers, and large numbers of cattle, horses, oxen, and sheep. In May of 1718, they stopped at "the place called San Antonio."



Down-town San Antonio skyline

The leaders quarreled, and the group split in two. Father Olivares founded the mission of San Antonio de Valero, which later became the Alamo. Alarcón founded the *Villa de Bexar*, stationed his soldiers there, and left. During the next thirteen years four other missions were established nearby.

In 1731, fifteen families came from the Canary Isles, with the permission of the King of Spain. Among them were such family names as Garza, Leal, Rodriguez, Navarro, and Manchacha—names that are well known today in San Antonio. They established the Villa of San Fernando, across the river from the one that was already there.

The missions prospered, declined, and ceased to be active by the end of the Eighteenth Century. The other parts of the settlement came to be known as the City of San Antonio de Bexar, the capital of the Spanish province of Texas.

When the rebellion against Spain in 1810 was started by the patriot Hidalgo, it found an echo in San Antonio. A group of American and Mexican rebels held the town for a while until a Spaniard named General Joaquin de Arredondo recaptured it. Spain was still in control of the town when Moses Austin entered in December, 1820.



Laredo is said to be the first settlement in Texas that was founded as a *town*, and not as a mission or fort. It was founded in 1755 when Tomas de Sánchez was given permission to establish it. José de Escandón, general colonizer for the whole area, granted Sánchez fifteen leagues of land as a reward for making the settlement.

On May 15, 1755, the Sánchez family and a few other families stopped at the chosen site, ten leagues or about thirty miles up the Rio Grande from the Sánchez hacienda, which was near pres-

ent-day Guerrero. They called the place Laredo, perhaps after the Spanish town of that name. When the colony was two years old, it had no resident priest for its eighty-five people. The colonists asked for one, and after a delay he was sent.

By the end of the Eighteenth Century, Laredo had a thousand people. Santa Anna passed through on his way to attack the Alamo in 1836, and some of his men came back through after the Battle of San Jacinto. In 1837 Captain Erasmus (Deaf) Smith commanded a handful of men in a skirmish with a larger Mexican force there.

Other Americans entered Laredo. Captain Jack Hays was there a short time with some Rangers in 1841. The next year Lieutenant Alexander Somervell passed through on the ill-fated Mier Expedition. During the Mexican War General Mirabeau B. Lamar occupied the town, and in 1848 Webb County was organized.

In 1849, the United States Government established Camp Crawford, later Fort McIntosh, on a ford of the river then being used by smugglers. In that year many travelers on their way to California stopped to rest and bought supplies at Laredo. It was the town's first boom.

The state of Texas granted the city a charter in 1852.



Austin was established for one purpose—to be the capital of Texas. It is believed that President Lamar was responsible for its selection. In the fall of 1838, he camped with a party of buffalo hunters at Jacob Harrell's cabin, near a ford of the Colorado River. He liked the location so well that he recommended it to a commission of men chosen to select a capital site. They also liked it and chose it.

It was not entirely uninhabited. Besides Harrell, several other families were living near at a place called Waterloo, and two fam-



Congress Avenue, Austin, Texas (about 1944)

looking north toward the Capitol

ilies lived three miles east at a place called Montopolis. In 1837, William Barton settled at some springs south of the river. He called them Barthenia and Eliza, after his two daughters, but others later named them Barton Springs. Yet other residents of the area were Thomas Jefferson Chambers, Josiah Wilbarger, and Ruben Hornsby.

Construction work on the new capital was begun in May, 1839, with armed guards to protect the workers against Indians. Edwin Waller, who was appointed to survey and sell lots and erect

buildings, was the town's first mayor. The *Gazette* was the first newspaper, but the *Texas Sentinel* soon appeared.

Austin was incorporated in 1840, with 856 inhabitants. Lamar lived in a two-story building, Sam Houston in a dirt-floor shanty on Congress Avenue, now the main street of the city. As late as 1845, a stockade was still around the Capitol building to protect those inside from Indian attacks. One writer of that time said, "You were sure to find a Congressman in his boarding house after sundown."



Waco was not officially made a town till 1849, but Indians lived there much earlier. It was said that the Great Spirit led the Waco Indians to the place in the long ago.

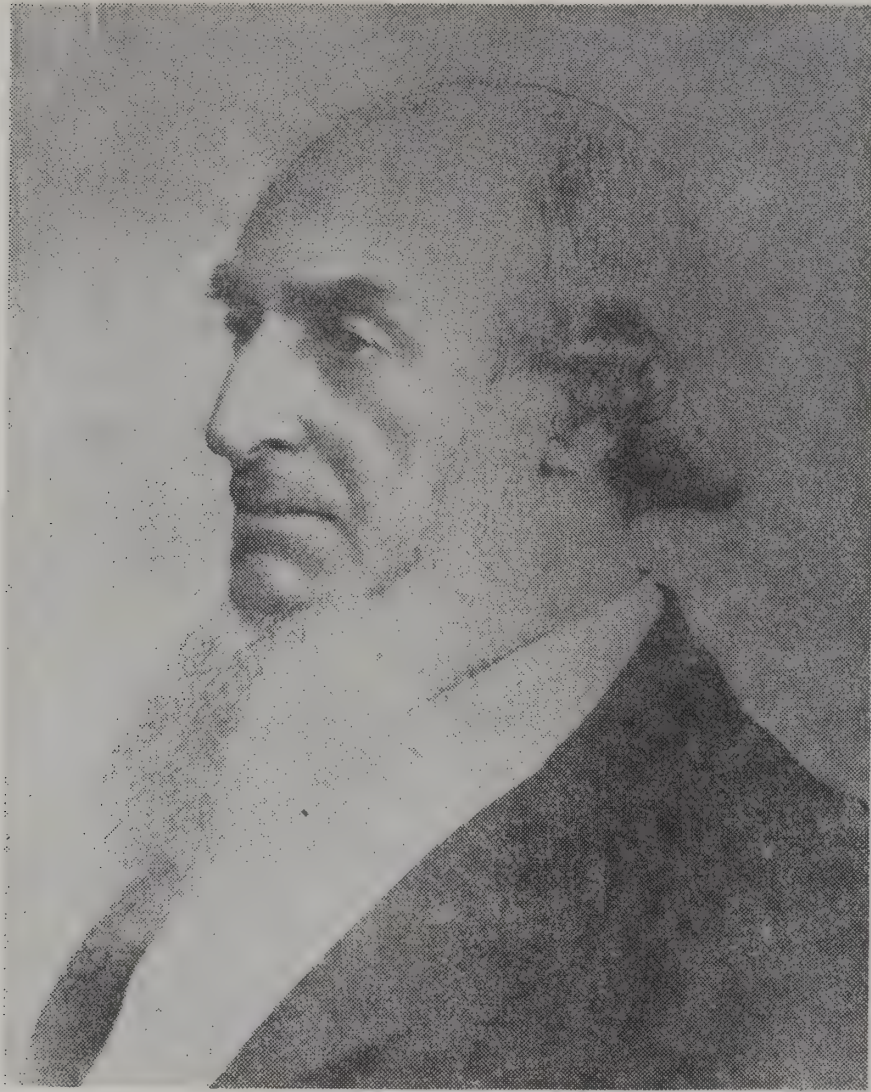
"As long as you drink from these springs you will prosper," he is said to have told them.

They built their homes in nearby live oak groves and raised corn, beans, and pumpkins. They lived there until about 1829, when the Cherokees drove them away.

The first white establishment, a Texas Ranger outpost, was built there in 1837. After a few weeks it was abandoned, but George B. Erath, one of the Rangers, later became a surveyor of the townsite.

In 1844, a trader named George Barnard hauled in a supply of goods by wagon and opened a trading post on Tehuacana Creek, eight miles south of Old Waco village. Two years later Jesse Sutton built a log blacksmith shop on the present site of East Waco.

Meanwhile, Thomas J. Chambers had received a grant of land that included the old Waco village. He sold it in 1848 to J. S. Snyder, who hired an agent, Jacob de Cordova, to sell the land at one dollar per acre. Erath was one of the surveyors.



Shapleigh Ross, Pioneer of Waco

"A townsite should be established at the old Indian village site," he suggested, and his suggestion was carried out.

Already a number of people were living in the vicinity, and others came. In 1848, Captain Thomas H. Barron built a log house at the corner of present Seventh and Jefferson streets. A Methodist missionary, John P. Sneed, stopped at the place in 1849 and preached a sermon in a log cabin. He spent the night under a tree, sleeping on saddle blankets and listening to the howling of wolves. His work resulted in an organized church, the building being on Second Street and Franklin Avenue.

Records say the first town lot was sold to Shapleigh P. Ross,

father of Governor L. S. Ross. It was a riverside tract at the foot of the present Washington Avenue. There he operated a ferry across the Brazos River, charging prices ranging from ten cents for foot passengers to \$1.50 for a wagon and four horses. So many travelers came that Ross built Waco's first hotel.

The town lots were sold at prices varying from two dollars to five dollars each. The citizens first chose the name "Lamartine" for the town, but Erath persuaded them to change it to Waco.

Waco became a county seat in 1850, and six years later it was given a charter allowing it to have its own government. A Methodist school, Waco Female College, was founded in 1859, and two years later a Baptist school, Waco University, was started. It became Baylor University in 1886.

During the War between the States, Waco furnished a number of high-ranking officers to the Confederate armies: six generals and five colonels. Indeed, the town was almost stripped of men during the war years because of enlistments in the army. There was more growth after the war, but already the future of the town was assured.

You should know that:

Padua, Italy, was the home of St. Anthony, or Antony, who lived and worked there in the Thirteenth Century.

The Eighteenth Century ended with the year 1800.

Houston had been the capital of Texas, and there was considerable rivalry between Houston and Austin over the matter.

The original Baylor University was moved from Independence to Waco in 1885 or 1886, the woman's part of the institution being moved to Belton.

Do you know:

1. How San Antonio received its name?

2. How a quarrel between two men aided in the growth of the town?
3. How Laredo differed, in its founding, from earlier Texas towns?
4. How the Americans gained control of Laredo?
5. Why and how Austin was chosen as the site for a capital?
6. Who some of its early inhabitants were?
7. What part George Erath played in the founding of Waco?
8. What part the churches had in the early history of Waco?

Along the Gulf Coast

French and Spanish explorers and trappers were the first whites in the **Beaumont** area. About 1825 Noah and Nancy Tevis moved from Tennessee. They built a home on the banks of the Neches River and started a little settlement called Tevis, or the River Neches Settlement. By 1830, the place contained seven houses and one trading post.

Small as the population was, there was romance. It came in 1832 when Mary Tevis married Gabriel Stephenson. On the wedding day, November 27, a log-fire blazed in the Tevis home. The bride, in her homespun dress and sunbonnet, pledged her troth to the groom in his hickory shirt, buckskin trousers, and coonskin cap. After the ceremony there was a feast, the table groaning under its load of venison, bear meat, wild turkey, and duck. The ceremony was "in bond"; that is, the couple pledged that a priest would marry them as soon as one should come. By Mexican law that was required.

Another early arrival, Joseph Grigsby, came from Kentucky in 1834 and took a league of land on the west side of the river. He differed from the other settlers in that he had fifty slaves and planted cotton. It was said that his daughter Frances wanted to be

married by a priest so much that she traveled on horseback to Nacogdoches, a distance of 140 miles.

In 1835, Tevis sold fifty acres of land to Henry Millard and another fifty to Samuel Rogers. Millard laid out a townsite on his land, naming it Beaumont, which was the family name of his wife. In a short while another 150 acres was added to the townsite.

The time was opportune, for in 1837 Jefferson County was established, and the next year Beaumont was made its county seat.

Tevis Bluff had grown up.



Brownsville was started during the Mexican War, a fort being established there in 1846. It was first named Fort Taylor after General Zachary Taylor, whose troops helped build it.



The main building of old Fort Brown, Brownsville.
Now a part of Texas Southmost College.

Soon after it was established, a Mexican force crossed the river, to stop the flow of supplies to the Americans from nearby Point Isabel, on the coast. Taylor moved toward that place but turned back when he heard of a Mexican attack on the fort. The enemy was driven off with little loss, but one of those killed was Colonel Jacob Brown. The fort was then renamed Fort Brown, and the town came to be known as Brownsville.

Several battles were fought on the Texas side of the river near Brownsville during the war with Mexico. During the conflict Richard King, recently from Alabama and other points east, helped transport troops and supplies across the river for General Taylor. Afterward he and Mifflin Kenedy became partners in the steamboat business on the Lower Rio Grande. They dissolved partnership after a year or two, and both established large ranches farther into the interior of Texas.

Charles Stillman is generally regarded as the founder of Brownsville. After being in the mercantile business at Matamoros for some time, he crossed over to Brownsville. He too began a shipping business on the Rio Grande, buying some of the boats that Taylor had used.

Already, in 1848, he and Samuel Belden had laid out the town into streets and lots. A year or two later gold seekers on their way to California came in large numbers to Point Isabel. There, and at Brownsville, they bought supplies for the long journey up the river and across the mountains to California. Some traveled the old military highway north of the river which Taylor had built. A few stayed in Brownsville.

In 1848, the town was made the county seat of Cameron County, and two years later it was incorporated. It became the center of a large cattle industry, and its founder became wealthy in banking enterprises.





Corpus Christi in 1840 (Handmade etching)

Corpus Christi was named after Corpus Christi Bay, which in turn was named by the Spanish explorer Pineda in 1519. During the next two centuries other explorers and visitors came to the area. Some took up land, but the place was too far from Spanish forts and too near the hostile Carancahua Indians for many settlers. Only a few Spanish ranchers stayed, and they lived in fortified houses and had armed bands to protect them like feudal lords.

Legend says that Jean Lafitte was there in 1817 or later, and that pirates buried loot in areas nearby. Many have looked for the treasure, but so far as the public knows only a few coins have been found on nearby Mustang and Padre islands.

In 1838 or 1839, Henry L. Kinney established a trading post at Corpus Christi, being associated at first with a man named Aubrey. Mexico then owned the region, but its customs laws were badly enforced. Kinney engaged in some legal trade, but the place was a good refuge for smuggled goods.

The coming of General Zachary Taylor to Corpus Christi on August 1, 1845, was a great help to Kinney, for the United States had just acquired Texas, and the area south of the Neches River



Famous T-Heads of 1961 Corpus Christi

was claimed as a part of Texas. Taylor's officers and soldiers mingled with the people of the town, which grew rapidly as a flood of army gold brought new enterprises and new citizens.

After Taylor and his men left for Brownsville, Corpus Christi was almost deserted. Kinney himself left, but after taking part in the Battle of Monterrey and perhaps some other engagements, he returned to Corpus Christi. He advertised it as "the Italy of America." He sent a large wagon train on a good-will trip to open up trade with El Paso, and it carried an assortment of goods ranging from gold to onions.

In August of 1862, a federal squadron of two small ships established a landing base near the town and demanded its surrender. When the demand was rejected, the town was bombarded. Tradition has it that some of the shells fired at the town were loaded with whiskey. It seems that some of the sailors had tapped a barrel of the Captain's liquor, and needing a container, had filled several of the shells with it. They had expected to drink it at their leisure, but instead it was fired at the town. A Negro servant discovered the strange contents of the bombs and spread the news.

Corpus Christi became the county seat of Nueces County in 1846, and it was incorporated with its own government six years later. A post office was established in 1848, and in 1854 it was recognized as a port.



Four centuries ago the present island of Galveston was two islands. It so remained until an early nineteenth century storm closed the pass between them. Cabeza de Vaca was probably wrecked near there in 1528, since he called the place *Malhado*, or Misfortune Island. The name "**Galveston**" was in honor of Count Bernardo de Galvez, Viceroy of Mexico, 1775-76.

Jean Lafitte, after being driven from Louisiana in 1817, sailed a small fleet to the island and raised the flag of Mexico. He



Galveston Beach

gathered around him a motley crowd of more than a thousand men and built a large home, a fortress, and a warehouse. In 1818, about four hundred members of Napoleon's Imperial Guard came and gave the place the appearance of a European court.

Lafitte captured many Spanish ships. He was careful not to molest the commerce of the United States, but trouble occurred anyhow, and there was a growing demand that the pirates be driven out. He was finally ordered to leave in 1821, and he and his men departed.

The legislature of Coahuila made Galveston a port in 1825, and it began to grow. In 1834, Michel B. Menard and nine associates came to own a league of land on the island. To promote city development they formed the Galveston City Company. The Provisional Government of Texas (1835-36) made Galveston a naval base, an action which may have helped some in city growth. With the establishment of the regular Texas government after the victory of San Jacinto, many immigrants came to the town. In 1839, when it was incorporated, it had over 250 houses. The first issue of the *Galveston News* was printed in 1842, and a chamber of commerce was formed three years later. Before the War between the States the town had a population of 10,000.



In 1543 a storm swept the expedition of Hernando de Soto ashore on Lake Sabine, thus causing the first whites to appear in the later **Port Arthur** area. Much later, French trappers entered from Louisiana, and Spaniards came to expel them. One English merchant ship ran aground near the mouth of the Neches River on Lake Sabine in 1877. In the early 1800's trappers entered from St. Louis, and Lafitte later came, looking for Spanish ships to pillage.

One cannot be sure who the earliest settlers were, but when the de Zavala grant was made in 1829 in that area, settlers were on hand to occupy it. Joseph Vehlein and David G. Burnet colonized there in 1829, and in that same year an Englishman, Thomas Courts, built a home in what later was Southwestern Port Arthur.

Other settlers followed, and settlements were made. One settlement, Aurora, on Lake Sabine, failed to last long. Another, the City of the Pass, later became Sabine City. John Sparks went to Pevell's Island in 1838 and began a ferry service across Taylor's Bayou. He prospered, bought more land, and built a home. His settlement was called Aurora, in honor of the earlier one of that



Street scene in Port Arthur about 1915

name. An epidemic of sickness, plus a hurricane, wiped it out, so that the place became deserted.

In 1895, Arthur Edward Stilwell, promoter and President of the Kansas City Southern Railroad, came to the area. He was looking for a port and a southern terminus for his railroad and believed he had found it. He bought 53,000 acres of land, organized a townsite company, and set aside 4000 acres for a city. It seems that he believed in spirits; at any rate he credited the "brownies" with causing him to choose the townsite. He also said he had dreams in which he was given exact details of the city that was to be built.

Whether these stories be true or not, it is known that Stilwell formed the Port Arthur Townsite and Land Company and the

Port Arthur Canal and Dock Company. He also conducted an advertising campaign and helped build homes, piers, loading docks, and a hotel. The lake proving too shallow for ships, a channel twenty-five feet deep was completed to the docks.

The city, given Stilwell's first name, grew rapidly. Two newspapers, the *Herald* and the *News*, sprang up to help in the advertising, and so effective was the promotion work that Port Arthur was incorporated in 1897.

Stilwell lost control of the railroad and ran into financial difficulties otherwise, but another man, John W. Gates, became interested. Stilwell, embittered and believing himself "frozen out," left for Europe, and Gates became the main promoter of the town.

The Spindletop oil discoveries near Beaumont gave a boost also to Port Arthur, but the future of the city was already assured.

You should know that:

Hickory cloth, from which Stephenson's shirt was made, was a thick, coarse-weave material somewhat like modern denim.

When trouble started between the United States and Mexico after the annexation of Texas to the United States, one of the causes was a dispute over the boundary line between Texas and Mexico. Both countries claimed territory between Corpus Christi and Brownsville. General Taylor was sent first to Corpus Christi and then to Brownsville.

Do you know:

1. What part the Tevis family had in building Beaumont?
2. How romance came to early Beaumont?
3. How Henry Millard helped to build Beaumont?
4. How Fort Brown got its name?
5. What river boatmen did in early Brownsville history?

6. Why Charles Stillman is regarded as a city builder?
7. What work Henry L. Kinney did in early Corpus Christi?
8. What white people came to Galveston Island before Texas controlled it?
9. What Michel B. Menard did in the building of Galveston?
10. How Port Arthur got its name?
11. What men led in its development?

Out West

El Paso is the oldest large West Texas city, and no one man was its founder. A number of early explorers visited the area while Spain controlled it. Cabeza de Vaca was there in 1536, Fray Agustín Rodríguez in 1578, Antonio de Espejo in 1582, and Juan de Oñate in 1598.

Oñate took formal possession in the name of the King of Spain, and missionaries from Mexico set up a mission at present-day Juárez in 1659, calling it *Paso del Norte*. It became a link between Mexico and Spanish posts in the northwest.

The first American to report visiting the place was Zebulon Pike. He went through there in 1807, after the Spanish had captured him for invading New Mexico, which was then in Spanish hands, and had started with him to Mexico City. In his memoirs he commented on the "hospitality, generosity, docility, and sobriety" of the inhabitants of the place.

Modern El Paso grew from several settlements. One of these was made by Juan María Ponce de León, who in 1827 established a ranch that covered most of the land now in down-town El Paso. After the Mexican War (1846-48) Franklin Coons bought that ranch.

The gold rush to California in 1849 and the later cattle drives to the Pacific Ocean brought many people to the area and caused

some to settle there. This led to the establishment of the post office of Franklin, with Coons as postmaster.

In 1854, William T. Smith took over the holdings of the De

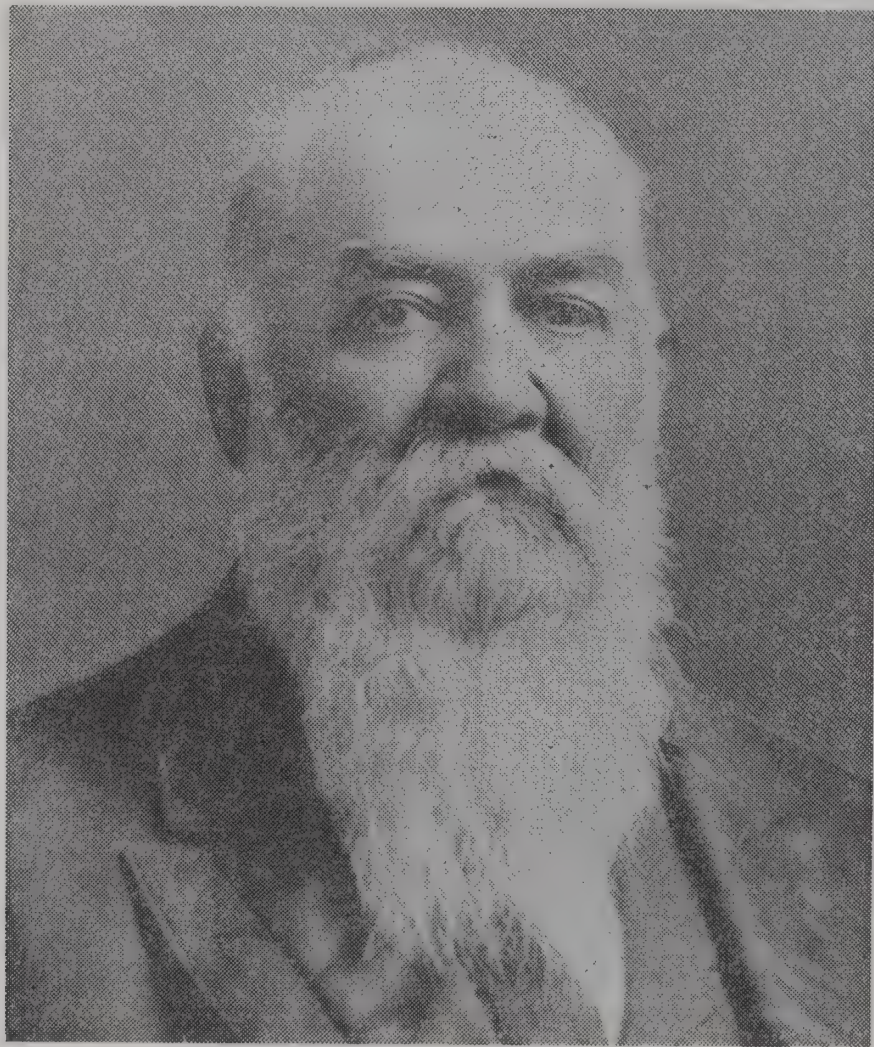


Nuestra Señora del Carmen Mission Church, established near El Paso during an Indian uprising in Central New Mexico. The church is commonly known as Ysleta Mission.

León heirs, because Coons had not finished paying for them. In 1858, the Butterfield Overland Mail Route went through the town, and a station was located at the present Overland and El Paso streets. Anson Mills, a state surveyor who laid out the townsite, claimed credit for changing the name from Franklin to El Paso.

Simeon Hart, another pioneer, started a flour mill in 1851, using water from the Rio Grande for power. The mill ground a hundred barrels of flour a day and supplied flour for buyers as far east as San Antonio. The Hart home was open to all, strangers and neighbors alike.

Yet another El Paso founder was James Wiley Magoffin. His



Joseph Magoffin, El Paso pioneer,
son of James Wiley Magoffin



El Paso—Mt. Franklin Scenic Drive in background

trading post, at the intersection of Magoffin and Octavia streets in modern El Paso, was started in 1849. At first the buildings there were called Magoffinville, but in 1873 they became a part of El Paso.

Hugh Stevenson was a fifth early El Pasoan. About 1848, he established the Concordia Ranch a few miles east of the present city. In February of 1868, the garrison of Fort Bliss was moved to the ranch, which was then called Camp Concordia. The name was changed back to Fort Bliss in 1869, the fort itself having been started about twenty years earlier.

El Paso was incorporated in 1873, with Benjamin Dowell as the first mayor. City government was halted two years later but was started again in 1880, with Solomon Schutz as mayor.

Since then the growth has been steady.



Shortly after the end of the War between the States, white settlers began to enter the Panhandle. Several ranches were started, notably those by Thomas Bugbee and Charles Goodnight. In time towns began to grow where stagecoach lines and cattle trails crossed.

The slaughtering of buffaloes from about 1876 to 1886 brought many hunters to the area, and some of them came back later to live. **Amarillo**, one of the early towns, began as a construction camp for railroads in 1887. The camp was a collection of huts covered with buffalo hides; even the roof and walls of the hotel were made of buffalo skins. Logically, the place was called "Ragtown."

Besides railroad buildings, one of Ragtown's early industries was the gathering and shipping of bones. Buffalo hunters had killed those animals by the thousands, and now their bones were bleaching in the sun. Gathering and shipping them to distant places to be made into fertilizer was profitable.

Large ranches and prominent cattlemen were common. The three-million-acre XIT Ranch, started in the eighties near Amarillo, was soon divided and sold. The Frying Pan Ranch, owned by Henry B. Sanborn and J. F. Glidden, was also near. Its 120,000 acres were enclosed in a four-wire fence, Glidden being the wire inventor and Sanborn the salesman. Other large ranches were near.

After Sanborn located, he laid out a townsite east of Ragtown, where the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad curved around Wild Horse Lake. Its first name was Oneida, and one of its first official acts was to contest with Ragtown for the honor of being the county seat of the newly-organized Potter County. Sanborn won by offering to each cowboy who would vote for Oneida a city lot.

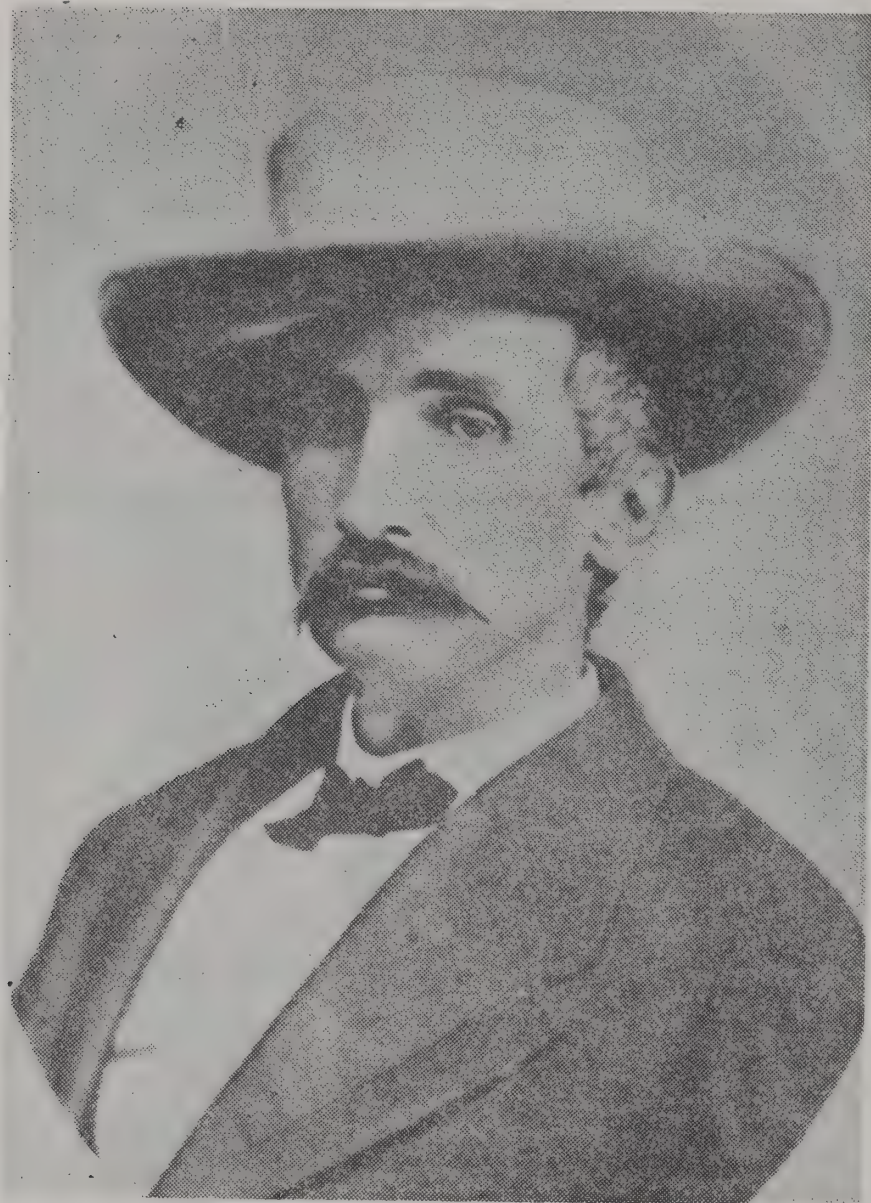
The name of the new county seat was soon changed to Amarillo, probably because of the yellow banks of a nearby creek. Sanborn painted his hotel and several business houses a bright yellow, and the yellow flowers which grew there in the spring helped carry out the color scheme.

For some years there was no town government, local affairs being handled by county officials and Texas Rangers. As the place grew in population a city charter was secured. The first newspaper, *The Livestock Champion*, was started in 1887, with H. H. Brooks as editor. Two years later *The Amarillo Northwest* appeared, with C. F. Rudolph the editor. In 1897, J. L. Caldwell was the editor of the *Amarillo Weekly News*.

Since then the growth of the city has been rapid.



Far to the south, but still "out west," city builders had already started **San Angelo**. It owed its beginnings to the army, old Fort Concho having been established in 1867 on high ground between



Ben Ficklin, one of the founders of San Angelo

the Middle and North Concho as Camp Hatch. In 1870, Bartholomew Dewitt laid out a settlement across the North Concho camp. He named it Saint Angela for his deceased wife, formerly Carolina Angela de la Garza. It is said that the military personnel across the river referred to the village as "Over-the-River." It was shortened to San Angelo by its inhabitants.

Meanwhile Ben Ficklin, about 1869, had established the Concho Mail Station below Fort Concho. He died in 1871, and his successor, Francis Corbett Taylor, named the settlement for him, writing it as one word, Benficklin.

When Tom Green County was organized in 1874, Benficklin and Saint Angela were rivals for the honor of being the county seat. Saint Angela was the larger, but Benficklin advocates had a number of recent arrivals from El Paso made into citizens and won the election. The rivalry between the towns continued till Benficklin was destroyed by a flood on August 24, 1882. San Angelo then became the county seat.

Early San Angelo was the home of some colorful characters, and more than one story or legend has been told about them. There were such persons as Smoky Joe, Jake Golden, Monte Bill, and Mystic Maud, to name a few.

The most famous of them all was the Fighting Parson. If tales about him can be believed, he went out at night with a Bible in one hand and a gun in the other. Entering a gambling house he would announce that he was going to preach. Only one person ever objected—says the legend—and the Parson rapped him over the head with his pistol. He was still “out” when the sermon was ended.

The town had its share of Indian horse stealing, military scouts, buffalo hunters, free-range days for cattle, trail driving, railroad building, and drouths.

It has survived them and flourished.



Lubbock was founded in 1891. A year earlier W. E. Rayner had started the town of Monterey, north of the present Texas Technological College campus. A few months later, Frank Wheelock and Rollie C. Burns laid out a rival town north of Yellowhouse Canyon near the present road to Plainview which they called Lubbock.

The rivals began to compete for settlers. Within a short time Monterey had thirty-two buildings and forty people. Its rival,



Frank Wheelock, first mayor of Lubbock
and one of its founders

"Old Lubbock," had a population of fifty and had thirty-seven buildings, including an eighteen-room hotel.

The rival promoters decided it would be wise to end their rivalry. They did it by starting another town, in a new location, and calling it Lubbock. Moving the hotel across the canyon was quite a task, but somehow it was done.

Lubbock grew slowly at first, and there were many complaints

about sand storms, tumble weeds, prairie fires, and drouths. From the first, however, gardens were good and there was a plentiful supply of wild turkeys, deer, and antelopes. Farmers soon learned, too, that the land was fertile.

The town was incorporated in 1909, with Frank Wheelock as first mayor. It grew rapidly, especially after Texas Technological College was located there in 1923.

You should know that:

The Butterfield Overland Stage Route had stagecoaches operating daily when the War between the States stopped it in 1861.

Before Sanborn went to Amarillo he sold wire fence, his headquarters being in Houston for a time.

Do you know:

1. Four men that helped make El Paso a city?
2. What towns combined to make Amarillo?
3. How two towns settled their rivalry to make San Angelo?
4. How Amarillo, San Angelo, and Lubbock received their names?

Other Cities and Their Founders

The name of **Wichita Falls** probably came from a falls that was once in the Wichita River near the present townsite. Spaniards from the east came through the region in the early Sixteenth Century, vainly looking for New Spain, or Mexico. Frenchmen also visited the area, trading guns and beads to the native Indians for buffalo skins.

According to tradition, J. A. Scott of Mississippi became the owner of land script entitling him to parts of the country. After his death, his heirs sent a man to claim the land, but settlers were already on it.



J. A. Kemp, one of the founders of Wichita Falls

Meanwhile the Tom Buntin family had moved in. At first they lived in a dugout where modern Tenth Street crosses Kemp Boulevard, but later they moved to a log cabin in the present Indian Heights addition. Buntin hauled buffalo hides to Sherman and herded horses to Fort Sill, Indian Territory. He clothed his numerous children with tarpaulin from that fort.

Buntin was a large man who attended to his own business and stayed on good terms with his Indian neighbors. If tales are to be believed, raising his children was a simple task; he let them grow up. They must have been both tough and numerous, for one of them was credited with subduing a wildcat with his bare hands.

Then came the Craig family in 1878, and the next year J. H.

Barwise arrived. Some years later he bought out the Craigs. He believed strongly that the place had a great future, and he worked hard to develop it. Because he did, he is called the Father of Wichita Falls.

Another city founder, J. B. Marlow, experimented with irrigation projects. J. A. Kemp was impressed with the need of irrigation, but he also saw that a dam was needed to get water. He tried to get the money needed from private sources, and failed; then he tried to get the Texas Constitution amended to permit the issuance of bonds by the city.

When these efforts failed, he organized the Lake Wichita Irrigation and Water Company. The money was raised, and the dam was built across Holliday Creek in 1900. Lake Wichita, thus formed, supplied water for the city and for the irrigation of nearby lands.

Frank Kell introduced wheat as a major crop to North Texas and developed a milling and elevator system extending across Northwest Texas. He was a railroad builder, leading the efforts to secure the first line to Wichita Falls. He personally established three of the city's branch lines to the north.

Another city builder, Miss Hattie Seeley, opened a school in 1879 for a few children in the bedroom of her home. In that same home Bishop Alexander W. Gregg held the first Episcopal Church service. John Converse, who was also postmaster, had the first store. Jack Humphries taught public school in 1880. J. S. Mayfield was a pioneer lumberman. J. C. Ward and J. A. Kemp had stocks of merchandise as early as 1883.

Newspapermen had a large hand in the city's development. Steve Reynolds started *The Herald*, but later sold it to F. F. Daugherty and Ed Howard. Sam B. Thomas started publishing *The Times* as a weekly in 1887. Ed Howard and Clarence Gilmore bought him out ten years later. Eventually the Times Publishing

Company took charge. *The Daily Times and Record News* were begun later.

The Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad was built into the city, after the company had been promised half the city lots to lay the track there. On a rainy day in 1882 the first train puffed in, and there was a public sale of town lots. The city was made the county seat in 1883 and was incorporated in 1889.



John Neely Bryan was the first settler in **Dallas** in 1841. He probably chose that site because the Republic of Texas had provided for a military highway from Austin to the Red River, to cross the Trinity River "at or near its three forks." He built a cedar log cabin near the present court house.

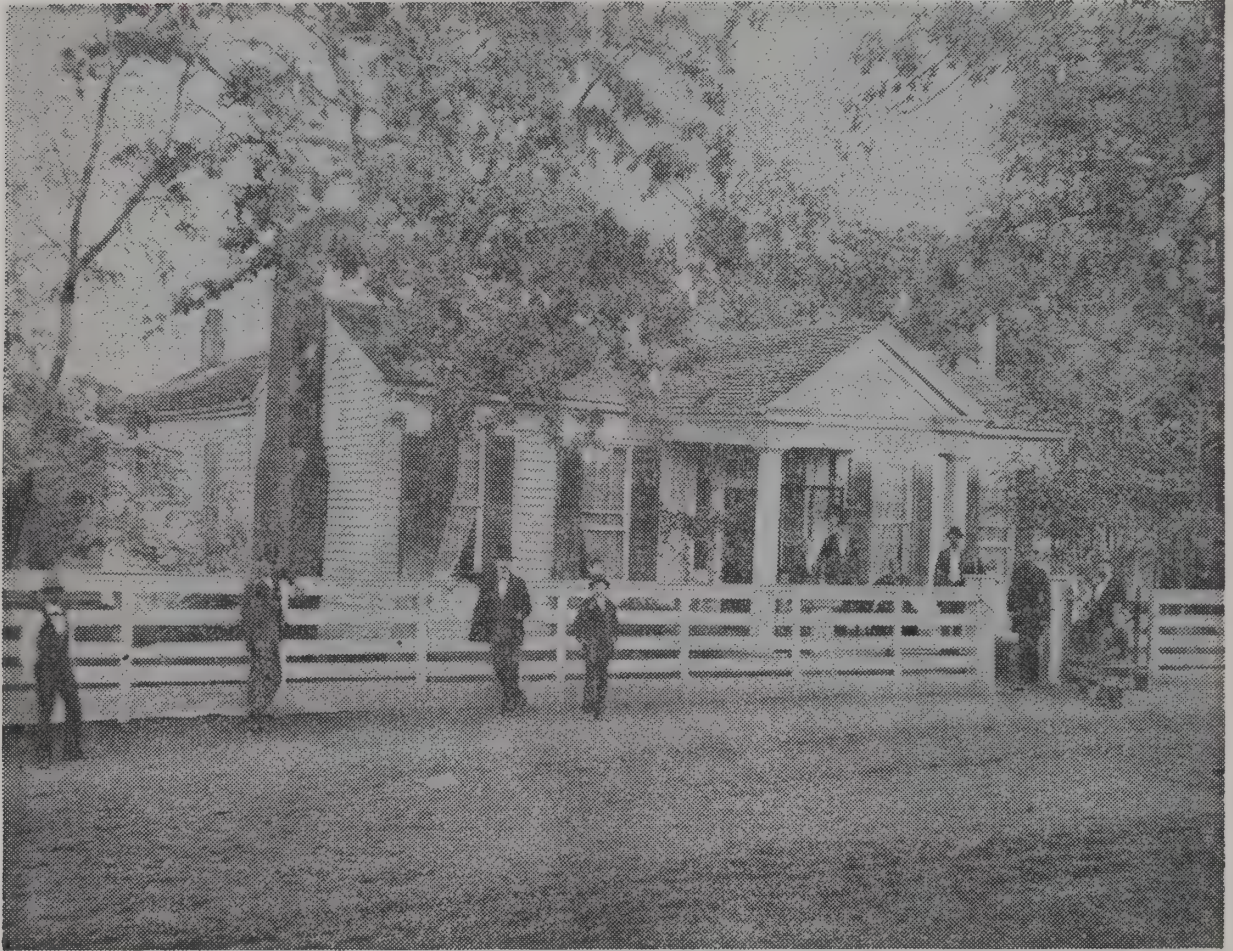
Other settlers soon came. A large part of the region was included in a grant made to William S. Peters and associates of Kentucky. This grant was called Peters' Colony. A number of well-to-do farmers migrated to it from other states, beginning in 1843. The project was advertised widely, with Bryan's site plainly marked on it.

Within a year or two after Bryan's settlement, the Gilbert and Beeman families joined him. Bryan celebrated the move by marrying one of the arrivals, Mabel Beeman. During this period he dressed in a buckskin suit, broke land with a forked bois d'arc plow, and crossed the Trinity River in a cottonwood dugout boat. He and his neighbors lived mainly on wild game and corn.

Already the name "Dallas" had been given the place, and a post office was established with Bryan as postmaster. Other settlers moved in, but at least one of them complained about the smallness of the place. John B. Billingsley, who had left Missouri in 1844, wrote to friends, "We soon reached the place we had heard of so often; but the *town*, where was it? Two small log



Down-town Dallas Skyline



The first frame house in Dallas was built by the McCoy family about 1860. It stood at the corner of what is now Main and Lamar in downtown Dallas.

cabins, this was the town of Dallas, and two families of ten or twelve souls was its population."

But others kept coming. John McCoy, a young lawyer from Indiana and an agent of Peters' Colony, arrived. He and Bryan worked together to make Dallas grow. A townsite was surveyed and platted, and for some time the promoters gave a town lot to every newly-wed couple. By now, Bryan's home was both a post office and a store, at which he sold such staple goods as powder, lead, whiskey, and tobacco.

Meanwhile a rival was appearing. In 1845 Judge William Hord had started a settlement called Hord's Ridge, later called Oak Cliff. When Dallas County was formed in 1846 the two

settlements contested for county seat honors and Dallas won. Dallas was made the temporary county seat then, and four years later it became the permanent county seat. It was incorporated in 1856.

In 1852, Bryan sold his interests to Alexander and Sarah Cockrell. They built a three-story hotel, established a ferry which was later replaced by a toll bridge, and engaged in other city-building enterprises.

Meanwhile James W. Latimer had started *The Dallas Herald* in 1849, and it continued publication until *The Dallas Morning News* absorbed it in 1885.

In the spring of 1854, the first of a group of French, Belgian, and Swiss people came to *LaReunion*, four miles west of Dallas. The group included scientists, professors, architects, authors, musicians, and other professional people. Indeed they seemed skilled at everything except making a living on the frontier. After three years of struggling, therefore, their colony was disbanded, and many of them moved to Dallas. Some of them, notably the Santerres and Loupats, are prominent Dallas families to day.

By 1872, according to the *Texas Almanac* of that year, Dallas was "beginning to put on city airs."

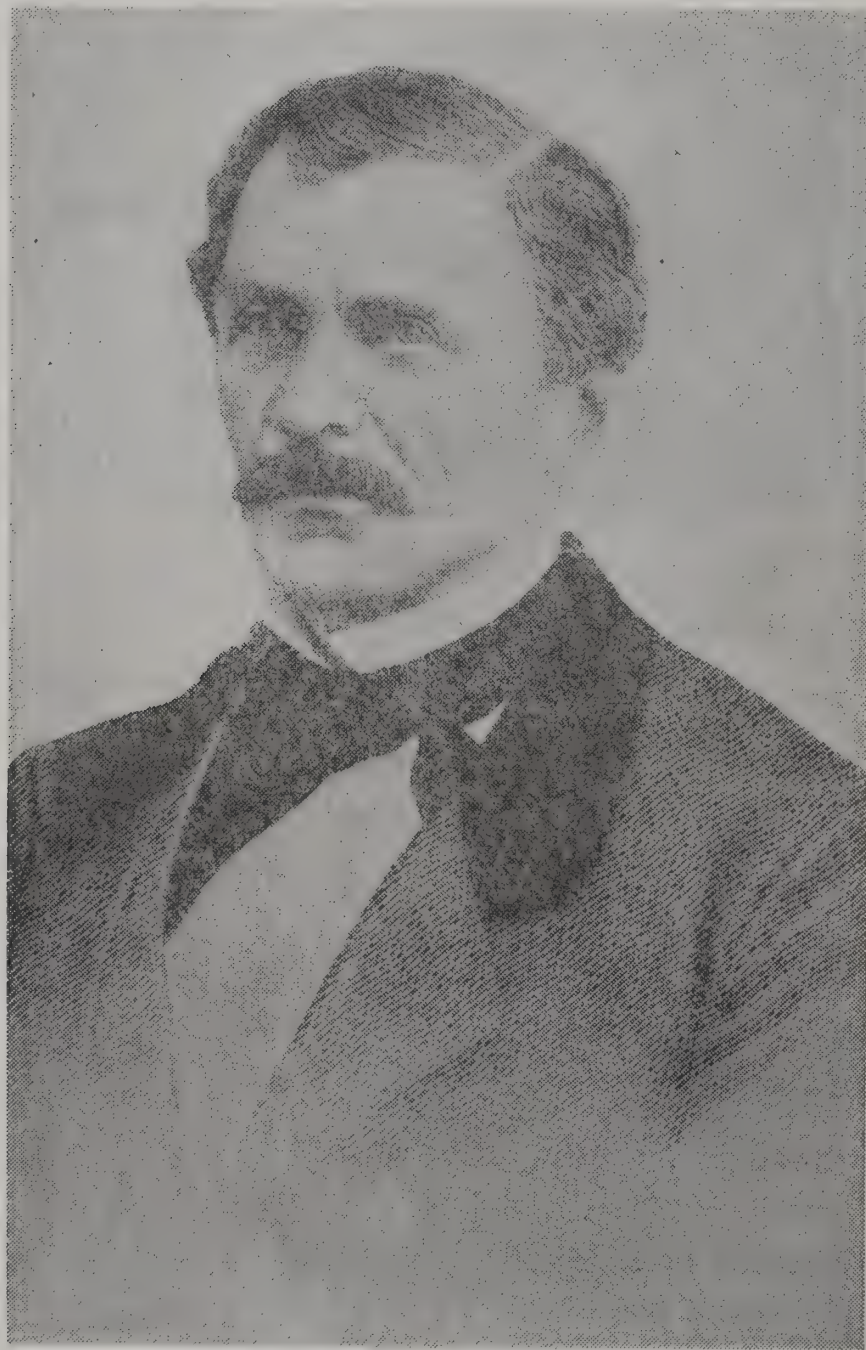


The early promoters of **Houston** were John K. Allen and his brother Augustus C. Allen, who came to Houston from Nacogdoches in 1836, after a stay of several years in that city. Thirteen years earlier John R. Harris had founded a trading post from which the town of Harrisburg grew.

Santa Anna burned Harrisburg in anger when he tried and failed to capture the leaders of the Texas government at that place. This gave the Allen brothers their chance to develop another

town near. A. C. Allen made the location by paddling a boat up the bayou as far as he thought it could be navigated by medium-sized boats.

He landed, sat on the bank, and using his hat for a table, sketched the plan of a townsite on a piece of paper. This he sent to his brother, who was then in the Congress of the Republic at Columbia. The Congressmen were so interested that later they



A. C. Allen, one of the founders of Houston



John K. Allen, one of the founders of Houston

voted to move the capital to the new location, which was named after General Sam Houston.

John Austin owned the land selected for the site, and it was in cultivation and was inhabited. The Allens, after much trading, bought from Austin's son a league of land for one dollar an acre, and they added another half of an adjoining league for five thousand dollars.

They started a publicity campaign, and citizens began to come. However, as late as May of 1837, a steamboat went three miles beyond the place where the townsite was located and had to re-

trace its course; evidently not many were present as yet. After Houston became the capital its growth was more rapid. Gail Borden started publishing the *Morning Star*, but presently Jacob Cruger and Dr. Francis Moore became its publishers.

Other developments followed rapidly. Already the town had been incorporated July 3, 1837, and soon had a population of 1200. Work began on the ship channel, and in 1840 the Port of Houston was established. Railroads came, and the namesake of General Houston became a city.

Oddly enough, **Fort Worth** was never a fort. Originally it was the site where Ed Terrell, in 1843, built a cabin. After the close of the Mexican War (1846-48), General Winfield Scott sent Major Ripley A. Arnold with forty-two men to the place to guard East Texas against the Indians.

Major Arnold chose a spot on a bluff overlooking the Trinity River as the site for his group. He named it Camp Worth in honor of Brigadier General Jennings Worth of Mexican War fame. In 1849, the name was changed to Fort Worth.

A few settlers came during those early years. Press Farmer, who erected a tent at the river crossing in 1849, was the first merchant. Later in that same year A. C. Coleman opened a store. John Peter Smith taught school there in 1853. A few years later Lawrence Steele opened a hotel and Julian Fied built a flour mill.

In 1860, Fort Worth contested with Beckville for the county seat honors and won, but the outbreak of the War between the States delayed the erection of a courthouse. It was not built until 1873 and was burned soon afterward. By that time the town's population was large enough to cause it to be incorporated, with W. P. Burts as its first mayor.

After the War between the States ended and the cattle drives started, Fort Worth found itself on one of the largest cattle trails leading north. By that time more school accommodations were



Down-town Houston Skyline



General Worth.

After whom Fort Worth was named



needed. A group of citizens bought a wagon load of flour, traded it for lumber, and made the Masonic hall into a school building.

Along about 1873, there was much talk of a railroad, but it was slow in coming, and in that year a depression started in the country. Fort Worth's boom, which had looked promising, all but collapsed. One young lawyer, probably a newcomer, wrote a letter about the place to the *Dallas Herald*. It said that Fort Worth was so dead that he saw a panther lying undisturbed on one of the city's main streets.



Down-town Fort Worth, showing Expressway

The letter angered Fort Worth citizens, and the fire department decided to do something about it. The firemen secured a panther cub and made it the town mascot. In time it became the mascot of baseball teams and other sports organizations.

When the coming of the railroad was delayed, the citizens set out to get one. As one booster put it, they were determined to have a railroad "if every bank and peanut stand in the East failed."

As the nearest railroad was twenty-six miles away, the citizens offered to grade the roadbed that distance, if they were given a mortgage on the railroad until the debt for the work was paid. Officials of the Texas and Pacific Railroad agreed to the proposal, and the citizens started to work. They had to hurry, for the state was offering sixteen sections of land for each mile of railroad built. Moreover, the offer would expire when the legislature should adjourn. It was then March or later, and the legislature generally ended its work in May.

As the adjournment time neared, the race grew exciting. Almost every business man sent out clerks to work and kept store by himself. The women labored in relays, supplying coffee and food and watering teams. Men who never had shoveled sand before now wore blisters on their hands.

Such a spirit was not to be denied. The legislature stayed in session until the road was completed. On July 9, 1876, the first train came into town. Its whistle cord was tied down, and the editor of the town paper was shoveling in fuel so that the whistle would keep on blowing.

The future of the town was now secure.

You should know that:

Land script was paper from the state showing that the holder was owner of a certain land. The script was exchangeable, somewhat like paper money.

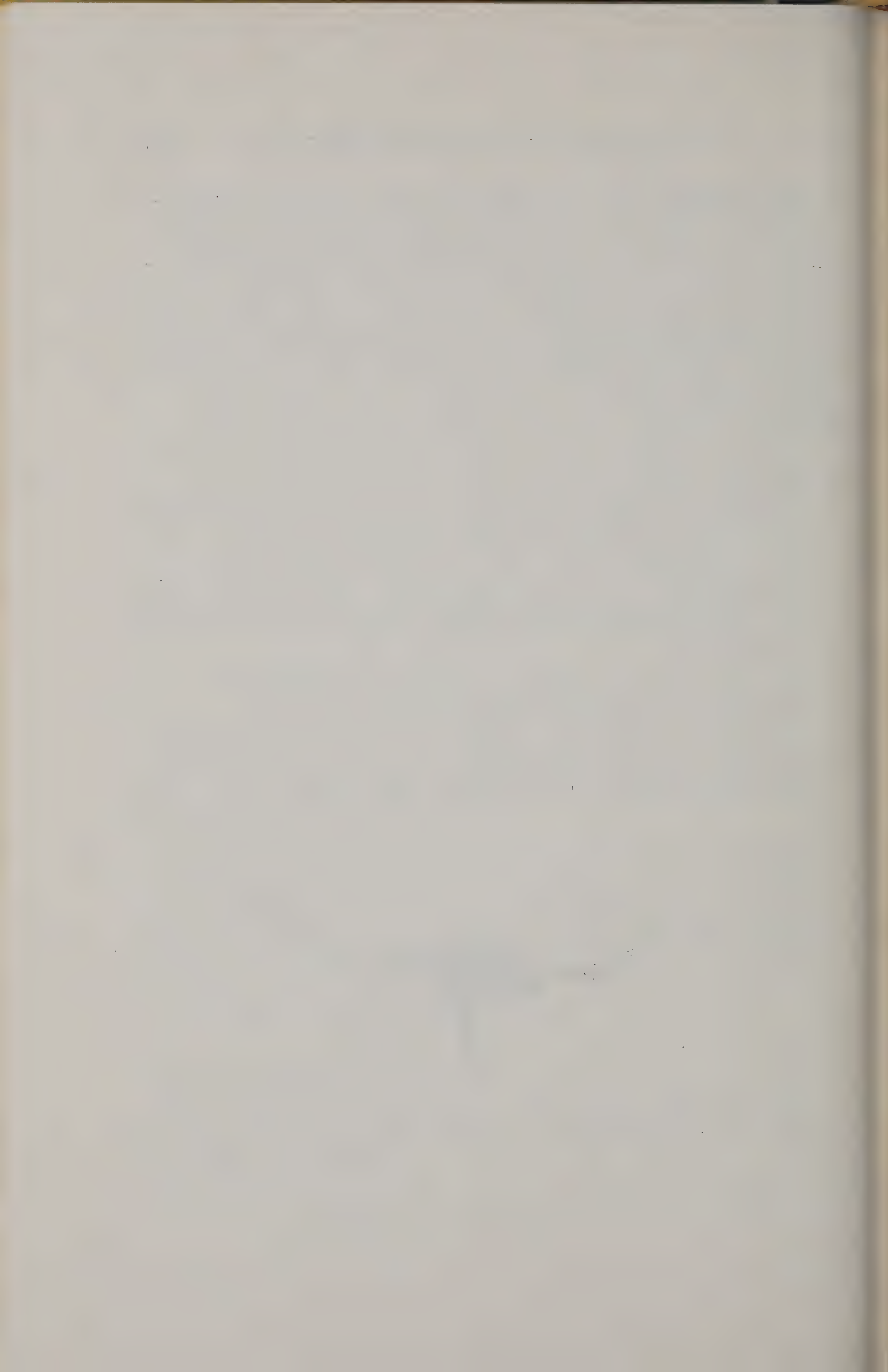
By building within a few miles of a town, but not through it, a railroad could ruin the town and cause most of its people to move away. Wichita Falls town planners paid a heavy price to prevent this from occurring.

Several people were named Dallas. One of them, a Vice President of the United States, may have been the one after whom the town was named.

Do you know:

1. Who the main builders of Wichita Falls were?
2. What part a lake played in the development of Wichita Falls?
3. What true pioneer traits John Neely Bryan showed?
4. Why certain nearby groups moved to Dallas, or joined it?
5. How the burning of Harrisburg helped in the founding of Houston?
6. What part a hat played in the planning of Houston?
7. Why the site of Fort Worth was chosen?
8. How the panther became the town mascot of Fort Worth?
9. How the people of Fort Worth built a railroad?





GLOSSARY

- ab' stract** (ăb' străkt) papers relating to the ownership of property.
- a-cad' e-my** (â-kăd' ě-mĭ) a school for teaching the higher branches of study; a forerunner of the high school.
- ac' cent** (ăk' sĕnt) distinct way of speaking.
- ac-cla-ma' tion** (ăk-lă-mă' shŭn) voting orally.
- ad-journ'** (â-jŭrn') put off to another time; suspend a session.
- af-fil' i-ate** (ă-fĭl' ĭ-ăt) unite or join.
- a-lert'** (â-lĕrt') on the watch; active; vigilant.
- al' ka-li** (ăl' kă-lĭ) a mineral salt which makes soil or water unusable.
- ap-pren' tice** (ă-prĕn' tĭs) one serving another while learning a trade.
- as-sort' ment** (ă-sôrt' mĕnt) articles of varied character.
- as-sume'** (ă-sŭm') take over a duty or position.
- a-vail'** (â-văl') be of use; be able to accomplish the object in mind.
- back' gam' mon** (băk' găm' ũn) a game played on a board by two people with fifteen checkers each.
- baf' fling** (băf' lĭng) balking, frustrating, or outwitting.
- bal' last** (băl' âst) heavy material carried by a ship to steady it.
- bar ex-am-i-na' tions** (băr ěg-zăm-ĭ-nă' shŭns) tests for qualifications to practice law.
- bar' ren** (băr' ěn) not fruitful; unproductive.
- bar' ri-cade** (băr' ĭ-kăd) a fortification hastily thrown up.
- biv' ou-ac** (bĭv' ōō-ăk or bĭv' wăk) an encampment of a very temporary nature.
- bleach** (blĕch) to make white.
- bow' er** (boŭ' ěr) a shelter made of boughs or twining plants; an arbor.
- brew' ing** (brōō' ĭng) about to begin.
- bub' bling** (bŭb' lĭng) flowing with a gurgling noise, as if forming bubbles.
- bust** (bŭst) a piece of sculpture representing the head, shoulders, and breast of a person.
- can-teen'** (kăn-tĕn') a small water vessel or flask.
- Cap' i-tol** (kăp' ĭ-tŏl) the building occupied by a congress or a legislature.
- ca-reer'** (kā-rĕr') course of a person's life.
- car' go** (kăr' gō) goods or merchandise carried in a vessel.
- car' nage** (kăr' năj) bloodshed due to war or fighting.
- Cen' tral-ist** (Sĕn' trăl-ĭst) the political party in Mexico that favored having a king.
- cher' ished** (chĕr' ĭsht) held dearly or treated tenderly.
- chiv' al-rous** (shĭv' ăl-rŭs) gallant or courteous; devoted to.

- chore** (chōr) a small or light job.
- chuck' le** (chūk' l) laughing quietly to oneself.
- clam' or** (klām' ěr) popular outcry of discontent.
- cli' ents** (klī' ěnts) lawyers' customers.
- clus' ter** (klūs' tēr) a number of similar things growing or collected together.
- com' mis-sa-ry** (kōm' ĩ-sēr-ĩ) that part of the army which supplies food.
- com-mis' sion** (kō-mĭsh' ũn) a group of people chosen to carry out a certain business or public duty.
- com' pen-sate** (kōm' pĕn-sāt) to pay or make amends for.
- com' pro-mise** (kōm' prō-mĭz) settle a disagreement with both sides making concessions.
- con' fi-dence** (kōn' fĭ-dĕns) faith or trust; belief in one's honesty and ability.
- con-fused'** (kōn-fūzd') disorderly or upset.
- con-spic' u-ous** (kōn-spĭk' ũ-ūs) plainly visible; outstanding.
- con-spir' ing** (kōn-spĭr' ĩng) planning privately to produce an unlawful result.
- con-tra-dict'** (kōn-trā-dĭkt') disagree with a statement or assert its opposite.
- cope** (kōp) succeed in resisting.
- cor' dial-ly** (kōr' jāl-ĩ) with warmth and friendliness.
- corps** (kōr) a body of troops for special service.
- cor-ral'** (kō-rāl') a pen for live stock.
- cour' i-er** (kōor' ĩ-ēr) a special messenger sent with information or instructions.
- coy** (koi) shy or modest.
- cred' it** (krĕd' ĩt) buying and paying later.
- crit' i-cal** (krĭt' ĩ-kal) a crisis or turning point.
- cu-ri-os' i-ty** (kū-rĭ-ōs' ĩ-tĭ) having the interest aroused.
- dec' ade** (dĕk' ād) period of ten years.
- de-cis' ion** (dĕ-cĭzh' ũn) plan to be followed.
- de-lir' i-ous** (dĕ-lĭr' ĩ-ūs) wandering in mind.
- de-nounce'** (dĕ-nouns') accuse or condemn publicly.
- de-press'** (dĕ-prĕs') grow sad or discouraged.
- de-press' ion** (dĕ-prĕsh' ũn) a general period of hard times in a country.
- de-spon' dent** (dĕ-spōn' dĕnt) without hope.
- dil' i-gent** (dĭl' ĩ-jĕnt) with energy or zeal.
- dis-gust'** (dĭs-gŭst') a strong distaste for.
- dis-tinc' tion** (dĭs-tĭnk' shŭn) the act of giving or receiving recognition.
- do-cil' i-ty** (dō-sĭl' ĩ-tĭ) having gentleness or being easily managed.
- dun' geon** (dŭn' jŭn) a dark prison cell.
- e-lite'** (ā-lĕt') the best or choicest part, as of an army.
- e-lope'** (ĕ-lōp') run away and get married.
- en-dow' ment** (ĕn-dou' mĕnt) gift of nature or talent; sum of money for an institution.
- en-dured'** (ĕn-dŭrd') suffered.
- en-list'** (ĕn-lĭst') engage for military or naval duty.

- e-nor' mous** (ê-nôr' mŭs) immense; exceeding the normal size.
- en-raged'** (ĕn-rājd') made intensely angry; provoked to fury.
- ep-i-dem' ic** (ĕp-ĭ-dĕm' ĭk) a disease spread in a community.
- ex-ca-va' tion** (ĕks-kā-vā' shŭn) bringing to light by digging.
- fas' ci-nate** (fās' ĭ-nāt) to hold spell-bound, as if by some irresistible charm.
- fis' cal** (fĭs' kâl) pertaining to the public treasury, or revenue, or to financial matters generally.
- fran' tic-al-ly** (frăn' tik-ăl-ĭ) wildly and with violence.
- freight' ing** (frāt' ĭng) hauling goods by a carrier.
- full fledged** (fŭl flĕjd) completely developed.
- fur' lough** (fŭr' lō) leave of absence for a soldier.
- fu-til' i-ty** (fŭ-tĭl' ĭ-tĭ) being useless or worthless.
- gal' lant** (gāl' ānt) brave and courageous.
- gen-teel'** (jĕn-tĕl') polite and well bred.
- gos' sip** (gōs' ĭp) idle talking; sometimes groundless rumor.
- grop' ing** (grōp' ĭng) feeling one's way in the dark.
- hoist' ed** (hoist' ĕd) raised on high.
- horde** (hōrd) a large number.
- hos' tile** (hōs' tĭl) unfriendly or strongly opposed to.
- im' mi-grants** (ĭm' ĭ-grānts) people moving into a country.
- im-pa' tient** (ĭm-pā' shŭnt) desirous of quick results; restless at delay.
- im' ports** (ĭm' pōrts) goods coming into the country from other countries.
- im-pro-vise'** (ĭm-prō-vĭze') without preparation or forethought.
- im-promp' tu** (ĭm-prōmp' tŭ) a talk given without earlier study.
- in-duce' ment** (ĭn-dŭs' mĕnt) motive or encouragement for action.
- in-ter' pre-ter** (ĭn-tĕr' prĕ-tĕr) one who explains the words of persons conversing in different languages.
- in-ter-vene'** (ĭn-tĕr-vĕn') come between.
- in-val' id** (ĭn-vāl' ĭd) void; of no effect.
- leg' gings** (lĕg' ĭngs) outer coverings for the legs.
- let' ter of cred' it** (lĕt' ĕr ōv krĕd' it) a letter authorizing those to whom it is addressed to honor drafts or bills of exchange on it by the bearer.
- le' vy** (lĕ' vĭ) raise or collect.
- lim-i-ta' tion** (lĭm-ĭ-tā' shŭn) a time limit fixed by law, after which a claim cannot be enforced.
- lus' cious** (lŭsh' ŭs) delightful to the taste or other senses.
- mal' a-dy** (māl' ā-dĭ) illness.
- ma-neu' vers** (mā-nōō' vĕrs) swift and skillful operation of military affairs.
- mav' er-ick** (māv' ĕr-ĭk) a motherless calf or other unbranded animal which is usually in a poor condition.
- me' di-ate** (mĕ' dĭ-āt) interpose between opponents as a friend to each one.
- men' ace** (mĕn' ās) a threat of harm or danger.
- me-rid' i-an** (mĕ-rĭd' ĭ-ān) at mid-point.

- mi-li' tia** (mĭ-lĭsh' ă) a body of citizens enrolled for military service other than the regular forces, and called only in an emergency.
- mi-nor' i-ty** (mĭ-nŏr' ĭ-tĭ) the smaller group, less than half.
- mir' a-cle** (mĭr' ă-kl) a supernatural occurrence, like the miracles of the Bible.
- mo' hair** (mŏ' hâr) the hair of goats.
- mo-nop' o-lize** (mô-nŏp' ô-lĭz) take exclusive possession.
- mort' gage** (môr' gĭj) a legal document pledging the holder certain property if a specified debt is not paid by a given time.
- mot' ley** (mŏt' lĭ) of different kinds; mixed.
- muf' fle** (mŭf' l) move in such a way as to deaden or dull the sound.
- mus-tang'** (mŭs-tăng') a small, hardy horse on the prairies of America, descended from the original Spanish stock.
- mut' ter** (mŭt' ěr) say words indistinctly; grumble to oneself.
- notch' ing** (nŏch' ĭng) making or cutting a place in a log or other object.
- ob-so-lete'** (ŏb-sô-lĕt') no longer in use; out of date.
- op-por-tune'** (ŏp-ŏr-tŭn') well timed or suitable.
- out' law** (out' lô) a law violator who is fleeing from the law.
- pac' i-fied** (păs' ĭ-fĭd) made calm.
- pal' let** (păl' ět) a quilt spread on the floor to serve as a bed.
- Pal-ux'** (Păl-ux') the name which Cynthia Ann Parker gave herself, according to Gholson.
- pe-cul' iar** (pê-kŭl' yĕr) strange or different from the ordinary.
- pelts** (pĕlts) skins of animals removed from their bodies and dried.
- pe' on** (pā' ŏn) a laborer who is forced to work for a creditor to pay a debt.
- phil-an' thro-pist** (fĭl-ăn' thrŏ-pĭst) one who loves mankind and uses his wealth to benefit people.
- pick' et** (pĭk' ět) a person stationed near a camp or other place to guard it.
- plot** (plŏt) to lay off in an orderly way, as the street of a city.
- pre-cau' tions** (prê-kô' shŭns) care taken beforehand.
- pre' text** (prĕ' tĕkst) a false motive concealing the real one.
- pros' per-ous** (prŏs' pĕr-ŭs) having money or other wealth.
- prov' i-dence** (prŏv' ĭ-dĕns) the care of God for mankind.
- quick' sand** (kwĭk' sănd) a deep mass of soil mixed with water, into which a person or other heavy object sinks.
- ra' tions** (rā' shŭns) food of a fixed daily amount for soldiers.
- re-ced' ing** (rĕ-sĕd' ĭng) falling away or retreating.
- re-cruit** (rĕ-krŏŏt) a newly enlisted person.
- rec' ti-tude** (rĕk' tĭ-tŭd) rightness of intention and action; honesty.
- re-ga' li-a** (rĕ-gā' lĭ-ă) personal decorations indicating an order or group.
- rem' e-dy** (rĕm' ê-dĭ) that which corrects an evil.

- re-nowned'** (rê-nound') having a wide reputation; famous.
- re-peal'** (rê-pêl') recall or retract; cease to enforce.
- re-pulse'** (rê-pûls') defeat or drive off.
- re-scind'** (rê-sînd') to make void, annul, or cancel.
- re-sent'** (rê-zênt') show anger or be indignant.
- res' er-va' tion** (rêz' êr-vâ' shûn) a tract of public land set aside as a home for Indians.
- re-sist' ance** (rê-zîst' âns) the act of opposing or striving against.
- re' source** (rê' sôrs) available means or course of action.
- re-tain'** (rê-tân') continue to hold in possession or use.
- re-veil' le** (rêvâl' yâ or rêv' ê-lê) the early morning drum beat, or the bugle call, that arouses the soldier for the day's duty.
- ri' val-ry** (rî' vâl-rî) act of competing.
- round' ance** (round' âns) going by a longer road.
- scant' ling** (skânt' lîng) a piece of lumber used as a joist or an upright of a partition of a building.
- se-cede'** (sê-sêd') withdraw from an organization or federation.
- se-cess' ion** (sê-sêsh' ûn) a state's leaving the Union.
- sec' tion** (sêk' shûn) a square mile, 640 acres.
- sed' i-ment** (sêd' î-mênt) that which settles to the bottom in water.
- seine** (sân) a fishing net with floats on the top and sinks on the bottom.
- sem' blance** (sêm' blâns) resemblance as to outside appearance.
- sen-sa' tion** (sên-sâ' shûn) a condition of general excitement.
- sent' i-ment** (sênt' î-mênt) feeling or attitude toward some particular matter.
- shan' ty** (shân' tî) a small flimsy building.
- shrieks** (shrêks) screams of sorrow or fright.
- site** (sît) location or spot.
- skir' mish** (skûr' mîsh) a slight encounter or fight between two small groups.
- smug' gling** (smûg' lîng) avoiding payment of tariff charges.
- so-bri' e-ty** (sô-brî' ê-tî) being moderate or temperate in all things.
- sore' ly** (sôr' lî) grievously; deeply.
- spa' cious** (spâ' shûs) large and roomy.
- sprawl' ing** (sprôl' îng) scattered out; not compact.
- sta' ple** (stâ' pl) used regularly.
- stat' u-ar-y** (stât' û-êr-î) a collection of statues.
- stin' gy** (stîn' jî) meanly saving of money.
- stur' dy** (stûr' dî) dependable.
- strand' ed hulk** (strând' êd hûlk) wrecked ship.
- sul' len** (sûl' ên) unsociable, silent, and unsmiling.
- sump' tu-ous** (sûmp' tû-ûs) lavish or expensive.
- sup-press'** (sû-prêsh') conceal; subdue by force.
- sur-viv' or** (sêr-vîv' êr) one of a group who remains after his companions have been killed or captured.
- sus-pi' cious** (sûs-pîsh' âs) a lack of confidence in the words or actions of others.

- swad' dling** (swäd' lĭng) wrapping with bandages as in clothing an infant.
- tar' iffs** (tär' ĭfs) import or export charges on commerce.
- tar-pau' lin** (tär-pô' lĭn) canvas covered with tar or paint for water-proofing.
- ten' den-cy** (tĕn' dĕn-sĭ) inclination or leaning toward.
- tense' ness** (tĕns' nĕs) nervous strain, tight muscles.
- ter' mi-nus** (tûr' mĭ-nûs) an end, as of a railroad.
- tink' er-er** (tĭngk' ĕr-ĕr) one skilled at various odd mechanical jobs.
- top' ple** (tŏp' l) fall forward or tumble down.
- tra-di' tion** (trâ-dĭsh' ũn) an old custom so well established as to be almost as effective as a legislative act.
- trudge** (trŭj) walk wearily.
- un-in-cor' po-rat-ed** (ŭn-ĭn-kôr' pô-rât-ĕd) not having a charter from the government.
- un-kempt'** (ŭn-kĕmpt) not combed; tousled.
- un-swerv' ing** (ŭn-swŭrv' ĭng) in an unchanged course.
- un-veiled'** (ŭn-vâld') an object disclosed by removing the covering.
- u-til' i-ty** (ũ-tĭl' ĭ-tĭ) being useful or worth while.
- vac' u-um** (vāk' ũ-ŭm) a space almost emptied of air by artificial means.
- ve' to** (vĕ' tŏ) an official disapproval, as of a Governor of a bill.
- vig' i-lant** (vĭj' ĭ-lănt) keenly watchful and alert.
- wa' ger** (wā' jĕr) bet or risk something of value on the uncertain outcome of an event.
- wa' ver** (wā' vĕr) show signs of giving away.

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